

**PRESIDENT'S
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PUNCH



VOL LXXII

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1877.

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BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



BEHEMOTH or Bogey? Awful Apparition or Sorry Show? Colossus of Roads and Realms, Over-stepper of Deserts, Over-strider of Mountains, Floorer and Framer of Faiths, Extinguisher of Nationalities, Absorber of Empires, Disposer of Manifest Destinies, Defier of Magnificent Distances; or Immensest of Impostures, Darkest yet Dullest of Diplomatic Deceptions, Shallowest of Shams, Biggest of Bubbles, most Barefaced of Bankrupts, Gelatinous of Giants, and Weak-kneed of Warriors? The most far-seeing and far-reaching Power that ever pursued a settled purpose of Universal Dominion through centuries of shifting circumstances; or the most monstrous mushroom-growth of empire that ever struck root in corruption, to swell to deceptive dimensions, and thence dwindle into swift decay? Thou canst not be both. Art thou either—or neither?

Has PUNCH, with Russia in Bulgaria and at Erzeroum, a right to sit smoking the cigar of composure on the stone-wall of insular impassibility, or ought he to be doing penance in his own sheets for his mockery of more penetrating piercers into the Millstones between which are ground out the Destinies of Nations in the mighty World-Mill?

Such was the question which, after much distracting study of London's many-minded newspaper organs—summer sun and iced cups and nerve-soothing Nicotian aiding—PUNCH pondered under the shade of his own laurels.

Suddenly there seemed to stand by him a shadow—yet not a shadow, but a very solid substance—a Presence as of a brother-Briton, but with a more settled purpose in his face, and a more searching sharpness in his eye, than belongs to mere mortal. And the Presence stretched out its hand so that the shadow fell across PUNCH's brow, and straight it was as if he had passed suddenly from the fierce heat and ghastly glare of the Black Country of Political Polemics, all lit up with blazing questions, into a cool region of sweet airs, and cooling waters, whereof it was revealed to him, he knew not how, that the Presence was the Presiding Power.

"This is an age of Examinations," said the Presence, "though as yet I have not admitted them into my system, unless when, like MR. COOK'S TOURS, they can be 'personally conducted,'—that is, put under the guidance and correction of Common Sense, your humble Servant——"

"My ever loyally acknowledged, and to the best of my ability faithfully served, Master," cried PUNCH, prostrating himself.

"I rule," replied the Presence, "as far as I yet *do* rule in England, in the person of my valued ward, QUEEN VICTORIA. We have just celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of her reign. Let us drink her health and long life in a cup suiting alike the time and the toast—cool as her head, clear as her understanding, strong as her sense, and bland as her temper. They that are loyal to her, are loyal to me. But, methinks, I have rarely seen that loyalty put to greater strain than of late."

"Your Majesty surprises me," observed PUNCH, respectfully. "The present claims to be eminently the age of Common Sense."

"Ritualism and Home-Rule, Spiritualism and Foreign-Loan-Financing, Continental Levies and Papal Infallibility, China-Mania and Oxford *Æsthetics*, Brotherhood of the Holy Cross and Russophobia to the contrary notwithstanding?"

sardonically interposed Common Sense. "I began by saying we live in an age of Examinations. I propose to examine *you*. What makes the Strength of Nations?"

"National Health and National Wealth."

"Enumerate the leading symptoms of National Health."

"Diffused Education, wide-spread Comfort, a well-balanced Political Constitution, Reverence for Home, Loyalty to National Institutions, Sobriety, Respect for Truth and Fair Dealing between man and man."

"Which of these do you find in Russia?"

"Not one. I find, instead, an almost utter want of Education; a thin varnish of Luxury, but no Comfort; a Despotie Government; Communism in the villages, Affiliation to destructive Secret-Societies in the towns; Drunkenness and Falsehood generally prevalent; Dishonesty in private dealings, and Corruption in public offices."

"What are the chief conditions of National Wealth?"

"Widely-diffused and intelligent Industry, and labouring Arms at command, with accumulated Capital and sound Credit to set them to work; a fertile Soil; Commerce; Manufactures; abundant Raw Material; and Free Trade to turn all these to the best account."

"Which of these do you find in Russia?"

"Not one. I find, instead, a poor, pining, and protected industry; labour scarce, ill-trained, unenergetic and largely reduced by the constant drain for military service; little accumulated capital, heavy indebtedness and exhausted credit; a soil barren over by far the larger part of its enormous extent, and where it is productive, with the trade in its raw material exposed to an overpowering foreign competition before which it dwindles yearly; next to no healthy commerce or manufactures, and a rigidly protective system."

"What makes a nation formidable to its neighbours?"

"Aggressive intentions, backed by effective force."

"Do you find these united in the case of Russia?"

"No. Admitting the intentions, I fail to find the force that should be formidable to a really formidable opponent?"

"How, then, do you account for her conquests round the shores of the Black Sea, about the ridges of the Caucasus, and in Central Asia beyond the Caspian to the borders of Afghanistan and the confines of Chinese Tartary?"

"Because in these cases she was dealing with barbarians weaker than herself."

"Do you not fear what Russia can do to endanger our rule in India?"

"No; for I think our basis of defence about the strongest, her basis of attack about the weakest, in the world. If a thousand miles of waterless deserts and impassable mountains, and more than that distance between even the border of these and the sources from which all Russia's supplies must be drawn, and that by a nation whose European credit, as I am assured by those who are loudest in their fear of her, is exhausted, and whose internal system is honeycombed by the secret workings of discontent and disloyalty, be not sufficient defence of a power rooted as England is in India, with her communications secured by her command of the sea, her soldiers and sailors well trained, well officered; and animated by the high courage of our race, and the wealth and credit of Great Britain's vast empire and world-wide commerce at their back, then facts and fancies are one, and PUNCH has read History in vain."

"And, worse still, has studied in my schools and worked in my service to no purpose!" exclaimed Common Sense, as, with a sudden explosion of impatience, he shut down with a snap the Russian Old Bogey into his Box, while TOBY rested in peace under the shadow of



And BRITANNIA was calm, knowing that, if TOBY slumbered, she might sleep secure.



THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

Monthly Memoranda by a Modern Monks

One scone for hawks and another for hounds,
But Fools hunting a spot to drench all ye jokers rounde."

JANUARY.

JANUARY! Month melancholy,—
Save to connoisseur in folly!
He finds food for gay reflection.
"Happy New Year!" Ha! Ha! Affection
Truly cuts most comic capers.
Happy indeed! Just watch the papers.
Were all happy? I, for one,
Could not be. There'd be no fun.
Fools won't fail though. Send me cards
Decked by daubers, rhymed by bards!
Grin and burn them. World won't vary.
Geese abound in January.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JANUARY.

Why does Papa look so angry when he opens his
letters?
Why does he say that Mamma must retrace?
Why does he call the Milliner naughty names?
Why did he want to kill the Tax-collector?
Why does he abuse the Butcher?
Why does he call the Grocer a cheat?
Why does he scowl at Mamma's bonnet?
Why won't he take me to see the Pantomime?

HOW DID HE TAKE IT?

"Beauty skin-drep? An envious saw, shaped by some
dry old stick!"
Ogling himself, quoth PACHYDERM, a most concealed
elf.
"The Sage was right," his friend replied; "but then
your skin's so thick,
That no one yet could ever see the beauty—save
yourself!"

CANDLEMAS will this year be celebrated by many
Ritualist clergymen by burning candles in broad day-
light. N.B.—"Advanced Ritualist," a retrograde
Parson—a clerical Crab who goes backward.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST.—Young Freshmen and
Old Salts.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR FEBRUARY.

Why do FLORIE and EFFIE say that the 14th is such
a ridiculous day?
Why does FLORIE (who got such a lot of letters) say
she likes old customs?
Why does EFFIE (who was forgotten by the postman)
say she thinks Valentines rather vulgar?
Why does Papa call young Mr. CUBLYWIG "a
puppy"?
Why does EFFIE agree with him?
Why does FLORIE cry about it?
Why does Mamma kiss her?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY! Fools again,
Rampant, constant (like the rain).
Rink,—look guys, court thumps and lumps!
Football,—ditto, bruises, bumps!
Sport? Aha! Send purchased flummery
Crasset form of Cupid's mummery!
Prig gets venom'd Valentine,
Phiz delicious to divine!
Postman swears, of Love he's sceptic.
Muffs eat pancakes, get dyspeptic.
Sport to view each fresh vagary,
Lots of fun in February!

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Define the Earth.
A. A round, impudent, unprincipled, body.
Q. Why impudent?
A. Because it is a cool body travelling round the
sun,—which is about the coolest thing we ever heard
of.
Q. Why unprincipled?
A. Because it borrows what it cannot repay, and
makes light of it.

A VOICE FROM THE LANE.

Why should corn dealers prosper? Why, indeed!
Walk down Mark Lane and mark how all suck seed!

SPLENDIDE MENDAX.—Lying in state.

AQUARIUS											
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38

PISCES											
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38

WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.											
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38
1	N	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	31	34	38

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. You say that "The attractive power of Bodies is in proportion to the amount of matter they contain." Explain this.
 A. Of course I didn't say anything of the sort, still I shall be happy to afford you any information in my power. Evidently a well-informed conversationalist is "company," and an attraction in himself, as is a good pianist, a first-rate songstress, and an agreeable, chatty, pretty woman. But the prettiest woman in the world loses all power of attraction if she has only her face to depend on. She may always depend upon her face, but you cannot be always *he-ying* on her lips. A pin has a head, a cauliflower has a heart, a calf has brains: and a pretty woman may have the head of a pin, the brains of a calf, and the heart of a cauliflower. Beware in time!

WHEN actors complain that all they require is "parts," they generally tell the exact truth.



PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

(By M. F. J. Fitz-Solomon, Esq.)

"Birds of a feather flock together,"
 Else would they freeze this wintry weather.
 "Charity begins at home;"
 Why send blankets to Africa, bibles to Rome?
 "Fast hind, fast find;"
 Unhappy nobleman, bear it in mind.
 "Kissing always goes by favour:"
 If it did not, who would like the flavour?
 Sne a beggar, and catch a *****
 Holders of Turks, exhibit your nous.
 "Money makes the Mare to go:"
 And a Stockbroker's spouse is a lovely show.
 "Pound foolish and penny wise"
 Is the man who a millionaire miser dies,
 As his soul will know when it homeward flies.
 "When the Cat's away the Mice will play,"
 Means Parliament out of Session, they say.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR MARCH.

Why does EFFIE say she likes Lent?
 Why does MR. RUBRIC, the curate, agree with her?
 Why does EFFIE eat so much lunch, and so little dinner?
 Why does MR. RUBRIC only take fish at dinner?
 Why does EFFIE go to church twice a day?
 Why is EFFIE working a pair of slippers?
 When will EFFIE pay me the sixpence she promised me for not calling MR. RUBRIC "MR. REDNOSE?"

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

MARCH.

MARCH! Girls frights with cold red noses,
 Funnier sight than ditto roses!
 Swells down gutters chasing "tiles,"
 Sight that makes me wreathe with smiles.
 East wind up, and dust a-flying,
 Folks in streets seem all a-crying.
 Fun to read how bellicose Pats
 Celebrate St. Patrick. Flats!
 Here's to Mars! the pair with Cupid
 (Vis. at making mortals stupid).
 Laugh till collar loses starch,
 At fool's pranks in blustering March.

LONDON PRACTICAL JOKES.

One Good Practical Joke.—The dust-carts, overloaded, collecting dust, and adding to it at the same time, in the hottest part of the most sultry day in July.

Another: The Water Carts.—Turning the water on suddenly at the corner of a street, and quite close to the kerb, where there are Ladies and Gentlemen waiting to cross. Real good fun this.

Another and a better Joke.—Maundering cabs, empty; going at a walk. Driver sees somebody in the middle of a crossing, helpless, and urges on his steed with a flick of the whip, suddenly. Foot Passengers' panic.

The Best Practical Joke in London is, perhaps, the environs of Covent Garden Market at any time, but specially from Friday night till Saturday midday. Impassable for cabs, and therefore generally chosen as a short cut to any railway station by a cabman who knows his fare is in a hurry. Covent Garden, however, is beyond a joke; it is simply a disgrace to the Metropolis.

THE BIGGEST MOTIF IN CREATION.—A Mammoth.



THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

APRIL.

APRIL! Dedicate to Folly;
 Apemanthus might be jolly.
 Cold! Don't care for the thermometer.
 Favourite instrument Foolometer!
 High this month. Sumphs thank it Spring,
 Dress,—and shake—like anything.
 Buds all a-blowing,—so buds sing 'em;
 Fancy Flora with a Gingham!
 Girls look gay, fall-lals and flowers,
 Fun to see 'em caught in showers.
 Rain that forms adown one's nose till,
 Type of fool's spring-fudge in April.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR APRIL.

Why do Mamma and the girls go to the Park?
 Why does Papa say it is folly?
 Why does FLORENCE take me out?
 Why does she send me to play by myself when we meet MR. CURLYTWIG?
 Why does MR. CURLYTWIG give me a shilling not to tell?
 Why is FLORENCE always asking for letters at the post-office?
 Why does EFFIE say such disagreeable things about MR. RUBRIC's engagement?
 Why mayn't I smoke, like Papa?

FASHION AND TASTE.

DIFFERENT people have different opinions:
 Some like ringlets and some like chignons.

MEMORANDUM FOR MARCH.—Biting North-easters.
 Walk not in the teeth of the wind.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—A broiling hot day and a cloudless sky all serene. Thunder and lightning, attended with a heavy shower of aerolites. An eruption of the long quiescent volcano, Primrose Hill. At the same time, a terrific cyclone, which un-roofs the Houses of Parliament, whilst the Monument is overturned, and St. Paul's swallowed by an earthquake. Oysters (there being yet an "r" in the month) rise to a guinea apiece, and some fools buy them.

PLAGIARISM IN A POLICE-COURT.—At Bow Street, before the sitting Magistrate, MESSRS. BLANKTON, Music Publishers, have up MESSRS. DASH FORD, other Music Publishers, on a charge of stealing a March.

MUSIC AT HOME.



I.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE PAST—A MELODY BY MOZART



II.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE PRESENT—A BRILLIANT FANTASIA FOR THE PIANO BY SIGNOR RUMBELIOMSKY.



III.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE FUTURE—TWENTY-FOUR CONSECUTIVE INTERDEPENDENT LOGARITHMIC SIDDHIS FOR VIOLIN AND VIOLONCELLO, WITH DOUBLE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL ACCOMPANIMENT OF THE PIANOFORTE, SUPPLEMENTED BY UNISONAL DESCRIPTIVE AND CORROBORATIVE VOCAL EXPOSITION IN FIVE MODERN LANGUAGES.



JOCUS RITUALISTICUS.

Ritualistic Curate (with a view to further innovations). "ANYTHING FRESH, SIR, FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL?"
 Farcious Vicar. "FEAST OF ST.—? MICHAELMAS!—OF COURSE,—R-R-ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE SAUCE, MY BOY!!"



A "HOT CORNER." AUTUMN MANŒUVRES, 1876.

CURSORY RHYMES

I.
THERE was a little Gun
Weighing more than Eighty Ton,
Which made a great sensation, and a greater noise;
Every trial shot, they found,
Cost quite five-and-twenty pound,
But there's not another nation got it's equal, Boys!

II.
CAPTAIN O'PIP
Has lost his ship,
And can't tell how it found'er'd.
Let it alone!
The salt sea foam
Will never let out who blunder'd.

III.
JACK MCGILL
With gout being ill,
Was ordered Vichy water:
But feeling down,
Poured out "Old Brown,"
And finished a tumbler after.

IV.
POLLENARY,
Light and airy,
How does your fountain flow?
Cookies, squills,
And camomile pills,
To the dogs with the rest
may go.

V.
DICKY TANNHATSER
Made such a noise, Sir,
Letting off fireworks yellow
an' green:
What to him might be
music,
Would nearly make you
sick;
O! sure such a Wag ne'er as
this has been seen.

VI.
HEY diddle, diddle!
A slate in the middle;
A message come down from
the moon.
The medium he laughed,
To see such sport,
And took in the too-credulous
spoon.

HOUSEHOLD PROVERBS.

First catch your hair, and
then hook him.
Scratch a millionaire, and
you'll find a snob.
When the chaperone comes
in at the door, the lover flies
out of the window.
Too many cooks spoil the
policeman.
The cook's nose, shows where
the money goes.
No savings, no sweetheart.
Borrow in haste and repay at
leisure.
You can't wear your lady's
gown and have it in the ward-
robe.
Marsals under any other
name will be as cheap.
There's no school like the
old school.
No Alp without a tourist.
Cook looks on many tourists,
the tourists see but one Cook.

A NUT FOR NORSEMEN.—The
Cupid of the Scandinavian mythology was Balder.
He is represented, however, with a head of natural
hair. Had he been simply bald, he would have worn a
wig.

ASTRONOMICAL.

BEAUTY, unwedded, seen at rout or ball,
Is like the noonday sun which shines on all.
When Hymen's ring o'er Beauty's finger slips,
That sun oft suffers—annular eclipses!

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Can you define Longitude?
A. Yes, if you allow me a certain Latitude.
Q. As this application cannot for a moment be enter-
tained, we will pass on to another subject. What do
you understand by "a question of Time?"
A. My asking you what o'clock it is.



MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.
Captain Brown (narrating his Trip to the Continent). "THEN, OF COURSE, WE RAN DOWN TO GRANADA,
AND SAW THE ALHAMBRA."
Captain Jinks (untravelled Athlete). "NO! WHAT HAVE THEY GOT OVER THERE TOO!"

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Under what conditions does a body fall to the
earth?
A. The conditions vary. But when a body is asked
afterwards, the answer attributes the accident either to
the heat of the room, or the salmon, or the cucumber,
or something that has disagreed with it (the body in
question), but in no case is any reference made to the
wine.

LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANIES.

It is proposed to form a Syndicate for the establish-
ment of Companies with strictly limited liabilities to
carry out various useful purposes. Now that nobody
cares to buy Turks and Egyptians, investors will doubt-
less be glad to hear of ventures which will imme-
diately reach a big premium. Among them may be
mentioned—

A Company for the Suppression of Unsatisfactory but
Opulent Uncles and Aunts,
and the proper Distribution
of their Assets among their
younger Collaterals.

A Company (under the pre-
sidency of Sir WILFRED
LAWSON) for introducing Malt
and Hops into Ale, and eli-
minating Fuel Oil from
Whiskey.

A Company (under the pre-
sidency of Sir CHARLES
JILKE) for Improving the
quality of Modern Criticism.

A Company (under the presi-
dency of LORD STAMPESBURY)
for the Vivisection of Scien-
tific Professors. Shorthand
writers will be engaged to re-
port their remarks during the
operation.

A Company for Ostracising
Fishmongers who sell Oysters
out of Season.

A Company for Inoculating
Upholsterers with the First
Principles of Decorative Effect.

A Company for Quietly Re-
moving the Turks from Europe
into Asia, and keeping them
there.

A Company for Carrying
Honesty to the Stock Ex-
change, Honour to Tattersall's,
Gaiety to Buckingham Palace,
and Sea-water to London.

PREVENTIA VERIS.

A TOKEN from the coming
Spring
Has greeted me to-day,
Which tears into my eyes can
bring,
And stop me on my way.

'Tis not that in the pathway
lies
A primrose heedless foot;
'Tis not the martyr bud which
dies
Before the lingering frost.

Nor yet the subtle whisper,
heard
Clear 'mid the blustering
wind,
That tells of flower, and bee,
and bird,
And April days behind.

No! 'twas that while with
eager pace
Heedless I hurried by,
A gnat, the firstling of the
race,
Flew straight into my eye!

PORTA NARCITUR, NON FIT.
—We have changed all that.
There is now extensively ad-
vertised a "Singer Manufac-
turing Company."

THE PAY'S THE THING.—
Recruits are in request. Let
them see a little more of the
colour of your money. That
is the fact to rally round.

TOM TIPPLER soaked his grog so strong, that he is
obliged to use toughened glass.

MEM. BY A BACHELOR.

(Who narrowly escaped being a Bachelor.)

MARRIAGE a lottery? Yes! My stars I thank
That I have drawn its greatest prize—a blank!

A MEDICAL TITLE.—Sur-geon.



SPIRITUALISM MADE USEFUL.

WHO KNOWS?—What sized bowl is required to drown care in?

PROPER FARE.—What would you expect to find on a literary man's breakfast-table?—*Bacon's Remains*, *Final Memorials of Lamb*, if in season, and Shelley fragments.

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—Presenting an unfortunate who has invested his little all in Turkish Bonds with a *Porte-monnaie*.

CAUTION TO "COMICAL DOGS."—Remember how many jokes may be classed under these two heads:—1. Funny, but old; 2. New, but not funny.

WHAT OUGHT TO GO TOGETHER.—A turnip watch and an eighteen-carat gold chain.

DOMESTIC.—It was a homely but pungent observation, on the part of a man of much experience and observation, that marriage without love was like tripe without onions.



DELICATE ATTENTION.

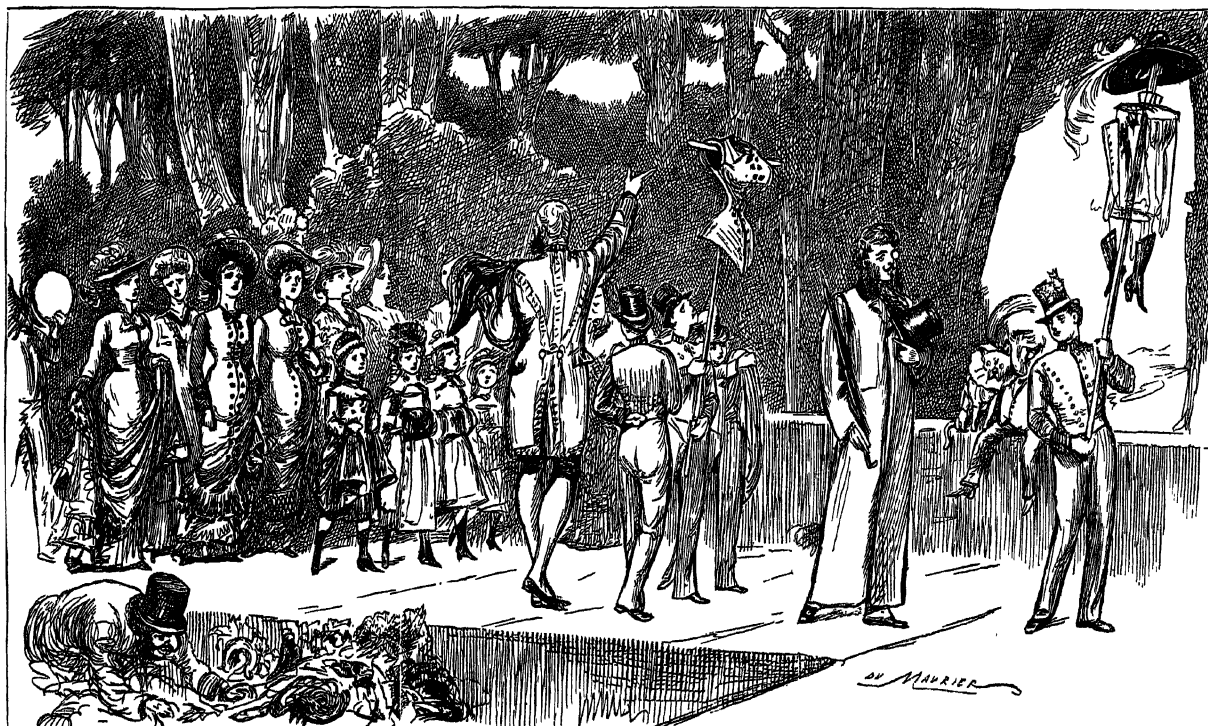
Condoling Spinster. "I'M AFRAID THE SEA IS TOO COLD FOR ME THIS MORNING, MR. SWABBER."
Bathing Man. "COLD, MISS! LOR' BLESS YER, I JUST TOOK AND POWERED A KITTLE O' BILLIN' WATER IN TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF, WHEN I SEE YOU A COMIN'!"



A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Master Tom (November 4th). "ROBERT AND ME MADE 'EM ALL OURSELVES, UNCLE, FOR TO-MORROW NIGHT, IN HONOUR O' YOUR VISIT!"
[Uncle John tries to look delighted, but has a shrewd suspicion that his Bed-chamber is directly over this Magazine!]

PICTURES OF THE DAY (TO COME).



I.—PROCESSION OF THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE FORM DIVINE, HEADED BY MONSIEUR WORTH.
(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Leighton.)



II.—DOCTOR MELLAMON JONES, FINDING HIMSELF OUTSTRIPPED IN THE RACE FOR PATIENTS BY THE FAIR DOCTORESS ATALANTA ROBINSON, GILANTLY THROWS HER A WEDDING-RING, AND WINS THE DAY.
(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Pognier.)

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE.—The other day at 1 P.M., luncheon-time, a hungry man walked into a pigeon pie. He has not been seen since.

THE HEBREW PASTORAL NYMPH.—Old Chieft,

THAT Palaeocrystic sea has one paradoxical peculiarity: though ice-locked, it flows on for ever.

TO SCHOOL-BOARDS.—There is something far better than school before breakfast—breakfast before school.

THE HEIGHT OF SINCERITY.—Wishing an aged person, at whose decease you will come into property many happy new years.

THE VERREY IDEA.—Let's have some lunch.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Is the Earth ever at rest?

A. Never: and not likely to be as long as its principles of action have a tendency to keep it in a perpetual state of revolution.

Q. The Earth moves, eh?

A. Yes, at a meeting of the planets it always moves a resolution.

Q. That is not an answer. Is it an ascertained fact that the Earth moves?

A. No: but it is an ascertained fact that the sea does, and the effect is most unpleasant. Judging from our sensations on shore, which are generally of a pleasurable character, we should say that the Earth does *not* move. But send a boy out to watch. I'll go, if you'll give me five shillings.

HOW TO GET RID OF A BORE.—Make an appointment to meet him on Waterloo Bridge, and throw him over.



LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JULY.

Why are FLORIE and CHADWICK (that's CURLY WIG) always together?

Why do they always sit together in the morning room?

Why does FLORIE give me shillings not to sing a song about the baboon who married the monkey's sister?

Why doesn't old CHADWICK like being called "Daddy Longlegs" when I come down to dessert?

Why does EFFIE laugh at the name?

Why does FLORIE say she knows why EFFIE encourages me to be rude?

Why does EFFIE want to know what FLORIE means?

Why does FLORIE ask again after Mrs. RUBRIC?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

JULY.

JULY! Mercury up to "melting."

Grand to see great gables pelting.

After, what? A leathern sphere!

True "pursuit of folly" here.

What would old ERASMUS say?

I swig "Iced Hatfield," and survey.

Girls look on, their boredom's shocking.

Might set *Mephistopheles* mocking.

Cricket, perfect type of life.

Dull display and aimless strife.

Need no other goose-round try

Than "the Oval" in July.

THE NEW CRUSHER QUADRILLE.

(A most fashionable dance, as performed at the most crowded balls of the season.)

FIRST FIGURE. *La Pastajoke*.—Opposite couples set-to and squeeze, walk on each other's toes, attempt to turn round, fail completely, and return to their places. *Chaine des dames*. Struggle of gentlemen to recover their respective partners.

SECOND FIGURE. *L'Etaloue*.—Advance three inches to opposite lady. Drive your elbows into crowding neighbours. Walk through both dancers' skirts, and back into opposite gentleman's waistcoat. Exchange cards. Set to your partner. *Balances* on next man's instep, and apologise. Mop foreheads all round.

THIRD FIGURE. *La Long Poule et la Poule all together*.—Hands across and back again. Wriggle up to *vis-à-vis*. Carry off polonaises and round *dos-à-dos*.

Clear your legs, and close with your partner. Surge to right and left, and resume position as you were. Take out a reef in waistcoat.

FOURTH FIGURE. *La Touchando*.—Advance, if possible. Lift your partner on to your *vis-à-vis*. Remain deaf to all expostulations. *Chassez-croisez*. See what you can, and return to your places. Lose tail of your coat, and swear silently. *Cavalier seul*.

FIFTH FIGURE. *Grand Corn Galop*.—Up and down on your own ground and your neighbours' corns. *Tas seul* on an Alderman's pet bunion. Change partners, to your own advantage, if possible. Get hopelessly mixed up with another set, and sink exhausted and completely crushed behind a block of ice, whither three couples have already retreated in hopes of a breath of air.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR AUGUST.

Why is FLORIE to be married next month?

Why does Papa say he requires change of air?

Why is he going to Paris with his friend, Mr. SKYLARK?

Why does Mamma say it is shameful?

Why does Papa quarrel with Mamma?

Why does Papa get out his cheque-book?

Why does Mamma sigh, and kiss him?

Why mayn't I go to Paris with Papa, as well as Mr. SKYLARK?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Mimes raise one more Moloch,

Quit the wicket and the rowlock.

At the sea-side, those who've leisure—

Toil, stare, weary,—call it "pleasure."

Society! a Simple Simon

That might tickle sternest Timon.

Edwin woos his ANGELINA

To sound of nigger's concertina.

Pater familias spends much money,

To be bored, B. flatted. (Funny!)

Till sent home by early raw-gust,

Which he thanks. I do love August.

MEM. BY MOSHESH.

THIRSH practish of punning, now growing the rule, Needsh—like those who add monish—to monish—admonishment.

I'd deal capital punishment out to the fool Whose ev'ry remark for a capital gun ish meant.

AUTUMN TINTS.

BELIEVERS in the *Canards* of the silly season—Green.

Mater familias when pater familias suggests postponement of the autumnal outing—Black.

Pater familias totting up the expenses of ditto ditto—Blue.

Laura's cheeks when the long expected "pop" is brought off at Scarborough—*Couleur-de-Rose*.

Intro, ditto, when papa and mamma "won't have it"—White.

Tip-tilted noses exposed to nipping equinoctials—Red.

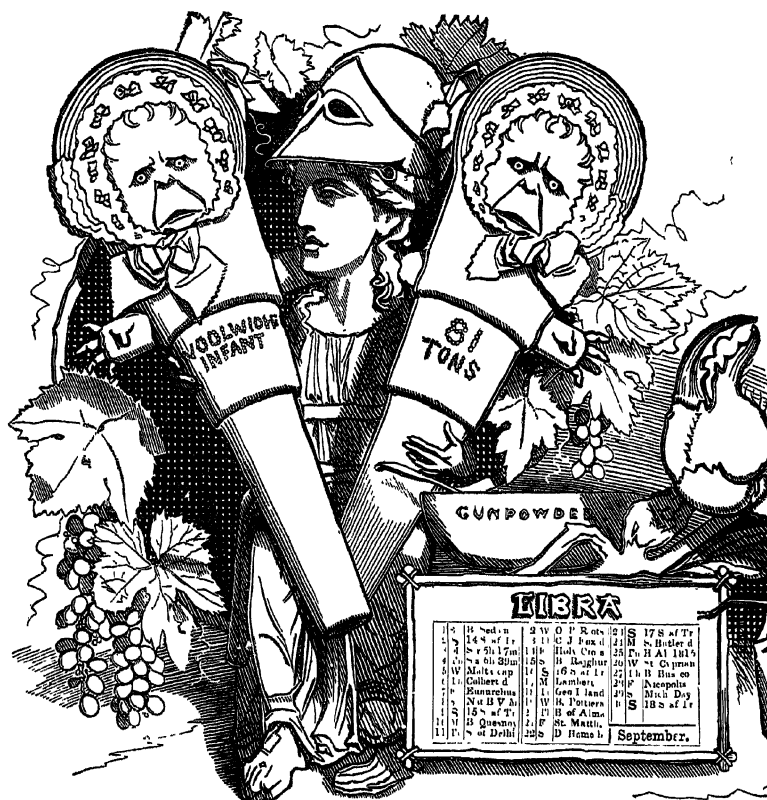
LADY FITZ FALDERAL's looks when she arrived at "that out of the way hole," Slowum-on-Splash—Golden.

Ditto ditto after a week's sickness and the loss of her dressing-case—Grey.

JACK IMPROV's holiday suit (third season's wearing)—Russet.

M.P.'s autumnal "spout" to his constituents—Party-coloured.

NATIVE LAND OF KNOWLEDGE.—The Isle of Scio.



THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR. SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER! Month a regular stunner:
No such gaby as your gunner.
Tramps through turnips, sludge, or stubble,
Altet game not worth the trouble.
Nuts to me! I eat ripe fruits
And shoot folly as it—shoots!
Spouters too,—St. Stephen's shut—
Vent irresponsible bosh big butts.
Caucuses for free discussion,—
E.g., rows and brain-concussion.
Sportsman, Congressist, and "Member,"
Split my midriff in September.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS. FOR SEPTEMBER.

Why is every room in the house turned topsy-turvy?
Why is EFFIE so very cross?
Why does FLORIE get so many visits from her old schoolfellows?
Why is old CHADDY always in the way?
Why is old CHADDY always being sent on errands?
Why does Mamma cry when FLORIE tries on her wedding-dress?
Why does EFFIE say that white isn't becoming to FLORIE?
What toys will Papa bring me home from Paris?

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS. (For Students and Examiners)

Q. Can you explain the phenomena of Sunrise and Sunset?
A. Certainly. It will take some considerable time, so if you'll have the legs of yesterday's Turkey grilled and devilled, and a few slices of plum-pudding fried, and a bottle of your very best at ninety-nine shillings a dozen, with cigars to match, all ready by ten o'clock I'll come and explain everything. Yes, Sir, there shall be no secrets between us. We won't go home till daylight does appear, and we'll soon find out what it is that goes round, whether it's the Earth: or not.
(End of examinations.)

The Police have made a great raid upon dogs, yet they cannot catch one Collie.
We scoff at savages who bow down before strange idols, yet we invariably "worship" the Bench.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS. FOR OCTOBER.

Why does Papa say he wishes it over?
Why does Mamma think he might be more amiable, as she has had all the trouble?
Why are we all to go to church?
Why is old CHADDY dressed in a blue frock-coat?
What do they all cry about at the big breakfast?
Why does old CHADDY go away with FLORIE?
Why does EFFIE say that poor FLORIE never looked worse in her life?
Why mayn't I have some more cake?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR. OCTOBER.

OCTOBER! Surely no month else is
Like it. Folly in excess!
Boobies everywhere. Half sorry,
Scarcely time to pot each quarry.
Science-spouters make me chuckle
Till wet eyes need vigorous knuckle.
Cap-and-bells upon a platform,
O, but Folly! rich in that form!
Love to see it pose and stammer,
Labouring out each party crammer.
DRACO himself could not keep sober,
At public Goose-show in October.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

A LODGER in a quiet street (according to advertisement) has counted six and thirty barrel-organs, three monster pony-drawn ditto, eleven Anglo-German bands, seven dancing pifferari, fifteen troops of Sable singers, at least a score of solo-players on the harp, the flute, the fiddle, the key-bugle, and the tom-tom, nineteen begging ballad-bawlers, six or seven sailors singing nasal psalms, and five and twenty howlers of "ten-a-penny warnuts," visiting its precincts within a single day.

It is currently believed that, in spite of the Police, and the Mendicity Society, the yearly income of the beggars in the streets of the Metropolis in the aggregate exceeds three hundred thousand pounds.

It has been estimated that at a dance of ninety-three young people the words, "so glad, don't you know!" are used upon an average eleven times a minute, and the phrase, "awfully jolly!" as many as nineteen.

It is computed that the Autographs, which, on sundry shallow pretexts, have been extracted from English

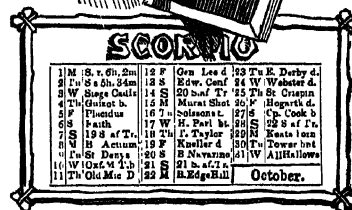
ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners)

Q. What do you mean by "Greenwich Time?"
A. Well, I should say from April to July, after which the whitebait are worthless.
Q. What is "mean time" at Greenwich?
A. It has two significations. For example, the first is when my mother-in-law comes to spend a day with my wife, and I am mean-time at Greenwich.
Q. And the second signification?
A. When you are asked to join a friend at Greenwich, and he won't stand you a dinner, or refuses to pay for Pommery trée sec.

GOOD PLACE TO SEND UNRULY LADS TO.—The Smack Boys' Home, Yarmouth.

HAPPY RELEASE.—Paying off a mortgage.



BIRLEY LAMARNE, 171 & 173, DEL.

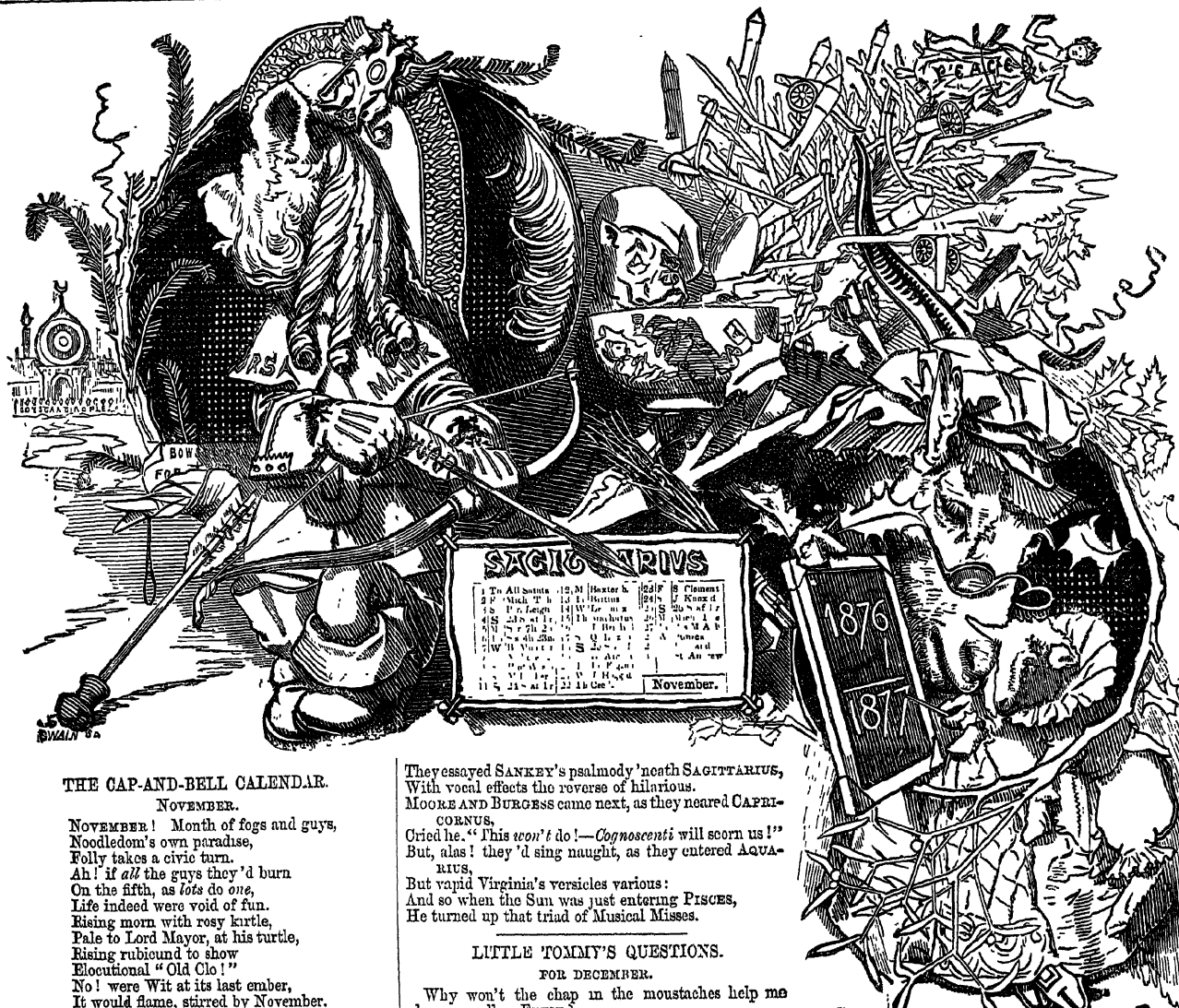
authors and artists of celebrity within the present century would, if they were set up in a column of the very smallest type, now current in our newspapers, overtop by more than four-fifths of a furlong the heights of the Monument, the Clock Tower, the Nelson Column, and St. Paul's.

The weight of the Valentines sent last year through the Post Office exceeded by some ounces twenty-seven tons.

The number of Puns made yearly on the words "tongue" and "trifle" by young Gentlemen at supper-time amounts, it is computed, to five millions and fifteen.

NEW CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.—"No cede malis"—Do not give way to the temptation of eating apples.
WHAT A NAME FOR OUR CLIMATE.—"Merry-weather!"

REGULAR CANNIBALISM.—A morning paper asserts that the "true function of the Militia is to feed the Line!"



THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER! Month of fogs and guys,
Noodledom's own paradise,
Folly takes a civic turn.
Ah! if all the guys they'd burn
On the fifth, as lots do one,
Life indeed were void of fun.
Rising morn with rosy kirtle,
Pale to Lord Mayor, at his turtle,
Rising rubicund to show
Elocutional "Old Clo!"
No! were Wit at its last ember,
It would flame, stirred by November.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR NOVEMBER.

Why does the Doctor say Mamma wants change of air?

Why doesn't Papa like Brighton?

Why does Mamma say, "Of course it isn't so pleasant as Paris!"

Why does Papa say, "Anything for a quiet life?"

Why are we all going to Brighton?

Why does Effie like the Skating Rink?

Who's the chap in the moustaches?

Why does he help Effie?

A ZANY'S ZIG-ZAG ROUND THE ZODIAC.

A Rhymer's grand name has engaged in these lines
An anti-phoenix set-to with the Signs

A MUSIC-MANIAC, born under ARIES,
Had three virgin vocalists, all of them MARIES.
He taught the fair three, while the Sun was in TAURUS,
To chant the loud wallings of WAGNER in chorus.
It solaced his soul, and he cried, "With these women I
Hope to work wonders before we reach GEMINI."
But alas! by the time when the Sun was in CANCER
He found *toujours* WAGNER with women won't answer.
And so, while the Sun was careering through LEO,
He taught them a tender and twittering *trio* ,
But they tiffed, and then wouldn't keep time in it, *ergo* ,
He wrote a new song for each virgin, in VIRGO;
Yet they all of them "struck" for more money in
LIBRA,
Not one would sing "do" nor (without a big bribe)
"ray."
He sighed, when he found them all silent in SCORPIO,
"How wondrous that WAGNER she-temper should
warp. Heigho!"

They essayed SANKY's psalmody 'neath SAGITTARIUS,
With vocal effects the reverse of hilarious.
MOORE AND BURGESS came next, as they neared CAPRI-
CORNUS.

Oried he, "This *won't* do!— *Cognoscenti* will scorn us!"
But, alas! they'd sing naught, as they entered AQUA-
RIUS.

But rapid Virginia's versicles various:
And so when the Sun was just entering PISCES,
He turned up that triad of Musical Misses.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR DECEMBER.

Why won't the chap in the moustaches help me
along as well as EFFIE?

Why does Mamma want to know what I mean?

Why does Effie say I am always telling stories?

Why does she pinch me when we are alone?

Why does Papa say that "he will horsewhip the
scoundrel!"

What's the meaning of "an elopement"?

Why does Papa say, "Well, we are rid of both of
them!"

And, lastly, why does Mamma cry, and kiss me, and
tell me to be a good boy, as I am the only one left?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER! Now the picture-papers
Folly urge to cut fresh capers,
To my special delectation;
 Nous deserts the entire nation.
Christmas, Fetish with red nose,
Makes all men as mummers pose,
Cant of charity, chant the carol,
Meaning,—love of board and barrel,
Orgies amorous and Bacchie!
Nemesia in form Stomachic!
Makes Old Motley's mimes remember
Folly's Dance in drear December.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners)

Q. How would a modern gun-smith describe the solar
system.

A. As a "central fire, and a lot of revolvers."

Q. Is it true that foreign stocks rise and fall under
the influence of any of the Heavenly Bodies?

A. Yes. But the cause can only be satisfactorily re-
ferred to the action of those eminent financiers—the
Great and Little Bear.

CAPRICORNUS

1st	Dec 1st	12th	Dec 12th	21st	Dec 21st
2nd	Dec 2nd	13th	Dec 13th	22nd	Dec 22nd
3rd	Dec 3rd	14th	Dec 14th	23rd	Dec 23rd
4th	Dec 4th	15th	Dec 15th	24th	Dec 24th
5th	Dec 5th	16th	Dec 16th	25th	Dec 25th
6th	Dec 6th	17th	Dec 17th	26th	Dec 26th
7th	Dec 7th	18th	Dec 18th	27th	Dec 27th
8th	Dec 8th	19th	Dec 19th	28th	Dec 28th
9th	Dec 9th	20th	Dec 20th	29th	Dec 29th
10th	Dec 10th	21st	Dec 21st	30th	Dec 30th
11th	Dec 11th	22nd	Dec 22nd		

LIXLEY & SONS, ROYAL, LONDON, E.C.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

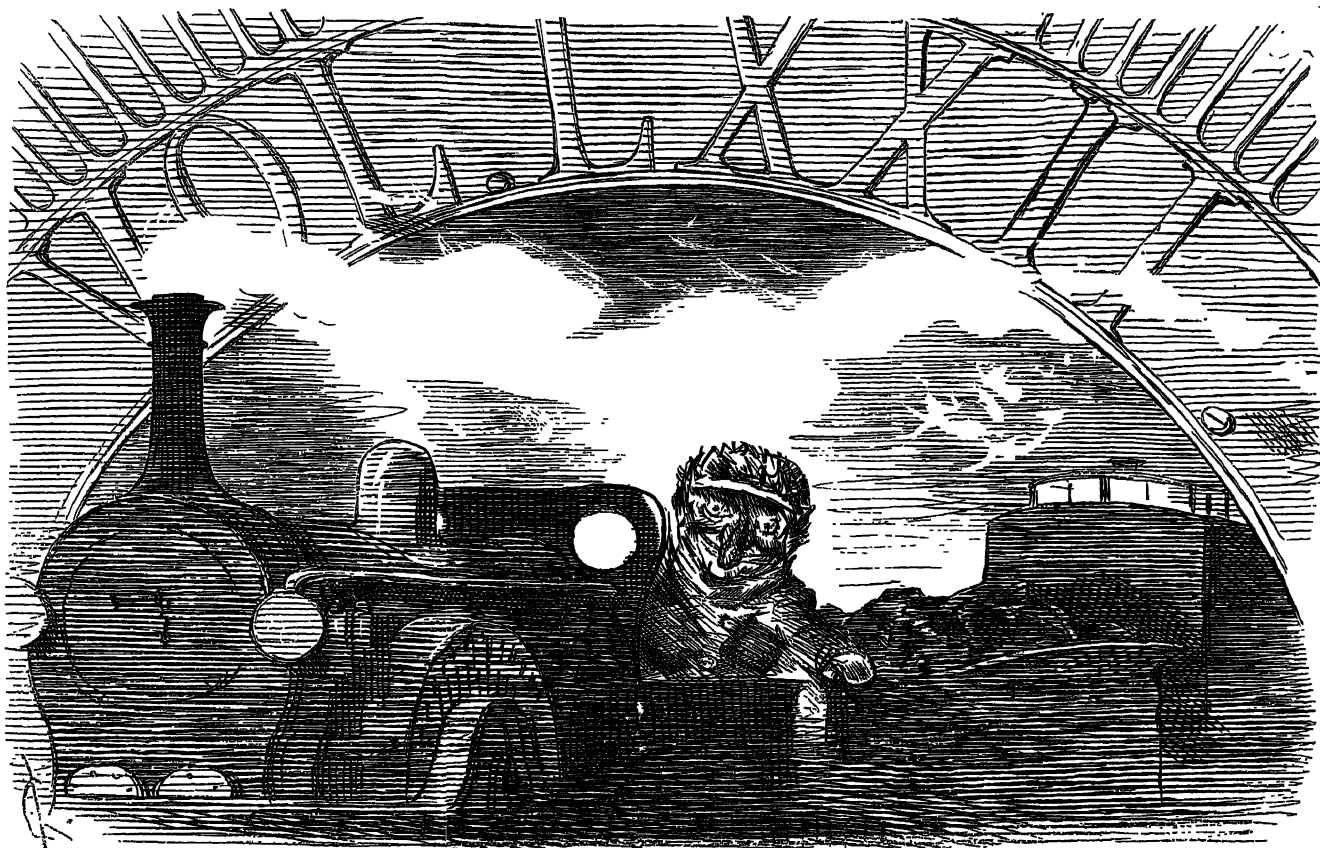
(By a Poor Expectant of Perks.)

AIR—"When other lips," &c.

WHEN other Goves. for other clerks
Shall "strike upon the bell,"
And proffer, liberal and no larks,
The "tips" they love so well;
Perhaps in that ecstatic hour
Old "Screws" may softened be.
O touch him, though he's close and dour!
Then, *Fudge* , remember me!

When geese and turkeys fly about,
And B'pun-notes abound;
When hampers tall, capacious, stout,
In passages are found;
When pass the bottle and the cask—
E-lee-mo-syn-ar-ree,
At such a season I'd but ask,
Dear *Fudge* , remember me!

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS.—Office-seeking.



ON NEWBURY FIELD.

[It is proposed by the Newbury District Field Club to raise a memorial of LUCIUS CARY VISCOUNT FALKLAND on the spot where he fell in arms for the King's cause, in the first Battle of Newbury, Sept. 18, 1643. £300 is required for the purpose. Nearly half the sum is already subscribed. Subscriptions may be paid at the Old Bank, Newbury, and in London at Messrs. DRUMMOND'S, RANSON'S, ROBERTS'S, and the London and County Bank.]

THERE stands a pillar upon 'Chalgrove' Field,
Where by war's blind event JOHN HAMPDEN fell,
To die, still praying till his lips were sealed
That God would save the land he loved so well.

That stone reminds our times of peaceful ease
How HAMPDEN'S stainless sword, drawn to defend
Old monarchy and ancient liberties
Of England, was borne stainless to the end.

We see the stern and steadfast face, still set
Peacewards through rising storms of civil life:
By a high purpose purified from fret
Of party feud and hate-embittered strife.

There was another, who to HAMPDEN'S goal
Pressed on by other road than HAMPDEN went;
Whose yearning after peace so vexed his soul,
It robbed his night's rest and his day's content—

FALKLAND, who, when men's hearts were tried with fire,
Came from the furnace pure as gold thrice-proved:
Who threat of Parliament and royal ire
Withstood, in strength of his high aim unmoved,

That he might teach a land that revered law
To brook the rule of law-abiding kings;
For this he strove, while with hope's eye he saw
The waving of the White Peace-Angel's wings.

But when they closed in smirch of blood and smoke
On Edgehill field, he drew a burdened breath,
Went weary, as a man whose heart is broke,
And rode the fight like one who seeks for death.

At Newbury he found it, in the van
Of BYRON'S charging troopers charging home.
Of the King's following the noblest man,
Who had crowned Law and Peace 'neath Freedom's dome.

No stone yet marks the spot where FALKLAND fell.
The time is come such record were supplied.
As Chalgrove pillar doth of HAMPDEN tell,
Let Newbury tell how FALKLAND lived and died.

'Tis well that England lift a thankful heart
God hath so blessed our land, that either cause,
The King's and Parliament's, could find a part
For FALKLAND, HAMPDEN, loving both old laws
And ancient liberties: that when they drew
Reluctant swords, ne'er forged for brothers' wars,
Still Truth and Right, seen reek of battle through,
In life and death to both were guiding stars.

SEVEN LABOURS FOR SOMEBODY.

1. When will Somebody do something towards the general introduction of some really sweeping measures for the cleansing of our pavements?
2. When will Somebody do something towards decreasing Christmas, and all the year round, drunkenness?
3. When will Somebody do something towards removing Temple Bar and Holywell Street?
4. When will Somebody do something towards making chickens, beefsteaks, salmon, butter, eggs, and oysters, as cheap as they once used to be?
5. When will Somebody do something really sensible in Parliament, or out of it, to cause a marked decrease in preventable railway accidents?
6. When will Somebody do something to induce educated Britons to club together for the establishment of a worthy National Theatre?
7. When will Somebody do something to solve the pressing problem of compulsory school attendance?

ALARMING FAILURE.—The New Year—gone into liquidation!

KAISER-I-HIND.

(Queen proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi, January 1, 1877.)



LINLEY, SANBORN, INT. ET. DEL.

ROAR, cannon, to the brass-bands' blare, and elephantine tramp;
Big drums, make all the noise you can, and native tom-toms thump!
While VICEROY LYTTON changes gilt howdah for gilt throne,
And VICTORIA'S Indian titles are to India's corners blown!

Prank yourselves, SCINDIAH, GAEKWAR, NIZAM, RAM, JAM, & Co.,
Rear your new-brodered banners, your new-coined medals show;
Own that Old England, when she likes, can turn out a parade,
Almost as well as if such pomp were *her*, as 'tis *your*, trade.

Think not of cost, nor of the needs that call for it elsewhere;
The cloud of coming scarcity that darkens the parched air:
Let not the whiff unmannerly of cyclone-swallowed dead
Come 'twixt your new nobility, and attar freely shed.

Lay your nuzzers down in homage at the courteous Viceroy's feet;
Drink the sweet powder of salutes, increased new ranks to greet:
Nor ask if all this tinsel, these gewgaws, bind the band
More close betwixt your weakness and the strength of England's hand.

'Twas not *thus* England spread her rule, from CHARNOCK'S narrow way
To the days of CLIVE and Plassy, of WELLESLEY and ASSAYE;
But, first, by sharp swords in strong hands, and when their work was done,

By proving she knew how to rule the Empire these had won.

And if some stains of force or fraud deface that record long,
The force is used, the fraud condoned, she *now* is just as strong:
The baser greeds of gold and rule a higher power o'er-rides,
By purer law than yours directs, to ends more worthy guides.

She holds your swarming millions now, but as a trust of Heaven,
To civilise and educate to her best teaching given:
A nursery for her Statesmen, for her Warriors a school,
To show men how a wiser West a wider East can rule.

Till India, as she bows before her Empress-Queen to-day,
Can offer *her* a gift for all the blessings of her sway—
Governors wise in council, and Christian soldiers, bold,
If need were, a more troubled East to take into their hold.



HOW WE ARRANGE OUR LITTLE DINNERS.

Mistress. "OH, COOK, WE SHALL WANT DINNER FOR FOUR THIS EVENING. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BESIDES THE JOINT, OF OX-TAIL SOUP, LOBSTER PATÉ, AND AN ENTRÉE—SAY, BEEF?"

Cook. "YES, 'M—FRESH, OR AUSTR—?"

Mistress. "LET'S SEE! IT'S ONLY THE BROWNS—TINNED WILL DO!"

Meanwhile we govern India, 'fore all, for India's good;
To teach and rear her chieftains to rule as rulers should.
To teach and rear her people to the fair arts of peace,
So to leave a self-ruled India when our Viceroy-rule has ceased.

FROM THE STYE.

(A Protest from our Learned Pig.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HRUMPH! I am a well-meaning animal, with a liberal appetite and an unprejudiced taste. Man is a stingy brute, with an unscrupulous conscience and a squeamish stomach. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* (I am a learned pig you will perceive.) Give a pig a bad name and—eat him; abusing him afterwards for daring to disagree with you! That's human justice all over. We porkers call it ungracious gluttony. *Hrumph!* I have no particular ambition to be eaten at all, but if *post-mortem* deglutition is my destiny I would fain die with a good dietetic reputation, and escape posthumous prejudice. Were the ban of MOSES and MAHOMED made universal, I should not repine. A pig—like the Premier—is pachydermously imperturbable under spiteful pin-pricks, particularly if they serve a useful purpose; he will not fume at misrepresentation, provided he thereby escape the pot. But to feed on us, and then flout us, is a little too bad. I am *nice*—oh, yes, I am emphatically and indisputably *nice*. Trust Epicurean humanity to discover that, even without the lambent light thrown on Roast Pig by the *Essay of Elia*. Bo-so, the swineherd's boy,—(ah! I should like to have had the roasting of him! I would willingly fire my sty for the purpose; they say "Long Pig," even with a Chinese flavour is toothsome and succulent)—Bo-so, I say, was representative of his race. I am admittedly delicious. But I am unwholesome forsooth! Bosh!!! Has any one yet proved that pig as pig is not as salubrious

SOMETHING LIKE SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

Our Life-Boats', are they not? Here is a summary of them for 1876. Close on five hundred lives saved, and eighteen vessels rescued from the very jaws of destruction; and out of the twelve hundred men afloat during the year in the 256 boats of the National Life-Boat Institution, only a single man lost, to the 498 saved by their aid—aid rendered at what danger to life and limb, at what cost of exposure, hardship, calm courage, and skilled self-devotion, no record can tell.

Organisation the Institution gives. Courage, strength, and skill, our gallant English sea-faring coast population finds in abundance. But money it is for England to contribute, for the establishment of stations, the provision of boats and apparatus, and the payment of the rewards bestowed by the Institution on those who aid in its good work of life-saving at sea, in the shape of medals and money—968 medals and £50,000 having been granted since its foundation, in recognition of such service.

Need *Punch* say more in furtherance of his call not to "Man the Life-boat"—that is done already—but to money it. This may be done through any banker in the United Kingdom, or directly through the Secretary, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London. "Adelphi" means "brothers." What quarter so fit for the head-quarters of a Society doing, if ever Society did, a work of Christian and, wider, human brotherhood, among those who "Go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters."

How about those Buttons?

THERE are few things more wonderful, in Dr. SCHLIEHMANN's wonderful "find" at Mycenæ, than the enormous quantity of buttons he has come upon in these mysterious graves. It has been hitherto supposed that the chieftains of the heroic age had souls above buttons. But we know that in the earlier obsequies of chiefs slaves were sacrificed to the manes of their owners. The most probable explanation which we can offer of the Mycæan buttons is that they belonged to the garments of the pages who, no doubt, were burned in numbers round the bodies of their buried masters and mistresses.

DIRT CHEPE.—Cheapside in this weather.

as savoury? Diseased, of course, I play the dickens with the dupes and the duffers who strive to digest me. And serve them right! But why should I be diseased? I have been listening to my *Echo*, *Mr. Punch*, and this is what I hear:—

"Two hundred and fifty pounds of diseased pork had been seized (in Glasgow) by a Sanitary Inspector. In the course of the trial it transpired that the pigs before slaughter 'seemed dropsical.' A butcher who was examined—and seemed to look on the matter with great *nonchalance*—considered that this might have been caused by the pigs having been fed on the putrefied stomachs of diseased horses. When horses became dropsical it was common to give them spirits of nitre or antimony, and if the pigs were fed on the flesh of such diseased animals, the disease might be communicated to them. The witness added that, 'it was just in the way of business to dress such carcasses.'"

There!!! In the way of business!!! And then they blame *me!!!* *Hrumph!* It is disgusting! Why not brand the conscienceless brute who feeds his unsuspicious porkers on such foul offal, dealing out death at third hand from luckless horse to deceived pig, and from deceived pig to gulled humanity! I have a somewhat indiscriminating appetite. It is my weakness, and I confess it openly. I have the misfortune to be carnivorous rather than eclectic. But I have no preference for disease-gendering garbage, I am *not* the Reynolds of my race. Give me wholesome food and plenty of it,—I am not particular, anything from acorns to "hotel tub" will suit me for a change,—and "the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure" shall not suffer post-prandially from me. But diet me on rotten fish, diseased potatoes, or putrid horse, and if Nemesis takes the form of Trichinosis, or other disgusting disorder, who is to blame? Not I, but the money-grubbing miscreants whom it were indeed base flattery to call "greedy as a pig." *Hrumph!* Down on them, dear *Punch*, and exonerate your much maligned correspondent,

TOBY.

(Before the Name was usurped by your own Puppy of a Dog.)

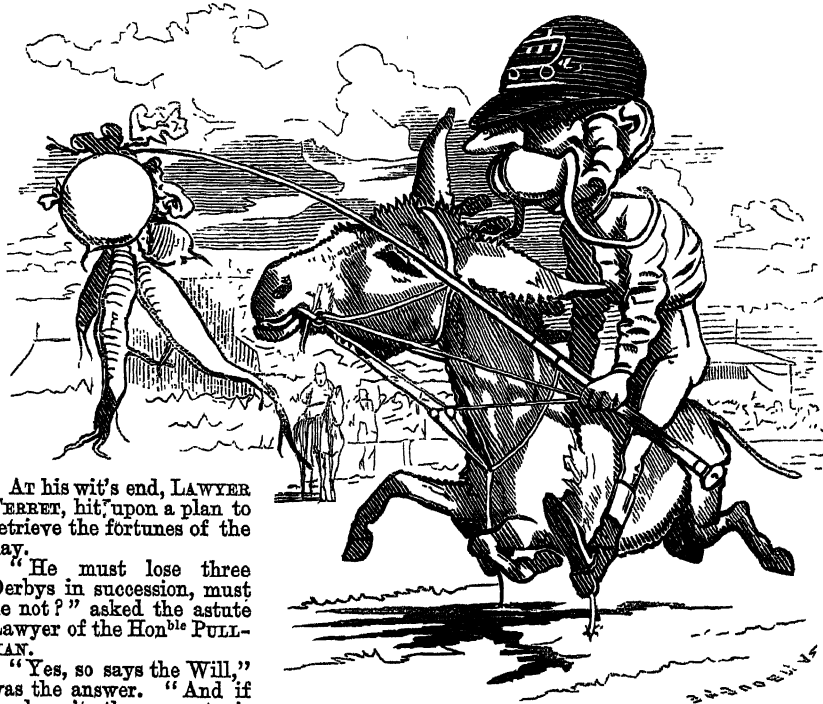
WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—"The Treble Event."



AT his wit's end, LAWYER FERRET, hit upon a plan to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

"He must lose three Derbys in succession, must he not?" asked the astute Lawyer of the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN.

"Yes, so says the Will," was the answer. "And if he doesn't, the property is mine."

"Is ours," the Lawyer rejoined, with grim humour.

LADY DI, seated in the barouche, laid her nervous hand on a diamond-hilted poniard she wore at her girdle.

MRS. AZAMYLE, who had just returned to herself, trembled. She did not like poniards.

LAWYER FERRET had arranged it in two seconds with the Bookmakers and Owners. The Bell rang for the next Derby.

There were no starters, except *Moka* and the *Invisible Prince*.

"Now," exclaimed the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN, "he's done. With one or the other, he must walk over the course, and win. Ha! ha!"

But MR. STRINGHALL raised his hat, and begged the Hon^{ble} Gentleman's pardon. He (MR. STRINGHALL) had just purchased the *Invisible*, and had backed him heavily.

As he had said, the *Invisible* won. *Moka* nowhere.

"Hooray!" cried SIR THOMAS, while LAWYER FERRET and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN absolutely danced with rage and disappointment.

A storm was brewing. The Bookmakers, over two hundred of them, utterly ruined by following LAWYER FERRET and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN's advice, began to eye the pair threateningly.

There was yet another race.

"*Moka* must win—shall win this time," screamed LAWYER FERRET, as with the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN, who was now dressed as a Jockey, he furiously approached CAVASSON, intending to tear him from his horse, and throw him down the hill, when PULLMAN would get up, and win on *Moka*.

But it would have been easier to have torn a Precentor from his stall than to drag the Dumb Jockey from off *Moka*'s back.

"Base villains!" screamed the two hundred ruined Bookmakers, who were no uninterested spectators of the exciting scene.

"Base!" echoed LAWYER FERRET, in a deep voice. "Base! We must be base for the treble event."

But they were not to be mollified with a witticism, and already they were taking off their coats, and turning up their sleeves.

Yet there was one chance!—just one!

If the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN could but substitute himself for the Dumb Jockey! Then, once mounted on *Moka*, he would force the obstinate animal to gallop for dear life, and, by winning the third Derby with one of the Jeddington Dodd Lot, the two previous races would go for nothing.

LAWYER FERRET, the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN, and CAVASSON the Dumb Jockey, were engaged in a deadly struggle. The two former, animated by despair, put forth all their strength. A loud shout went up from the Bookmakers.

CAVASSON could resist no longer. The surcingle was loosened, the girths gave way, and he tumbled to the ground—an inert mass.

In a second the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN was on *Moka*'s back.

One flash of the whip! one flourish of his spurs in the air! and—he was off.

Off, but not thrown. *Moka*'s heels were light and quick, but the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN's seat was as sure, as if he'd been elected without a dissentient voice.

Moka would not stir.

LADY DI and MRS. AZAMYLE screamed, and waved their handkerchiefs in their frenzied excitement.

GUSSY, in her brougham, leant back fainting. Was she about to lose her lover and her happiness for ever? Oh, if *Moka* would only be firm! if she would but lie down and refuse to move! One of the others might win the Derby, and *Moka* be last after all.

LAWYER FERRET suddenly reappeared, bearing a long pole with bright, gleaming, attractive vegetables, such as *Moka* loved, fixed at one end.

This he gave to the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN.

In an instant he saw his plan. A gleam of hope shone on the pallid countenances of the Bookmakers.

The Hon^{ble} PULLMAN rested the pole between *Moka*'s ears, so that the tempting bait of carrots and green vegetables hung within a few inches of the animal's clear-scenting nose. Highly trained as *Moka* was, yet she was not gifted with such common sense as might have told her that no amount of galloping would bring her one fraction nearer the coveted prize.

Yet—off she started—full gallop.

A ringing cheer went up from the Bookmakers, who now ran along by the course, laying the odds, right and left, on what was, evidently, a certainty.

What were the odds?

Why, two thousand to one on *Moka*!!!

And where was SIR THOMAS DODD?

In the middle of her career, SIR THOMAS, standing on the top of Gussy's brougham, was offering three thousand to one on *Invisible Prince*, and taking all the odds he could get against *Moka*.

The Bookmakers, relying upon LAWYER FERRET and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN CARR, took him in every direction at once. They backed *Moka* for millions. They were determined to skin the lamb that day, and the lamb was SIR THOMAS DODD. "Done! Done! Done!"

But *Invisible Prince*, who has been nowhere at first, is now creeping up alongside. And who has been put up to ride?

Is it possible? Yes! There is no doubt about it! There are the black, purple, green, red, and orange stripes!

It is CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey of Jeddington.

Tottenham Corner is passed. *Moka* first, *Invisible Prince* second; the rest nowhere.

Suddenly, from the crowd, the report of a pistol is heard. *Moka*, thoroughly trained, knows the signal. She drops, as though shot. There she lies, quietly eating the carrots and the greens, with the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN wedged in, under her. No effort of her Hon^{ble} rider could extricate himself, or get her to move. There he lay—a prisoner. LAWYER FERRET tore his hair, and cursed, but he was borne onward by the rush of two hundred Bookmakers.

It was WILLIAM BUTTON who had fired the pistol. He had had a long experience in the Comic business of a Circus, and this was one of the tricks he had taught *Moka*.

"Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoopla tohik!"

Cheers from the Grand Stand. Cheers from the honest public. Groans and execrations from the two hundred Bookmakers.

The Numbers are up—

INVISIBLE PRINCE 1

The rest Nowhere.

"Thanks, CAVASSON!" cried SIR THOMAS DODD, deeply affected. "You have saved the honour and name of DODD!"

"But," screamed LAWYER FERRET, "you have forfeited the estates! You have not lost three Derbys in succession!"

SIR THOMAS smiled, as, from behind the Judge's box, an elderly gentleman stepped calmly forward, with a parchment in his hand. FERRET recognised him. It was MR. GRAZIN LANE, the well-known Chancery Interpleader.

MR. GRAZIN LANE bowed politely to LAWYER FERRET, and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN. Then he said,

"Excuse me; I am a little hoarse."

A yell came up from the Bookmakers, who were in no humour for a jest. MR. GRAZIN LANE continued calmly,

"This is no joke for any one. I have here several legal documents; but, if you will allow me, I will skip over what is unnecessary."

"Skip!" they cried, like one man.

MR. GRAZIN LANE bowed, skipped over the legal forms, and then, after taking the necessary steps, he cleared his voice at a bound, and thus addressed the assembly.*

(To be continued.)

* *From Editor to Public.*—Telegram just arrived. It is to be finished next week. Last chapter not here yet. Shall bring it up with me on my return from the Major's, Bogus Park, Boshey, where, I'll be bound, they are keeping Christmas in true old English fashion.—ED.

CUTTINGS FROM NEW-YEAR DIARIES.



LD Paterfamilias
(Friday, Jan. 5).

—Dividends due at the Bank: mustn't forget that the Fire Insurance expires on the 9th. Wrote to ask JONES to send me back the umbrella I left at his rooms on New Year's Day, when we dined together to finish the holiday on the Stock Exchange.

Materfamilias
(Friday Jan. 5).

—Dividends due at the Bank. Tried to get GEORGE to give me a new bonnet. First attempt was a failure. On reminding him, however, that

business couldn't have detained him on New Year's Day, at MR. JONES's, he changed the subject, and wrote me a cheque. Must get the children new shoes for to-morrow's Twelfth-Night party.

Miss Fanny (Friday, Jan. 5).—I do so wish my next quarter's money was due as MADAME CRINOLINE's bill has left me almost penniless. It may arise from my buying gloves with four buttons instead of six. "O poverty, poverty, how bitter is thy sting" I wonder who wrote that? Of course I remember, it was ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Miss Laura (Friday, Jan. 5).—No news of him! I wonder if he will be at the children's party to-morrow? He may, and then I shall see him once again. Even when he is pretending to be a horse for the amusement of the children, he looks romantic. O Love, what a strange thing thou art, changing the most lowly things into all sorts of other things! I write this with the window open with my eyes turned towards the black, cheerless midnight sky! I hope I shan't catch cold!

Mr. Charles (Friday, Jan. 5).—Nothing on for to-day. Children's Twelfth-Night party to-morrow. That little flirt LAURA is sure to be there. Shall I go? Depends whether I can cut into a rubber at the Club. In these hard times can't afford to lose my cards.

Master Tommy (Friday, Jan. 5).—Just eighteen hours to the Twelfth-Night Party. What lots of cake I shall eat! Twenty

days more to the end of the holidays. Ain't I sorry! What a rot diary is! Shouldn't keep it if papa hadn't promised me five shillings if I wrote some things every day for a fortnight. Come, I have done enough for to-day.

Mr. Tentafour Seeling-Wax (Friday, Jan. 5).—Stayed at the office all day reading the papers. Had a snooze in the afternoon, and dined at the Club.

Mr. Fox Wolf, Lawyer (Friday, Jan. 5).—Good day's work. Sold up three widows, and dispossessed six orphans. Sang "Dreaming of Angels" with great success at a *soirée* in the evening.

Lieutenant Sabretache (Friday, Jan. 5).—On guard all day, and, consequently, nothing on earth to do. Couldn't find anything to read but the Queen's Regulations. Read some of them for a novelty, and found them dry and difficult to understand. Wish I had had a *Bradshaw*—might have read the advertisements instead.

Mr. Shakespeare Byron Jones, Amateur Author (Friday, Jan. 5).—Made up my mind to write a five-act tragedy in blank verse. Wrote to the Editors of six Magazines asking if they wanted any articles. Offered to do a Pantomime for MR. CHATEAUBON, at Drury Lane, if it wasn't too late. Thought out the first chapters of my Novel. Spent the rest of the day in considering what I should call the new paper I mean to start.

Mr. Punch, 85, Fleet Street (Friday, Jan. 5).—Hard at work all day. No time for diary writing. Leave all that sort of thing for people with more leisure on their hands than brains in their head-pieces.

NEW?

A Query by a Querulous Quidnunc.

"I wish you a Happy New Year."—*Popular Saying.*

HAPPY? That's doubtful! Pessimists would say

Those who are like to find it so are few:

And of all New Year's deeds from day to day

How many will be *New*?

What if War's waking bring black fear and sadness,

With parting's pang to palace, hall, and hovel?

Alas! about *that* immemorial madness

There's nothing that is novel.

If Trade peace-fostered flourish, then the rout

Of Mammon's thralls old triumphs by old troubles

Will buy once more: there's little new about

The tints that brighten bubbles.

Black-hackle cocks round clerical mare's nests

Will spar, sects pit to-day against to-morrow,

But each new vestment Reverend Mimes invest

From the dead past they'll borrow.

The old political *pot-à-feu* will boil

With the old hash of all the old ingredients;

Old principles fresh-furbished act as foil

To old re-trimmed expedients.

Neologies galore will take the town,—

Mere masquerade—old faces with new masks!—

The frothiest must but prove, when settled down,

Old liquor in new casks.

Art, new-coined terms upon her tongue, will trace,

With fingers feeble as old hands were furious,

Faint copies of the ancient glow and grace,—

Antiques as pale as spurious.

Poesy, plumed for unexampled flights,

Will deem it soars, while in old mire it grovels;

Sumphs vainly seek new radiance in new lights,

Or novelty in novels!

And fools will play their old preposterous pranks,

Old politicians make their big blunders;

And jesters scatter time-worn quips and cranks;

And priests roll harmless thunders.

New Years? Alas! I've greeted not a few,

But spite of pseudo-seers who jarred and jangled,

I find they've brought me little that is new,

To much that is new-fangled!

SEASONABLE QUERY.—If the Mussulman wants muscle for war, how can the Russ fight without its sinews?



VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

THAT PLAYFUL BUT TENDER YOUNG BARD, THE HON. FITZ-LAVENDER BELAIRS, ENJOYS THE ALMOST PERFECT BLISS OF READING A LITTLE THING OF HIS OWN TO A CIRCLE OF WEAK-MINDED BUT INTENSELY SYMPATHETIC WOMEN:—

“TO A FAIR ARCHERESS.

“Glad lady mine, that glitterest
In shimamah of summah athwart the lawn,
Canst tell me which is bitterest—
The glamaw of Eve, or the glimmah of dawn,

“To those with whose hearts thou litterest
The field where they fall at thy feet to fawn?
As a buttahfy dost thou futtah by!
How, whence, and oh! whither, art come and gone?”

Chorus. “HOW EXQUISITE! HOW REFINED!! HOW REALLY QUITE TOO FAR MORE THAN MOST AWFULLY DELICIOUS!!!”
[As the Poem is not of equal merit throughout we only quote the first Stanza.]

A CALL TO THE COAST-GUARD.

(By Authority, according to the “Gardeners’ Magazine.”)

YE Custom-House officers keep a look-out
The coasts of Great Britain and Ireland about,
At all ports, English, Cambrian, Irish, and Scotch,
Against a bold Smuggler far worse than *Will Watch*.

Look sharp, or he’ll smuggle himself, contraband
More fearful than Cavendish, into our land,
Concealed in Canadian cargoes, or freights
Arriving in vessels from Yankeedom’s States.

’Cute rascal, he’ll try out of vision to hide,
Because he’s detected as soon as descried,
Being plainly marked out, as with figures or types,
By colours resembling the Stars and the Stripes.

He looks like a lady-bird as to his kind,
But is bigger, and longer from front to behind;
And the stripes which the vagabond bears on his wings
Distinguish that plague from those innocent things.

His colours, however, are yellow and black,
Some spots of the last at the top of his back,
Five stripes of the same on one side, and five more
On the other; in heraldry Sable on Or.

His name’s Colorado; wherever he goes
He devours every precious potato that grows.

Entomology’s doctors the title have stuck to him
Of *Doryfera decemlineata*—bad luck to him!

Look out for this foe, worse than ’tater disease,
Aboard ships, inside sacks, upon wharves, and on quays,
Under sheds, in all packages, bundles, and bales,
In fact anything brought us by steam or by sails.

Tide-waiters, and Searchers, and Coast-Guard, and all,
Prepare on this Smuggler self-smuggled to fall,
To put down a foot on him, wheresoe’er found,
And squash him and squelch him to smash on the ground.

It may not be easy, or possible quite,
To stamp out a murrain, a fever, or blight;
But at least we can stamp beetles out if they show—
When seen, serve this vicious American so.

The Better Way with Betting-House Keepers.

THE proprietor of a sporting journal the other day pleaded guilty at Guildhall to a charge of having kept his house open for betting purposes, the repetition of an offence for which he was fined £100 about a year ago. His counsel, on the plea of domestic affliction and dangerous illness, “asked that he might not be sent to prison without a fine.” SIR ROBERT CARDEN, with some hesitation, decided merely to fine him £100 and 5s. costs, but added that “in all future cases imprisonment without fine would be inflicted on such offenders.” Perhaps it would be better that they should “not be sent to prison without a fine,” but smartly fined in addition to being imprisoned.



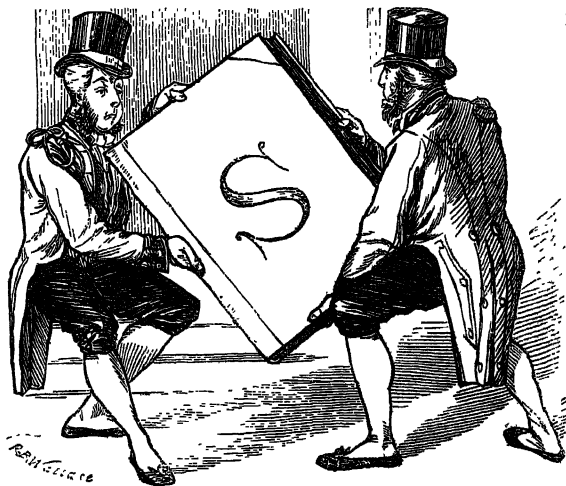
WHO'S TO BLAME?

LONDON. "OUT OF YOUR BED AGAIN, YOU TROUBLE-SOME OLD LUNATIC! DO YOU WANT TO DROWN US ALL?"
FATHER THAMES. "TAIN'T MY FAULT! I AIN'T RESPONSIBLE! I SUPPOSE IT'S SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS TO SEE ME SAFELY TUCK'D IN
O' BOTH SIDES?"

MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ EUX.

No. I.—THE GREAT MAN AT HOME.

(By One who Knows—his Footman.)



SEVERAL magnificent Parks, one leading out of the other; then a gorgeous garden full of tropical plants and flowers, a fresh and fragrant tangle of greenery, a musical, melodious, murmuring *mélange* of birds, fountains, fruit-trees, lakes, and mountains. Always blue sky, and always sunshine and soft sweet breezes. Such the surroundings of the Palace.

The House itself. A noble building of marble and precious stones, now reminding one of the

Louvre, now of Hampton Court, now of Belvoir Castle. A quaint old place, with immense stacks of red brick chimneys, heaps of bronze doors, and hundreds of latticed windows. A home for a CROMWELL, a NAPOLEON THE GREAT, or an EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. At the back, twenty square miles of good mixed shooting, and a hundred leagues of trout-stream.

The Servants' Offices excellent. A splendid *suite* of apartments for the Butler, with a secret passage leading from the comfortable library into the cellar. An airy pantry, with cupboards full of plate. A nicely-furnished Housekeeper's Room, the very place for wit and comfort. A Servants' Hall ever ready to extend its hospitality to *littérateurs*. And the *employés*, in their powdered hair and magnificent uniforms of plush smalls and yellow coats—nice, amiable, unaffected men, full of anecdotes of Him—the Great Man it is their pride to serve. From the Butler himself down to the young gentleman in buttons all equally chatty and confidential.

Up-Stairs. Gold, silver, and blue brocade. Here is the Hall where the Great Man puts his umbrella and hat. That unpretending bronze peg is the one upon which he hangs his overcoat. Yonder cupboard hides his well-worn wide-awake, his hunting-whips, his favourite rods, and his short pipe. The Great Man, when he can escape from his followers, delights in a ramble across country. He will start at four in the morning, and, whistling to half-a-dozen dogs (a retriever, two foxhounds, a Newfoundland, a bull-terrier, and a pug), will, thus followed, hunt for hours the artful rabbit or the wily snipe. Then he will drop in at a country inn, and dine on the simplest fare—some soup, a little fish, a few *entrées*, and a bird. But this he will do only when he has some particular chum staying with him—such as His Royal Highness fresh from Marlborough House, or my LORD BEACONSFIELD. On State days he will remain in the gold drawing-room, in his simple but effective costume of black velvet slashed with red satin, giving audiences to the great (and noble, courteous to the last degree, he bows his guest into the jewelled chair, and talks for five minutes. Then he rises, and another graceful bow proclaims the interview at an end. But he is an inveterate smoker, and never appears without a homely "yard of clay" hanging from between his lips.

His wardrobe contains all sorts of magnificent costumes, the gifts (in great part) of his admirers. Here is the Court dress of a North American Indian, there the *mufti* of a Field-Marshal of Peru; yonder (thrown about in confusion) are a number of patents of nobility. The Orders of Knighthood (of which the Great Man possesses sixty-seven) are not here to-day. They have been sent down to the footman's pantry to be brushed up with the rest of the plate.

And how does the Great Man spend his day? At five he wakes, and takes a cup of tea with two lumps of sugar in it. Then he dashes into a swimming-bath, and afterwards spends a couple of hours in his private gymnasium. After this he is ready for his secretaries. Ten of them enter his study (a small apartment, full of books, desks, and magnificent extra-sized chandeliers), and read to him his correspondence. As his letters number on the average two thousand a post, his secretaries read them simultaneously to save time. Then comes breakfast—a simple meal of coffee, claret, lobster, mushrooms, muffins, pig's fry (a dish of which he is particularly fond) a few *pâtés de foie gras*, and perhaps a haunch of venison, or a canvas-back. After breakfast the usual business of the day commences. From noon till two o'clock he writes. He is a quick thinker, and works fast. In these two hours he will sometimes knock off at one sitting a five-act comedy, a draught treaty of commerce, and a three-volume novel. At two he sees the Ambassadors, giving precedence to the French as the representative of an unfortunate people. Then come the German, the Russian, the Italian, and the Austro-Hungarian. Of late he has refused to see the Turkish Ambassador. It is scarcely necessary to add that the Great Man talks to each

foreigner in his visitor's native tongue. After the Ambassadors come the statesmen. LORD HARTINGTON is put into the Red Room, while SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE lounges in the Blue.

Even if each visitor should receive no more than the regulation five minutes, these interviews consume several hours. At six, the Great Man devotes some forty-five minutes to recreation. It is at this time that he meets his greatest friends *en petit comité*. The brown boudoir (furnished in the Oriental fashion with couches and Old Masters) rings with the laugh of ALFRED TENNYSON, the chuckle of CARLYLE, the soft "ha-ha" of CHARLES READE, and the boisterous merriment of MR. GLADSTONE. The rare old glasses at these times mirror the faces of such men as SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, MR. BUCKSTONE, SIR GEORGE NARES, MAJOR O'GORMAN, and DR. CUMMING of Scotland. Then comes dinner, a glorious meal with a *menu* a yard long; and then the Great Man goes out to be petted and fêted by Society, to dance with the Duchess of This, and to flirt with the Countess of That. At these times he refuses to talk business. BISMARCK may telegraph and ROTHSCHILDS may follow him about, but to no good—his rule has not an exception. When he requires country air, a hearty welcome awaits him at Balmoral, Sandringham, and Osborne. He refuses daily invitations from the Elysée, and the imperial palaces of Vienna, St. Petersburg and Berlin; he hates ceremony with its guards of honour, its court-banquets, and military reviews. He likes to be with his friends, and when he pays a visit, only takes with him half-a-dozen of his valets, and a few *cordons bleus*. And what is the name of this truly Great Man? The question is easily answered. The name of this truly Great Man is—*Mr. Punch*.

HOW TO USE A CLUB.

NEVER pay your subscription until you have obtained post rank. Modern Clubs collapse so suddenly that it is well to be on the safe side; besides, you gain the interest of the money and get your name advertised free *gratis*.

Always run down the Club when you are in; even call it a pot-house. The other members will, of course, think that you belong to several superior Clubs, and love you accordingly.

Always swear at the Waiters. It is not included in their wages, but they regard it as a perquisite.

No Club Man, who is wise, ever buys a new umbrella. Why should he, when so many men daily do it for him? The time for the best is between seven and eight, when members are pretty safe in the dining-room.

If you take a fancy to any engraving in the rarer library books—cut it out when no one is by. If the Committee inform you that this is dishonest, reply that that may be *their* impression, but that you prefer proofs.

When the Smoking-room Waiter brings you the cigar-box, ask boldly and loudly, "Which are the eighteen-penny ones?" and select quietly a twopenny cheroot. So you gain at a minimum of expenditure one of the greatest advantages of wealth.

Invariably black-ball men who are put up for election by either your proposer or seconder. As in nine cases out of ten we have cause to regret introducing men as members of our Club, you will be doing your friends an unobtrusive yet essential service.

Stare at strangers as though they were some new form of wild beasts. You don't pay an entrance-fee and annual subscription to have your Club turned into an hotel. Besides, other members' friends are always cads.

When the conversation turns upon books, though the only two you know are your laundress's and an old *Ruff*, speak airily of your "library." That at the Museum is as much yours as it is anybody's.

Get hold of a lord if you can, even though it be but an Irish peer; invite him to dinner, and take care that everyone knows who he is. After he is gone, shrug your shoulders, call him "Poor devil!" and hint that you "dassay he's glad of a dinner." So you score doubly.

When compelled to speak of your three-pair-back, allude to it as your "chambers;" and to SALLY, your fifteen years' old maid-of-all-work as your "man."

Back your bill daily. Complain of the cigars, dinner,



RECOLLECTION OF HUNTING SEASON (CLOSE OF 1876—BEGINNING OF 1877).

Paterfamilias. "WELL, I BEGIN TO THINK THE WEATHER IS A TRIFLE TOO OPEN!"

wine, coals, gas, and attendance, and you'll soon be a Committee-man yourself. Then you can snub other grumblers.

Pocket the Club stationery. It is far cheaper than buying your own, and it is only wasted at the Club.

Wear your hat in every part of the house. It informs strangers of the fact that you are a member, and is an altogether dignified and becoming method of asserting your proprietorship. This is a rule to be rigidly observed when any member happens to be showing a party of ladies over the house.

Keep new members at arm's length: let them clearly understand that, while you are compelled to tolerate their presence, you are by no means certain that they are not swindlers and vagabonds.

By observing these few rules, and some others which *Mr. Punch* may furnish you with upon another occasion, you will, in time, become a most popular member of your Club, and when in the fulness of time you die, your place will not easily be filled.

OUR BENEFICED DISSENTERS.

FRIEND PUNCH,

It is verily gratifying to see friends E. F. CROOM and J. PLIMPTON, Churchwardens of St. James's, Hatcham, and upholders of friend TOOTH in his defiance of the law and the Court of Arches, seemingly in a way to arrive at a sense of his position and their own. Thou hast doubtless read their letter to the *Times*, wherein they say:—

"We are not such a small body as many think; the English Church Union and the Church of England Working-men's Society together number more than 25,000 Churchmen, and these do not represent a tithe of those who sympathise with us."

If not so small a body as many think, the party they belong to is a minority not perhaps as large as they imagine. As to the "tithe of those who sympathise with them," how much longer do they suppose members of the Church by Law Established are likely to continue paying tithes to Clergy whose followers have at last begun to discern them to be ministers of another denomination? The above-named friends go on to testify as follows:—

"It is said we are lawless. No more lawless, I take it, Sir, than Nonconformists were when they refused to pay Church-rates, which were then imposed by the law of England, by permitting their goods to be seized rather than give up the principle for which they were contending—that citizens should not be compelled to support a religious institution against their consciences; so we, for principle, are determined to suffer loss of property, and of liberty if need be, for the maintenance of the right of the Church of England to govern herself in spiritual matters without interference from secular authority."

When friends CROOM and PLIMPTON, on the part of friend TOOTH and his adherents, describe themselves as representing the Church, those three said friends doubtless remind thee of three other such, the celebrated apparel-makers of Toley Street, who styled themselves the People of England. Whilst, however, with one breath our Hatcham friends claim to typify the Church whose Government they disown, thou seest that with the other they compare themselves to Nonconformists; and it may be hoped that they will soon discover how nearly they resemble them, the resemblance being precisely such as one pea bears to another. They persist in practising rites and ceremonies of their own, and refusing to conform to those of the Established Church by Law—matters of ritual prescribed by that Law as interpreted by its legal Judges; and it is notorious that their Nonconformity as to postures and gestures signifies Nonconformity of opinions also. Wherein, then, do their Ministers differ from friend SPURGEON, friend PARKER, friend NEWMAN HALL, and the Nonconformists who sit under those and other Nonconforming friends? In two important but unessential particulars. They preach and practise their Nonconformity within the steeple-houses and other edifices of the Establishment, instead of Salems and Ebenezers of their own, and they sack the Established hire. Otherwise it is manifest to every creature above a donkey, and, from the avowals above quoted, appears to be dawning upon even their own intellects, that they are all of them, laity and clergy, no more and no less out-and-out thorough-going Nonconformists and Dissenters than friends CHADBRAND and STRIGGINS—Dissenters and Nonconformists though of a different colour from the drab which distinguishes the "vestments" of thy broad-brimmed Friend,

OBADIAH.

SCURVY OUTBREAK.—The attacks on the Arctic Expedition.



THE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Gerald (who has been listening with exemplary patience). "MAMMA, WHEN IS HE GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE PUDLING?"

WHY STIR HIS STUMPS?

WHAT, in the name of common sense, could the Vicar and Churchwardens of Wadsley Bridge have meant by objecting to the bat, balls, and stumps on the tombstone of BENJAMIN KEETON, the Cricketer, with the loving and Christian inscription, which, thanks to the kindness of a Sheffield Correspondent, a Cricketer too, *Punch* is glad to be able to append:—

"Farewell, dear wife, my life is past:
My love was true until the last.
Then think of me, nor sorrow take,
But love my Saviour for my sake."

Altogether we never heard of a more creditable gravestone: nor is this professional symbolism a new thing in the tombstones of those parts. The Vicar and Churchwardens may see in Wadsley Bridge Churchyard a Musician's tombstone, with its music-bars and the notes of HANDEL's sublime strain, "*The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised*," carved upon it; and a Blacksmith's, charged with the hammer and pincers flanking the horseshoe of his grimy but useful occupation.

Did not the Vicar at least know—whatever the Churchwardens may have known—that in the good old times this carving on the tombstone of the implements of the sleeper's handicraft, beginning with the Soldier's sword and the Dame's distaff, was an almost universal practice? And bat and balls were KEETON's tools as a professional Cricketer.

Then, if we turn from the practice in the matter to the principle at the bottom of it, where can be the objection to what is a mere record of the sleeper's craft—true labour wherein was one of his life's best prayers,—*qui laborat, orat*,—but a record addressed to the eye, at once picturesque, and encouraging local art; instructive, as showing what trade implements have been; directly intelligible,

and more vivid in its appeal to the memory than any description in words would be, while infinitely closer to the fact than most monumental enumerations of the virtues of the departed—your grave-stone mason being the one recorder who observes the law, more charitable than honest, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

The more *Punch* considers the matter, the more he feels inclined, instead of objecting to the practise of such symbolic stone-cutting, to wish it were everywhere restored in English Churchyards, till the proverb should run "True as a tombstone," instead of "False as an epitaph."

We are glad to find that Wadsley Bridge Vicar and Churchwardens having thought of it, have naturally thought better of it, and have determined to leave BENJAMIN KEETON's bat, balls, and stumps where his widow has placed them.

January Summer.

AN advertisement announces that:—

"*Cherry Ripe!* is commenced in the January Number of the *Temple Bar Magazine*."

Here is indeed a proof of the extraordinary mildness of the season!

OFFICIAL OMISSION.

WE see advertised extensively "Inexhaustible Salts, as supplied to the QUEEN." What a pity that they were not supplied to the Admiralty in time for issue to the last Arctic Expedition!

POKER—red-hot—banished from Pantomime, has been received with open arms at some fashionable London Clubs.

EDUCATIONAL EXPENSES.

It may be that the relation existing between education and crime is precisely the reverse at Manchester of what it will be found to be everywhere else. The Chaplain of Manchester Gaol the other day read a report declaring the experience of the Assizes and Sessions at Manchester to show "that mere reading and writing have been the instrumental means without the use of which the forger, the embezzler, the fraudulent trustee, the base coiner, the false begging-letter writer, the dishonest warehouseman and clerk, and such like, could not ever come into existence as criminals." Perhaps the development instead of the prevention of crime by education is peculiar to Manchester. Otherwise School Boards will not be found such economical institutions as it was predicted they would. An outlay in education rates, instead of being repaid by reduction of county rates will simply necessitate augmented local taxation for prison expenses. But let us hope it is an exceptional and not a general fact, that the Three R's are conducive to the growth of a fourth R—Roguary.

NEW TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

THE QUEEN as the Star of India.

THE SULTAN as the Injured Innocent.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA as the Two-headed Dilemma.

MIDHAT PASHA as Chéri-Bounce.

LORD SALISBURY as the Pilot who did his best to weather the storm.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF as Jack Brag.

EARL BEACONSFIELD as Lord Bateman.

MR. GLADSTONE as Cerberus, the three-headed Janitor of the gates of London, Rome, and Constantinople.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT as the Angel with the Olive Branch.

MR. TENNYSON as Harold-Hard-writer.

GEORGE ELIOT as the Poet of Moses & Co.

MR. SWINBURNE as the Blush Rose.

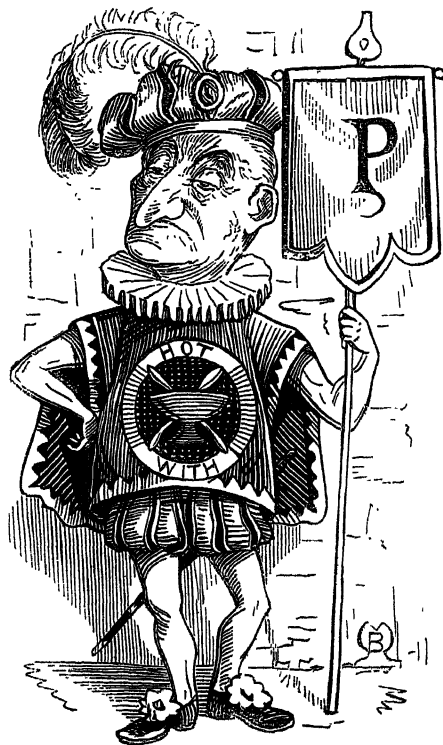
MR. CARLYLE as the Cremorne Hermit.

DR. SLADE as the 'Possum up a Gum Tree.

MR. SPURGEON as the Christian Minstrel.

MANAGER BEACONSFIELD'S TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Theatre Royal, Delhi.



PRECISELY within a week of Christmas Day there has been exhibited in the Capital of India a spectacle curiously similar to those magnificent displays with which the sentiments inspired by that solemn season are wont to be demonstrated in the Metropolis of the British Empire. The proclamation of Her Majesty's Imperial title at Delhi on New Year's Day was attended with ceremony and pageantry just as much calculated to astonish and gratify the natives privileged to witness it as analogous pomps and splendour here to amaze and delight the youthful mind. The scene on the plain three miles north of the Vice-regal camp at Delhi; the amphitheatre and dais—the circular platform of light blue framework, relieved by illumina-

nated panels alternately displaying the Royal Arms and the Imperial Crown intermingled with the Imperial Initials, with its umbrella-shaped canopy of red, white, and gold supported on gilt posts overhead; the gorgeously-coloured semicircle of seats reserved for the native grandees and high officials under its white awning fringed with blue, and resting on white and gilt figures decorated with flags and festoons; the attendant troops and guards of honour; the picturesque costumes and uniforms of the guests and visitors; the VICE-ROY and LADY LYTON riding in a gilt howdah on a huge elephant, followed by their children on another, and attended by a gigantic sham-herald, MAJOR BARNES, in a tabard surreptitiously copied from the real thing, its wearer ignorant of all connection with the College in Doctors' Commons, and grievous to the soul of Garter, Clarenceux, and Dragon Rouge, but attired in two hundred pounds' worth of heraldic habiliments; the sixty-three ruling Chiefs in attendance with their military retainers; the salute of a hundred guns; the *feu-de-joe* fired by the soldiers; the glare, glitter, and parade of the whole show must have resembled nothing so exactly as the Transformation Scene of a Christmas Pantomime. This resemblance was rendered all the closer by the piece of dumb show, performed by LORD LYTON, of hanging commemorative medals about the necks of the native Chiefs, and by the delivery of the Proclamation, spoken by MAJOR BARNES after an appropriate flourish of trumpets; only the Proclamation was not, as it might have been, cast in heroic verse. And there was one particular in which the comparison between the Durbar at Delhi and the Pantomimes at Drury Lane and Covent Garden certainly cannot be sustained. There was no beneficent fairy present to turn any of the characters in the scene into Harlequin and Columbine, not to mention Clown and Pantaloon. However, the whole display served admirably to typify the supremacy over barbaric magnificence assumed and asserted by Civilisation.

Flames Male and Female.

At the Royal Institution, the other evening, in the third lecture of the "juvenile course," DR. GLADSTONE described "the various kinds of flames." Among these, however, from a report of his lecture, he appears to have made no mention of the "old flame" remembered by most men as once so extremely bright and beautiful, but as liable to grow in the hard hands of Time quite the reverse of either beautiful or bright.

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.

"GOVERNMENT FUND OF £4000 FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—The President and Council of the Royal Society have resolved to advise the Committee of Council on Education to expend the above-named Fund in aiding Scientific Research:—1. By conferring grants on Competent Persons, or by offering Prizes of considerable value for the solution of Problems. 2. By meeting applications from Persons desirous of undertaking Investigations. 3. By applying Funds for Computation, the Formation of Tables of Constants, and other laborious and unremunerative Scientific work. Applications are to be addressed to the Secretaries of the Royal Society, Burlington House, London, W., marked [Government Fund]."

THIS announcement has naturally produced great excitement in the Scientific World. The letter-box of the Royal Society is daily choked with applications. We append a few of the more remarkable of these appeals.

GENTLEMEN,

FOR years past I have consecrated all my leisure to perfecting a discovery which will produce results beyond the power of the most Oriental imagination to realise. I am as certain as I am of the rise of to-morrow's sun, or the visit of the tax-collector, that a grant of £50—or, to prevent the possibility of failure, say £100—would enable me to bring my experiments to a successful issue, and confer on the Royal Society the enviable distinction of having been the medium of revealing to the world a long latent secret.—I mean that of Perpetual Motion.

88, *Chimera Crescent*, N. W.

P. GREEN MOONING.

Jan. 6, 1877.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not slept a moment, for pardonable excitement since I read of the intentions of our glorious, great-hearted, chivalrous Government, to grant £4000 for Scientific Research. A cheque for £150 (*not crossed*) will put me in possession of the means of procuring apparatus and chemicals, the only things wanting to enable me to complete the last link in a chain of experiments which *will*, which *shall*, which *must* culminate in the transmutation of all the baser metals into genuine, solid, virgin GOLD.

Yours in haste (for the Laboratory waits),

2A, *Little Stickleback Street*, E.

EUPHORBUS WHISTLETON.

276, *Dock Avenue*, Liverpool,
5/1/77.

GENTLEMEN,

PRAY use your influence with the Government to get me awarded a grant of £500 to £1000, to aid me in showing that the whole system of Modern Astronomy is radically wrong. The prevailing notions of the configuration of the earth (ridiculously called one of the heavenly bodies), the composition of the sun and its distance from our globe, and the absence of life in the moon, I have over and over again proved to the satisfaction of myself and my friends, to be as gross delusions as the belief in the philosopher's stone and the divining rod of former ages. I only require the trifle I have mentioned to put my convictions on such a base of absolute certainty, that the world shall hail me as the greatest Scientific Reformer since the days of COPERNICUS, GALILEO, and TYCHO BRAHE.

Yours,

THALES ALEXANDER WILDERSPIN.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM ready to sell to the Government my infallible specifics for sea-sickness and hydrophobia, which have never been known to fail since my great-grandfather first brought the prescriptions with him from the Vale of Cashmere. My terms are £4000 cash.

Your obedient Servant,

Isle of Dogs, E., Jan. 1, 1877.

ANDREW MAC CANNIE.

MY DEAR SIRS,

The Crib, James Wattville, Manchester.

A NEW motive power is within my grasp, which will render steam as obsolete as the pack-horse and the stage-waggon. I am impeded in my experiments by the want of means to procure material, machinery, skilled labour, and workshops. I want only but £2000 for all this. Plead for me for a grant to that amount, and you will place me (and yourselves) on the same pedestal of fame as ARCHIMEDES, WATT, and the STEPHENSONS.

6/1/77.

ARCHIMEDES J. STROWGRASS.

MISS KATHLEEN O'CORKEY is anxious to engage in the following computations:—

1. The number of penny postage-stamps it would take to go round the world.
2. The number and cost of the umbrellas now in use in Great Britain and Ireland.
3. The value of the waste paper annually burnt or thrown away in Great Britain, Scotland, and Wales.

She trusts the Government will allow her an annuity of £250 until her calculations are completed.

Thomas Moore Street, Dublin. Friday Evening.



FIELD PERSPECTIVE (FOR SOFT WEATHER).

"WOMEN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH."

THE legend of POPE JOAN may or may not be authentic; but the possibility, at least, of a female Pope is manifest from the positive fact that there are female Parsons. For this is a fact beyond all doubt. A great many, if not the greater part, of the Ritualist Clergy are evidently Ladies who, having contrived to conceal their sex, have gone to Theological Training Colleges, got themselves ordained, and crept into the Church in disguise. Now, when they have obtained curacies and livings, their irrepressible passion for finery crops up. They bedizen themselves in all manner of gowns and petticoats under the name of "vestments," and they decorate the Churches in which they officiate, or have them decorated, in a style of ornamentation befitting only boudoirs or dressing-rooms. A Lincolnshire paper, itself apparently edited by a girl, reports under the head of Claxby, in a sympathetic spirit, particulars of some recent ecclesiastical adornments, of which the conception is evidently feminine, or at any rate the product of a man-milliner's brain. MR. WORTH, perhaps, suggested some of the fal-lals under-mentioned:—

"SAINT MARY'S CHURCH.—We are pleased to hear that several handsome offerings were made to this church, on Christmas Day, by parishioners, more than a hundred of whom had shown their appreciation of the many privileges they enjoy in this sacred edifice, devoting some portion of their substance to provide the necessary adjuncts for the worship of the altar. The gifts, previously set apart to the use of the Church, consisted of a complete set of nicely embroidered altar linen (the veils surrounded with lace), a white silk veil and burse, richly embroidered in gold; a book-stand for the altar, a pair of vases, a pair of vesper lights to hold six candles, these all being of polished brass."

All this reads exactly like the description of a lady's boudoir. The altar with appurtenances such as "nicely embroidered linen," "veils surrounded with lace," a "white silk veil and burse richly embroidered with gold," a "pair of vases," and "a pair of vesper lights to hold six candles," must as nearly as possible resemble a toilet-table. The vases may be taken to be meant to hold perfumes, the six candles held in the pair of vesper lights to stand beside a looking-glass, and the book-stand to support a fashion-book. Such an altar can be imagined only as an altar of Venus, or but an altar figuratively so called, an altar of Beauty, at which she sits and worships herself. No male Cleric could possibly permit the altar at

which he serves to be tricked out in the fantastic manner above specified. Altars, so tricked out, however, are now numerous; and the Clergy who direct or permit their decoration may style themselves Priests, but are unquestionably Priestesses, every Reverend Man Jack of them.

The "altar" at St. Mary's Church, Claxby, seems to have been arrayed besides with trappings of which some may be pictured by imagination as setting off a sort of doll or dummy. In continuation of the foregoing account of the habiliments and trimmings it is garnished withal, we are told that—

"A member of the guild presented a handsome white silk frontal for the altar richly embroidered in gold and blue with stoles of the same. A glass water cruet, having upon it the sacred monogram, and a prettily worked mat for the fold-stool, were the offerings of another. . . . We need scarcely add that the church, as usual at festivals, had been beautifully decorated. The altar and reredos were clothed with the light of countless candles."

An altar described as clothed not only with "the light of countless candles," but also with a "frontal" and "stoles" embroidered in pretty colours, presents the confused idea of something not so much like an altar as an image or effigy. Perhaps the altar that has been clad in stoles will next be attired in skirts and a long train, and the frontal it has now on will be supplemented with a chignon. Anyhow we may be assured that all the clerical Persons, with whose sanction or by whose arrangement altars have been put into that attire, are qualified by gender to wear the like themselves. Many people expect such ecclesiastics to show the cloven hoof. They will never do that exactly, but it is more than probable that before long one of them will put out from under fringes and founces something like it—a foot embellished with a fashionable high-heeled fancy shoe. And perhaps the Court of Arches will soon be further set at defiance by Clergywomen playing Priestesses, and, notwithstanding inhibition, and force of law, continuing to masquerade not only in the Millinery they now wear themselves, but insisting on dressing up their Churches as gaily and gaudily as their persons.

SEASONABLE ADVICE TO FARMERS.

MAKE Hay in wet weather. Take opportunity to store water. In the midst of rain remember drought.

A COMEDY ON BOTH SIDES.



THE Doctors gathered in the Sick Man's room,
To hold high Conference on the patient's crisis,
As he lay *in extremis*—under doom
From long decay, blood-poisoning, and phthisis.
Some hot Sangrados were for prompt blood-letting;
Some milder spirits were for euthanasia;
While others held the only hope was getting
The patient to a health-resort in Asia.
The Sick Man, a sly Reynard, though his mien
Was mild as—say the breast of a young Turkey—

Saw that his doctors' hands were aught but clean,
Their diagnosis dark, their motives murky;
So, springing up with unexpected powers,
And scattering pills and potions far and wide,
"Throw physic to the dogs, ye dogs of Giaours!
I'll none of it!" the impatient patient cried.
"A fig for your strait-waistcoats! Better spare
Drastics and tonics, or I'll let you see
That I've played '*Le Malade Imaginaire*,'
As some of you '*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*.'"

Lying Like Truth.

IN the first number of a new journal called *Truth*, was a paragraph charging the house of LEWIS AND ALLENBY with "sounding the war-pipe, and sending the fiery cross to their clansmen, whenever Miss ELLEN or Miss MARION TERRY appears in a new part," in other words, with organising a *claque* to applaud these ladies. MR. A. J. LEWIS writes, requesting *Punch*, as he has requested the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, and *Standard*, to say there is not a word of truth in the paragraph. He has called upon *Truth* to make public his denial.

In doing so, *Truth*, in effect, reiterates the false statement, though, in terms, withdrawing the charge against MR. LEWIS in person. If this be a sample of the utterances we are to expect from the new journal, we shall have to change the old proverb from "Truth lies in a Well," to "Truth lies in a Column."

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

MRS. MALAPROP declares that the courage of MR. TOOTH reminds her of CÆSAR's when he stepped over the Rubicon.



TOO CANDID BY HALF.

Visitor (to newly-married Friend). "I WAS ADMIRING YOUR LITTLE CARRIAGE, MRS. McLUCKIE, SO—"

Mrs. McLuckie. "OH, THE BROUGHAM! YES; YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT A COMFORT I FIND IT—"

Mr. McLuckie. "OO AYE! IT'S GREY HANDY! WE'VE JIST JOBBIT THE CAB FOR THE COORSE WEATHER!!"

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

Or, Reckoning Without the Builders.

SCENE—The Dining-Room in a house constructed upon Dr. Richardson's principles. Overhead (L) the Kitchen with Lift-communication to the lower floors. Overhead (R and C) the Roof Garden. MR. and MRS. BROWN discovered patiently awaiting breakfast.

Mr. Brown. At last we reap the benefit of our outlay. At a very moderate cost we are living in a flat.

Mrs. Brown. MR. FUNNIMAN said the builder was living on a flat, and he smiled when he said it. What did he mean, ALGERNON?

Mr. Brown. Some sorry jest, unworthy of a moment's thought. Nay, LAURA, believe me, a joke is no argument, and facts cannot be blown away by epigrams. At a very moderate cost the worthy STUCCO has run us up a house.

Mrs. Brown. And a bill. I saw the total, ALGERNON, and it was enormous.

Mr. Brown. Health, my dear, is priceless, and with this bill we have purchased health. Our staircase is outside our dwelling rooms.

Mrs. Brown. But our staircase leaks.

Mr. Brown. I beg, love, you will not interrupt me. Our lift—

[Great noise without. Enter MARY with tray of broken crockery.

Mary. I can't stand it any longer, Sir; it's shameful, Mum! This is the second time the lift has stopped suddenly, after coming down with a run, and knocked me over. It's always out of order.

Mr. Brown. Never mind, MARY. STUCCO shall be sent for to set the lift to-rights. And now to breakfast. For the last three hours the odours wafted down the left shaft from the kitchen have warned me to expect something savoury.

Mary. But, please, all the things is spiled, Sir.

Mr. Brown. Then get some more.

Mary. Then, please, if you'd ask Cook yourself, Sir. She's in

SELFISH V. SHELLFISH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

'Jan. 9, 1877.

AMONG our many wrongs there is one in particular—a bitter grievance—which hitherto we have borne with tolerable patience, in the hope that either from repletion, or shame, the opposite Sex would desist from their monopoly of that costly luxury the *Oyster*. They may be seen daily ranged in rows along the counters where these expensive bivalves are dispensed, like beetles round a dish of treacle, gluttonously devouring (regardless of cost), and depriving us of our home share in the seductive shell-fish.

Now, do be kind enough, *Mr. Punch*, to persuade those dear Oysters to give us an "At-Home," and invite us to the feast, when, I am persuaded, their tender feelings would readily induce them to make a voluntary sacrifice for the Ladies, and to come down at least from three-and-sixpence to half-a-crown the dozen.

With perfect confidence that you will take up our cause, I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your Constant Reader, JUSTITIA.

WHAT THE FLOODS MIGHT HAVE WASHED AWAY.

FIVE-SIXTHS of the Statues within the Two-Mile Radius, with George the Fourth and the Duke of York's Column at their head.

Most of the Music Halls.

The publishing offices of 'the Penny Dreadfuls, and shops for the sale of robber and ruffian romances.

Two-thirds of the Gin Palaces.

The advertisement hoardings at every street corner.

A large per-centage of the Skating Rinks.

The shops of adulterating Tradesmen.

MR. GLADSTONE'S pens and inkstand, and all the records of LORD BEACONSFIELD'S recent speeches.

Exeter Hall, and all theatres without sufficient exits.

The more rotten part of the Stock Exchange.

Tattersall's, and the card and billiard-rooms of certain West End Clubs.

And last, but not least, Temple Bar, and three-fourths of the Municipal monuments in London and the Provinces.

THE UNEQUAL MATCH.

EVEN a weekly edition of the *Times* is stronger than most Dailies.

an awful temper, and won't do a mortal thing for me. She says she can't abear the kitchen; that the wall leaks all round, and the sun makes the place too hot to hold her. She says she never worked in a cock-loft before.

Mr. Brown. You must combat these idle prejudices, MARY. (An awful noise without.) Good Heavens! what's that, I wonder! Go, MARY, and see what's gone amiss. [Exit MARY.]

Mrs. Brown. I am sure the children must have tumbled into the street, from the conservatory on the roof.

Mr. Brown. I trust not. What a comfort it is that in this "flat" system we can hear and smell everything. By the way, my darling, do not order onions again, for the perfume hangs about the place for hours, and even days. (Enter ERNEST.) Now, my eldest son, how does the world treat you?

Ernest. Excellently well, for it has permitted me to commit a series of crimes meriting the longest punishments. Father, I have forged your name, robbed the bank in which I occupied a clerk's desk, and committed bigamy.

Mrs. Brown (aghast). ERNEST! My son! Are you mad?

Ernest. I never was more sane. Father, Mother, I am two-and-twenty, and can judge for myself. I have deliberately chosen the path of crime.

Mr. Brown. Unhappy boy, who can save you?

Ernest (pointing to police-officer, who enters, and arrests him). This worthy representative of the law. Tell me, good constable, how long shall I be imprisoned?

Police-Officer. Well, Sir, it should be a lifer.

Ernest. Do not weep, Father. Nay, Mother, dry your eyes. Imprisonment in England means life. I should have died in these imperfectly ventilated rooms. In a prison I shall live and thrive. According to DR. RICHARDSON, our gaol is the most perfect of dwelling-houses. Our model prisons contain the purest air, the most equable temperature, the dryest and cleanest walls, the

cleanest floors and kitchens. Epidemic disease is under instant control. Disease from exposure to extremes of atmospheric variation, from impure air (except by the grossest neglect), excess, or want, from uncleanness, personal or general, are out of the question. In a word, the occupant of the modern prison-house is subjected, practically, to none other than his acquired or inherited diseases. On the whole, the prison population (in spite of mental suffering) is healthy above all classes. In winter the gaol population decreases in weight, in summer it increases, with a physiological precision like the procession of the seasons. But it retains its health so strikingly that, in some cases, as MR. EDWIN CHADWICK has shown, its death-rate is actually reduced to 3 in 1000. Do you not like the picture?

Mr. Brown. Logical, but unhappy boy—

(Terrific crash. Enter MARY, hurriedly.)

Mary. Please, Sir, the walls of the top flat have giv' way, and the garden is a-coming into the kitchen, and Cook's unsensible under a heap o' flower-pots!

(Scene closes in—in more senses than one.)

MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ EUX.

No. II.—REYNOLDS DAUBSON, R.A., AT BAYSWATER.



A CROWD of carriages drawn up before a quaint cottage, taking one back, somehow, to Florence, Lucerne, and Boulogne. The first, a magnificent family chariot, with an embroidered hammer-cloth, gorgeous with armorial bearings in the first gloss of newness. A carriage with a splendid pair of 400-guinea step-pers, flecked with foam on neck and poitrail, under the chafe of the bearing-rein; the coachman with a wig and bouquet, the three footmen powdered. Then a tiny brougham—quiet as a summer's eve—without crest or motto. A little brougham to jump into without an effort, when its owner wishes to preserve his *incognito*. And yet this small vehicle, with its humble black body and blue-green

wheels, is as well known to the West-End and the Lady's Mile as the Lord Mayor's coach itself. In rear of the brougham a stanhope, aglow with ormolu mouldings and bright green panels picked out with mauve. These three carriages, that have been waiting patiently for hours, have only recently become the property of REYNOLDS DAUBSON. At one time the great and fashionable artist was satisfied with a twopenny omnibus. But that was many years ago, before REYNOLDS DAUBSON wrote "R.A." after his name, and snubbed Countesses.

The story of the successful painter's rise is known to everybody who knows anything. How he painted noble historical pictures of the "Finding of the Body of Harold" for twenty years, without attracting the least attention. How, weary year after year, those magnificent compositions used to go into the Royal Academy in a furniture van, and return to their native studio on the top of a "growler." How REYNOLDS lost his Aunt, and came in for a legacy of a few thousands. How he hit upon the notion of asking the Royal Academicians *en masse* to a banquet. How three of them came. How he feasted those three. How he laughed at their jokes. How he praised their works. Then came the second banquet, at which all the Forty (urged by the Three) were present. And when the President asked for another helping of the cheese *soufflé*, everybody knew that REYNOLDS's fortune was made. Next year he was an Associate; a few months later an R.A. Now he is a recognised power in society as in Art. Was not his "Duchess of Rosemary Lane" the talk of the past season? And yet there are some who say that his enthusiastically belauded "Duchess" cannot be compared for a moment with the once despised "Harolds." They say, these critics, that the blossoms of his neglected spring-tide were grander in conception and nobler in treatment than the fruits of his ripe and ready autumn. But nobody agrees with them, except the Man-

chester *millionnaire* who bought all those "Harolds," and has them hanging up in a row in his palatial drawing-room. DAUBSON has lived down opposition, and is resting, calmly and conscientiously, amid the topmost boughs of the tree Yggdrasil, the world-tree of Art, whose roots are in the nether slime, but whose summit strikes the skies; while, between, nestle all manner of uncleanly creatures—picture-dealers and Art-critics the most hideous—whose mission it is to gnaw master-pieces out of the vitals of needy genius, and to vex and harass the soul of the aspiring idealist.

Before entering the cottage, look at the two policemen on the opposite side of the road. It is their function, no sinecure either, to keep order among the string of coronetted carriages in waiting, in rear of the three *voitures de maître*. Strangers might imagine that the great painter was giving a *matinée musicale*, but the initiated know that the carriages belong to DAUBSON's aristocratic sitters. A third policeman stands on the door-step. It is his duty to keep order among the titled crowds who struggle for entrance. Half an hour ago his services were called in to quell a riot. To rescue a leader of *ton* from being torn in pieces, was nothing for the sub-inspector—a civil officer, who thoroughly knows his duties—but to take two Duchesses into custody! Their Graces—why were they not three?—are at this moment enjoying the new sensation of five-o'clock tea in the station-house.

Let us enter the cottage. The hall is rather low and small and darkling—the subtly-calculated preface of an exciting book—but cosy. Round the walls hang plateaux of blue and white china of the Wang dynasty—DAUBSON values no other—and old English cups and saucers of grotesque shape, flaring colour, and priceless value. The hat-stand is of ormolu. On its pegs hang two hats—one very old, one very new. If you glance into them, you will see the name of DAUBSON, R.A., on the lining. He keeps the old one in memory of his days of unaided struggle and blithe Bohemianism; the new one he wears on the rare occasions when he finds time for a drive in the Park. From how many a lordly carriage coquettish Brougham and aristocratic Alexandra his abstracted smile is courted all the length of these drives so few and far between! Look from the lining of those hats to the crown, and you will see the name of SMITH of Regent Street. He trusted the young painter for his first hat, and now participates, as of right, in the golden showers, whose spangled spray, to DAUBSON's honour, reaches every tradesman that showed him kindness in the days of his dwelling in Bohemia.

From every hole and corner look out upon you, with sightless orbits, busts in marble and terra-cotta of the owner of this artistic *piéd-à-terre*.

Out of the hall open three passages. One leads to the dining-room, dimly lighted through windows of bottle-bottoms below, of small yellow-stained and flower-ornamented *quarrelles* (from the Art-glass-works of BLUR AND BLACKLEDGERS) above. Round the walls runs a high dado of ebony, crowned with a grey-green paper sparingly sprinkled with withered chrysanthemums (from the Art-Furniture works of MOROSE AND MAKEBELIEVE). At one end a towering buffet of black oak lined with green velvet, and laden with massive antique gold and silver plate, now glittering, now glooming, in a Rembrandtesque play of light and shadow. Above the dado, in every cogen of vantage, are disposed Delft and Dresden, Faience of Rouen and Nevers, Rhodian plates and Etruscan vases. The history of the Ceramic art is before you, teaching—if somewhat disjointedly—by examples.

The second passage conducts to the basement story, with the offices and apartments of the *valetaille*. The butler's pantry is roomy and comfortable, with very cosy easy chairs; the kitchen small, but with an admirably devised *batterie de cuisine* (from the atelier of SMUDGE AND GRIMSBY), embracing all the latest improvements.

The third passage communicates with a gallery, carpeted with lion-skins, giving direct access to the studio. A heavy *portière* of Venetian cut velvet masks the entrance. Lift it with a reverent hand, and pause on the threshold of the sanctuary!

A room of vast height and stately proportions. The walls and roof studded with quaintly-shaped windows and skylights, adjusted to suit the various exigences of illumination according to the hour and the season. Men in armour in all directions. The great painter is popular in the City; and these splendid suits of plate and mail are the gifts of successive Lord Mayors, who know and humour his tastes. Gobelins and old Flemish tapestry wherever it will hang; lay figures, strangely draped and costumed, imperfectly hidden behind gigantic Japanese screens. Here and there a horse patiently waiting to be painted. In an outer gallery, entered from the studio by an arcade, some score of girl-models—slight, pale, golden-haired, all with the Camelot chin—reading novels. These pale, sweet women, in their clinging draperies, form a strange yet *séduisant* background to the *pêls-mêles* of statues, tropical plants, musical instruments, Florentine terra-cottas, classical marbles, old arms, blue china, and Japanese *curios* which fill the studio. Radiating from the centre of the room, round a pile of gigantic and full-flushed azaleas and gardenias, whose tropic perfume lies faint upon

the air diffusing a voluptuous languor, are some dozen richly-carpeted platforms, each with its gilt chair. On these chairs, in patient expectation, wait the sitters of the day: here, a peer in his coronet and robes; there, an M.F.H. in his tops and pink; yonder, a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Guards in *levée*-uniform. The fair sex, too, is well represented by the leading belles of the *beau-monde*, their natural loveliness enhanced by the charm of WORTH's most tasteful costumes for the morning boudoir, the Park promenade, or the evening *belle assemblée*. All are posed for the painter. Before each stand is an easel with its canvas, and, beside it, the palette ready set upon the carved *bahut*. The sitters sit motionless as figures at MADAME TUSSAULT's, but each face is flushed with strained yet severely repressed expectation. They await their Master!

Suddenly the tapestry shakes—is drawn. The sitters put on their most amiable and affable expressions, as through a secret door appears a burly yet refined-looking man of some six and thirty—or, by'r Lady, forty—with immense red whiskers and a shock head of whitey-brown hair. He has fierce, leonine blue eyes, deep set under a gnarled brow, and a red scar runs from the right corner of his left eye obliquely to the root of his nose. Ask him of that scar, some day, and perhaps, if the Cliquot has done its work, he will tell you a tale that has blanched many a fair cheek, and added all the more charm to that fascinating if rough and reckless face. He wears a doublet and knickerbockers of yellow velvet, with pink silk stockings. On his massive yet delicate fingers are diamond rings, whose brilliance defies the curiosity that would count them. Such is the simple yet costly suit in which REYNOLDS DAUBSON, R.A., always appears before his distinguished and dainty *clientèle*.

"My Lords, Ladies, Honourables, and Right Honourables," he exclaims, in a voice short, sharp, and *saccadé*, "I cannot give you a sitting to-day—I have other fish to fry!"

There is a loud murmur of consternation. The Great Artist turns fiercely and points to the door. It will not do. The sitters have fought hard for their places; they have been waiting for hours; they are naturally dissatisfied. Not one stirs. With a scornful smile the Great Artist points his hand towards the vestibule, and in a twinkling the bevy of fair women with the Camelot chins, flinging down their novels, are ousting from their chairs Dukes and Duchesses, Peers and Peeresses, Statesmen and Soldiers, and posing in their places.

During this brief but stirring scene DAUBSON has been wheeling out a small deal table, with a range of compartments divided by wooden partitions, a lump of distemper colour in each, and in the centre a pot of smoking size. How is this? This is a scene-painter's palette? Even so. Dashing aside the tapestry, DAUBSON reveals to us a huge canvas on a frame stretching from roof to floor, and worked up and down by a powerful winch. These pale, passion-fraught models are not to figure in a composition for the Royal Academy Exhibition. In one of those freaks so characteristic of his daring but erratic genius, DAUBSON is working to-day at the Transformation Scene for a provincial Pantomime!

Such is his good pleasure. *Le Roi de l'Art le veut—ainsi soit-il*. In this way DAUBSON's genius gradually infiltrates the provinces. He is a true populariser of the beautiful. These nymphs and *houris*, these *Elaines* and *Enids*, who are now being transferred from pale and passionate flesh and blood to distemper and canvas, will live again in glowing reality, suspended against blue depths of air from the flies, or grouped voluptuously amid the corals and zoophytes of a fantastic ocean-world. DAUBSON only designs the scene. It will be for more common-place creatures to realise it.

Now let us withdraw on tiptoe, and leave the Great Creature in Fairyland. To-day for Dreams. To-morrow for Duchesses!

The Phœnissa Venatica.

(Definition of a rare Species.)

ONE who brooks no refusal, and refuses no brook; who can draw a cover, or sketch a run, is never to be seen in bad form, but always in the nicest habit; is ever found in the first flight, and never cranes at the last drop; steady in the field, as she is yielding in the drawing-room.

[Yiecks! tally-ho! Could M.F.H. Punch but find the little vixen, and get her out of cover! He would promise to be first in the field after her, and never to draw rein till he had secured her pretty pads for his own, and had her soft muzzle at his mercy!]

Dens—A Tooth.

(A Theological Authority in the Church of Rome—not of England.)

If your Ritual eggs at home
You'd not smash, from that risk snatch 'em,
As you cannot bring Hatcham to Rome,
By going to Rome to hatch 'em.

HEAVY WET.



OUR DECEMBER RAINFALL.—MR. GLAISHER states in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* that the total fall of rain during the month of December was 5.92 inches, and that there is no instance since 1815, when the fall in that month was so large."

5.92!!!
And still the wet
is going it like
winking!
Turn off the tap,
good Jupiter
Pluvius, do!
As water rises,
spirits (thanks
to you)
Are sinking.
By Jove,—no,
bother Jove!
By old Deuca-
lion,

Would I were fish, a water-proof and scaly 'un.

If no stop's put to this perpetual flood,
Man must lapse back again to primal mud,
And earth, as climax of vagaries various,
Be turned to an aquarium by Aquarius.
I'd fain ask DARWIN how much more of this—
Which to the fishes only could be bliss—
I must endure before I shall begin

To sprout a fin.

That Weather Clerk's accounts are in a muddle,—

Eugh! Gr-r-r! Another puddle!

That makes the tenth I've plumbed with sudden splash.

Whoof! What a blast! Another rib gone smash!

SANGSTER aroint thee! I'll put no more trust

In Paragon frames that will not stand a gust.

Hi! Hansom! No! the shining Jehu deigns

No answer save a sulky shake of reins,

Cabdom is an Autocracy tempered not

Even by tips. I've got

Before me a tempestuous two-mile tramp,

And then must greet AMANDA, dank and damp,

And with a shattered Gamp,

Like Hylas, like Leander from the flood;

But then they were not splashed with London mud.

Had they worn Ulsters, or required a gingham,

I'm sure nor bard would sing 'em,

Nor Beauty beam upon them. Why can't Science

Hit upon some expedient or appliance

To fit Man to this prater-pluvial period?

That sounds a query odd,

But my inquiry's earnest, not ironic;

Since Heaven's hydropsy seems becoming chronic,

I am persuaded it will soon be found

Man must be made amphibious, or be drowned.

The Hyades have it all their own wet way,

Tristes, indeed, to-day!

And—hah! by Jove! An empty "Growler"! Hi!

'Tis *infra dig*.—but dry!

Strange as True.

A LADY Member of the School-Board—MRS. SUE—has lately administered a not undeserved rebuke to her Brother-Members for "fluent verbosity." This is a sur-charge which the male Members of the Board can't resist, and should at once get rid of. But that it should have been left to a Lady to make it, and that not a man could rise either to retort the charge or to deny it! One indignant male Member of the Board writes to point out that as the Lady answers to "SUE," not Madam, she must be a Man in disguise!

ANAGRAM FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE REVEREND ARTHUR TOOTH—
Not the road to *her* Truth.



"COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS."

The Major (rocking Nelly on his knee, for Aunt Mary's sake). "I SUPPOSE THIS IS WHAT YOU LIKE, NELLY?"

Nelly. "YES, IT'S VERY NICE. BUT I RODE ON A REAL DONKEY YESTERDAY—I MEAN ONE WITH FOUR LEGS, YOU KNOW."

A STRIKE IN THE BRIEF BUSINESS.

ACCORDING to the *Carlisle Patriot*, Ministers have been, temporarily at least, defeated in an attempt to effect what Conservatives will applaud as a large economy in contrast with the small cheese-parings practised by the late Government. In consideration of the rising prices of provisions, and most other things, the Treasury announced, at the Carlisle Quarter Sessions, through Mr. NANSON, Clerk of the Peace, that they would in future allow Counsel only one guinea a brief, instead of two guineas as theretofore. The consequence was—

"The Barristers declined to take the reduced fee, and there was nothing left to be done save for the attorneys to place the briefs in the hands of the Court, and let it deal with the matter as it thought best. Accordingly, when the Deputy-Recorder (MR. LEOPOLD TEMPLE, Q.C.) had concluded his charge to the grand jury, MR. WANNOP handed in a brief marked 'one guinea,' at the same time saying that there was a strike among the Barristers, who would not accept the briefs at the fee allowed. MR. NANSON said the matter had been brought before the Deputy-Recorder, who had arranged to pay the two guineas on this occasion. MR. WANNOP—'Then I may mark the briefs two guineas?'—'Yes.' Shortly after this announcement the Barristers came into Court, and the threatened block was averted."

by MR. NANSON's generous act of self-sacrifice. No doubt that Gentleman undertook the responsibility of the additional guineas for which the Treasury may or may not reimburse him. But what will be the consequence of the adoption by the higher branch of the legal profession of Trades Unionism both in principle and practice? A system of picketing may shortly be established in connection with Sessions and Assize Courts for the purpose of intimidating and molesting Barristers who dare to accept a reduced scale of fees. Gentlemen of the Bar will ratten forensic knobsticks, by carrying off their briefs and books, or hiding their gowns and wigs. Barristers may even, by-and-by, blow Barristers up, after the manner of Sheffield sawgrinders—who knows? Such are the deplorable consequences which may be expected to follow from perseverance on the part of Her Majesty's Government in the attempt to cheapen the price of

legal labour; the present remuneration of which is far too Liberal in the estimation of Conservative Statesmen.

"A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!"

SAYS Turcophobe to Turcophile,
"The Ottoman is full of guile."
Says Turcophile to Turcophobe,
"Muscovite treachery who can probe?"
Says Russophobe, "The Turk's a Saint;
The Russ a devil, minus paint."
Says Russophile, "The Russ means right;
The Turk is anti-human quite."
Says *Mr. Punch*, "Twin cackling geese,
'Tis time your rival row should cease.
Reason, not rabies, Sense, not spite,
'Midst elashing wrongs must 'stablish right.
Shut up, and leave the two to work
In strong, skilled hands, 'twixt Russ and Turk."

The Classic God of Cookery.

THE Great Pan. His sacred rites were celebrated in the Isles of Greece. His English High-priest is now MR. BUCKMASTER. We are glad to hear that even the Parsons are becoming his ministers, and mean to have his rites instituted in the national school-rooms.

Two of a Trade.

TOOK in his Gaiety, TOOTH in his Gravity,
The Town to amuse at this time of depression,
Though with different art, both play the same part,
In the Strand, and at Hatcham—*The Man in Possession.*

THE BEST VACCINE-HATERS.—*The Kighley Guardians.*



THE "CONFIDENCE TRICK."

JONATHAN. "GUESS I'VE COME INTO A DEAL O' MONEY LATELY UNDER AN AWARD, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DU WITH IT ALL! SO, JEST TO SHOW MY CONFIDENCE IN YEW, I WAS CALKILATIN' TO TOTE YEW OVER A COUPLE O' MILLIONS!!!"

[JOHN BULL fancies he has read of this sort of thing in the Police Reports.]

WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY
MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,
Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.
CHAPTER THE LAST.



CODICIL has been found to old SIR THOMAS'S will," said MR. GRAZIN LANE, "which alters the foregoing conditions. SIR THOMAS is to retain the estates for ever, on the understanding that he loses *Two Derbys together*—his horse coming in last—which has been done—and that he WINS THE THIRD, the others being nowhere—which also has been done."

LAWYER FERRET could not speak for several seconds.

"Moka," said STRING-HALL, "is not dead. BILLY!"

Thus summoned, WILLIAM BUTTON advanced to the middle of the course, and cried,

"Hi! here's a policeman coming!"

Whereupon, Moka rose quickly, kicked out at the prostrate form of the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN, and galloped off.

Along the course, with deadly precision, advanced the whole corps of the Royal Welshers.

Then the two hundred Bookmakers, ruined utterly, rushed forward, with a terrific yell, to wreak their vengeance on LAWYER FERRET and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN.

LAWYER FERRET and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN "went for" over two million,—but neither of them got it, except from the two hundred infuriated Bookmakers, and then they got it hot.

These pitiless savages knew they had to do with men of straw.

It was a fearful scene.

The Hon^{ble} PULLMAN CARE contrived to get by the Midland line to Liverpool. Thence he went to America.

LAWYER FERRET escaped in the darkness of the black night, and, unable to procure a cab, managed, with a Solicitor's keen experience, to convey himself to London. Only his confidential clerk could have recognised the crafty Lawyer, as he arrived by appointment at the entrance to the Zoological Gardens (his shortest and most secluded route to the Metropolis), drawing up his own conveyance. Eluding the vigilance of the turnstile-man, and the watchfulness of the Keeper of the Seals, LAWYER FERRET crept up to the Tank House followed by his clerk.

The worst man in the world has some one to care for him. LAWYER FERRET wept. The Clerk having been a copying clerk in his youth, was, from the force of early training, compelled to imitate him. Then the

Lawyer, placing his hand on the Seal, which had come out expecting something to eat, murmured in a low voice, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

But there was no time for further parley; the two hundred ruined Bookmakers were on the wretched man's track.

LAWYER FERRET pulled from his pocket a draught. It was one of his own drawing, and he knew beforehand its deadly effect. He bade the Clerk give it to him slowly. The Clerk obeyed, and gradually, slowly but surely, LAWYER FERRET went on until he had taken down the entire draught.

Then the Clerk left him; for he knew the end had come, at last.

LADY DE BRITTELEIGH and MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE went abroad together. From Naples they ascended Vesuvius and arrived at the crater, where, unhappily, they fell in with two young men, whose names the newspapers, in recording the sad event, failed to make public.

The STRINGHALLS are comfortably settled at Jed-dington, and MR. WILLIAM BUTTON has something good for the Three Thousand next year. We believe it is *Little Pitcher* out of *Moka* by Noddy.

"We call her *Little Pitcher*," said MR. BUTTON, "on account of her long ears."

"I had only been purtendin'," said CAVASSON, when asked to explain how it was that he had contrived to speak. It was by this artful plan, he had managed to circumvent his master's enemies.

As for Gussy Gander, of course within a few days she became the bride of SIR THOMAS DODD.

"As long as you're happy," murmured LADY GUSSEY—

"What's the Odds?" said SIR THOMAS, completing the sentence, as they sat at the wedding-breakfast, on which occasion the great speech of the eventful day was made by CAVASSON, who having recovered his speech, now made it at great length, until he was interrupted by three hearty cheers for the *Dumb Jockey of Jed-dington*.

END OF THE SPORTING NOVEL.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Explanatory Note, by the Editor.

WE owe it to our readers. Unfortunately, the last Chapters of the Novel were in print before we were able to return to town and prevent their publication. We saw through it at the commencement, at least we mistrusted it as a Sporting Novel, and had we been only a little less diffident, we should never have permitted the intelligence of our readers to be insulted by having this work foisted upon them as a genuine Sporting Novel by a true Sportsman.

We have been grossly deceived. We admit it. But never again. There is no such person as MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP! We never met him at a friend's house; no conversation ever took place between us; he is totally unknown to CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, whose Novel, *Bound to Win*, in *Bell's Life*, is, though in different vein, not a whit behind his other successes in *Courtship*, *Two Kisses*, &c., and in fact, the whole affair is a swindle from beginning to end. Unfortunately, we have only just discovered it; not, however, without considerable trouble, and at great personal inconvenience. The pretended Major had invited us down to "*Bogus Park*, near *Boshey*," the Station for which place he said was *Ware*. A friend of his—perhaps the Impostor himself in this character—called at our office, and, after telling us that we were expected the next day at *Bogus Park*, where our room was prepared, where there was a *quiet horse* at our disposal, and the best of everything awaiting our arrival, he received from us a handsome cheque (luckily, on account), for which he said he was authorised to give a receipt on behalf of his friend MAJOR J. S., who could not come up to town, it being a hunting day, and *Bogus Park* being full of visitors. He departed, and the next day we started for *Ware*, intending to arrive at *Bogus* in time for dinner. On descending at the Station, there was no carriage to meet us, but a boy stepped forward on hearing our question put to the Station-Master as to the whereabouts of *Bogus Park*, and delivered a letter in the Major's handwriting. It apologised for not sending a carriage, but begged us to take a fly, at his expense, and tell the man to drive straight to the House, a distance of about six miles, when, to prevent any *contretemps*, he (MAJOR J. S.) would send to meet us at the Cross Roads. "And," added a P.S., "don't forget our dinner-hour is 7-30 sharp." We gave the boy sixpence, who immediately disappeared, and a fly having been found, we stowed away our luggage (two portmanteaus, a carpet-bag, a hatbox, and rugs), and started



KISSING GOES BY CLASSES.

Guard (to Old Lady taking leave of her Daughters). "Now, THEN, M'UM, JUMP IN IF YOU'RE GOIN'. THIS AIN'T A KISSIN' TRAIN! 'F YOU WANT TO KISS, YOU MUST GO BY A PARLIAMENTARY!"

for Bogus Park, which the Flyman said *he thought he knew, but wasn't sure*; adding that, "Anyhow, if the Gentleman's agoing to meet us at the Cross Roads, about six miles from here, that'll be all right, as I think I know which cross roads he means." It was by this time six o'clock, but there was an hour and a half to dinner, and though it was a trifle colder than in town, and the rain was beginning to come down pretty heavily, yet, at all events, there was a cheerful room to look forward to in an old country mansion, a hearty welcome from a hospitable Squire, the best of everything, a brilliant party, and dinner at 7-30 sharp.

Thus meditating, we fell into a dreamy doze, then into a pleasant slumber. We were awoke by a sudden stoppage. It was dark. The wind was howling. The rain was beating against the windows and sides of the fly. The driver, shivering and drenched, opened the door, thereby admitting a hurricane and a shower, and said, "Ere's the Cross Roads, Sir, but I don't see nobody."

"We must wait," we said, cheerily. "No doubt we are a little before our time." Our watch marked 7-30 exactly. We had slumbered for an hour and a half. "You've been a long time," we said, reproachfully, to the Flyman. "Very bad roads this time o' year," he replied.

We waited. Seven forty-five! The Major had told me, in his letter, that dinner was at "7-30 sharp." Evidently, he had got tired of waiting for us, and had gone home to dinner. Too bad of him, or too bad of the Flyman for being so long over the journey. There was nothing for it but to drive on. "As no one is coming," we said, still cheerily, so as to keep the Flyman in a good temper, "you had better drive on to Bogus Park." "Which direction's that in, Sir?" asked the Flyman. "Why," we returned, "don't you know? It's MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP's house—MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP, the great Sporting Novelist, the Country Squire; he has a house full of company; he hunts regularly. Why, hang it!" we said, being a trifle exasperated by the blank, puzzled expression of his countenance, "you *must* know where MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP lives!" "No, blessed if I do," he replied, emphatically. "I've lived in these parts, man and boy, for a matter of thirty year or more, and never heard tell o' such a name, or o' such a place as Bogus Park."

There was a pause. We reflected on bucolic ignorance; we debated within ourselves by what means we could bring the Major and his mansion to this rustic's memory. The Flyman's eye winked. He leered at us! Aha! he knew: we felt he knew at last. The Flyman spoke. "I say," he observed, cunningly, "You're a playing your tricks on me! But it won't do. I knows one as good as two o' that!"

This was irritating. We put it to his common sense, "What on earth could be the fun to us of driving about Hertfordshire, hungry and tired, in the wind and rain, for the sake of playing a practical joke on an unknown

flyman!" He listened to reason, and presently it occurred to him that he did know a place answering the description we gave of *what we supposed Bogus Park to be like*, about five miles off. To this place we drove. It was nine o'clock before we arrived. After some delay at the Lodge, we were informed that no one of the name of MAJOR SHARP lived there, or was known in those parts. The old gatekeeper thought she had heard the name, some years ago, when she lived with her Aunt on Goose Green, *the other side of the country*. Her little boy suddenly remembered that there was a Major Something who hunted, and lived in a Park, about seven miles off. This was a gleam of light. Having rewarded the boy with sixpence, we drove on. Twice we lost our way. It could be hardly called "losing our way," as we were in utter ignorance of the locality, and the Flyman knew very little about "this part of the country." By dint of climbing up signposts, with a carriage-lamp in his hand (which, fortunately, he was able to light), and reading the directions, we managed to make some progress northwards. For miles and miles we drove, but no sign of any big house could we see. Parks there were, indeed, but no Lodges visible, and no gates. The roads were rough, sloshy, stodgy, and, in many parts, evidently only used by the heaviest carts. At last, the driver took a wrong turning, went bumping and stumbling down a narrow lane, and, finally, the weary horse stuck fast in the heaviest clay soil. On each side was a flooded ditch; in front was a gate leading into a field. The rain was pelting worse than ever. The Flyman hadn't the smallest notion of where he'd got to. Then, for the first time, we began to lift up our voice, and bless MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP. And, all the while, we knew that the last chapters of his idiotic Sporting Novel were being set up in type, and we should be unable to get back in time to prevent its publication. Cold, hungry, wet, miserable—not so wet as the Flyman, though—we asked *what could be done?* The Flyman suggested that he should take the lamp, go through the gate, enter the plantation, and walk till he found some Keeper's lodge, where he could make inquiries. To this we assented. He disappeared, leaving us in the lane, in charge of the fly and horse, and one lamp. For an hour we awaited his return. He did *not* return. It was nearly twelve before we decided that the only course was to turn the fly round, and drive back into the road. We began trying this. The lamp went out. The horse *wouldn't* do what we wanted. We coaxed, pulled, struggled, and were in a perspiration of despair. The horse was dead beat, and stumbled. In another second the fly gave a lurch, and was over—luggage and all—into the ditch. While we were executing a sort of clog-dance in the stodgy slosh, wasting our strength in vain endeavours to find our hat and umbrella, the bell of (apparently) a distant cathedral boomed over the marshes. Midnight!



AT THE COUNTY CATTLE AND DOG-SHOW.

"that repose
Which stamps the caste of VERE DE VERE."

"HAW—BY THE BYE—A—LADY MAWIAH, I DON'T SEE YOUR SISTAHS—LADY WACHEL AND LADY FWEDEWICA?"

"THEY'RE GONE TO THE Dogs, SIR WOBERT."

"HAW! So SAWWY!!"

We were laid up in the Inn at Ware all next day. The Flyman turned up in the afternoon. The luggage arrived by instalments, finishing with a shapeless something, which had once been our new hat. The Flyman explained that when he had entered the plantation, he had been captured as a poacher, and locked up. The expenses of that night, including damages to horse and fly, were enormous. Prostrated by a severe cold, and unable to move, we searched county guides, read the history of Hertfordshire, and examined intelligent natives. No information whatever about Bogus Park: no one had ever heard of such a place, or such a person as MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP. And on the previous day we had sent him a cheque by his friend!

Arrived in town. Letter from MAJOR J. S.:-

Dear Eddy,—Afraid you must have had a rough time of it. Bogus Park looks well at night, doesn't it? The Quiet Horse I'd got for you, I leave for you HERE—at the Office—as a mark of my esteem. Don't ride it too hard in Rotten Row. Cheque cashed all right. Adoo! Adoo!—Yours ever, J. S.

P.S.—You won't want another Sporting Novel in a hurry, will you? Eh, Slyboots?

We went down-stairs. Where was the Quiet Horse?

No one knew anything about such an animal. The brave Commissionnaire at our front office door, suddenly remembered that a man had called yesterday, from a second-hand furniture shop, and, on receiving half-a-crown, on our account, in our absence, from our head-clerk, had left a common painted deal

towel-horse! Tied to it was an envelope, on which was written, in the Major's hand—

"The quietest horse out. I told you so. If I'm JAWLEY SHARP, you are JAWLEY GREEN."

There was also a note from CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, Author of *Bound to Win*, now running in *Bell's Life*. We place it before our readers:—

Dear Sir,—I have not the smallest idea who the person calling himself MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP is. I do not know him. I have never heard of him. From his Novel (?) I learn that he is grossly and stupendously ignorant of all matters connected with Sport. Whenever and wherever I meet him, I shall give him precious good cause to remember the impression made on him by Yours sincerely, H. S.

This settles it. The Detectives are engaged. We fancy the Major is not unknown to the Impostor who, some time ago, pretended to accompany H.R.H. the Prince during his Indian tour, and sent us letters from "YOUR REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA." If so, we think we can put our hand on both at once. *Nous verrons!* It flashes across us suddenly as an idea that the boy who appeared at the Ware Station, with a letter from the arch-impostor, and to whom we gave sixpence, was the very boy whom long ago we entrusted with half a sovereign to go out and buy an Anglo-Indian Dictionary and who never returned. If so, he has become one of this gang of swindlers. He may yet be reclaimed,—if we can only catch him.—ED.

SUNDAY RECREATION.

MISTER PUNCH,

ZUR,—I be a laborin man as lives far away from the great Zity, but I loikes to read a peaper now and then, and know what's a goin on up theer. And I say, Zur, them there Rittallists have a done one good bit o' wark, whare they will ever do another, remains to be zeed.

To think that while the big wigs are a quarrelling among theirselves, and one zays, the Museums and sich places oughter be open of a Zunday for the laborin man to enjoy hisself rational—t'other one he zays, 'taint right to have them thar places open of a Zunday.

But the Rittallist, he goes and purvides a first rate open air entertainment for the workin man, free gratis for nothing as you med say—and a prime entertainment it air I fancy, from what I read in the peaper today—5000 folks, all a shoutin, and a singin God save the Queen, No Popery, an other free an easy songs—an then for a little light an wholesome exercise, jest enough to make 'em enjoy their dinner, there's a barrer-cade for 'em to pull down, and a nice lot o' perlice men to chaff. Why the Museums, if so be as they opened 'em of a Zunday, wouldn't be nothin to this.

I war glad to zee they didn't lay hands on the passon though—for I never could abear to zee women and poor helpless critters urted—and I reckon he be a weak sort of a speciment, so they was right to let un go home to's dinner in pace, poor dear.

Oping no offence, Zur,—and wishin you a appy New Year an many on em, I be yours to command

TOMMY NOAKES.

STARTLING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A punctual Train.

"WHAT'S DOING AT THE THEATRES?"



F all the hits in the Drury Lane Pantomime this Christmas the hit has undoubtedly been the Donkey. The talented person inside the asinine frame will be hereafter as distinguished a character as was the clever representative of the Turtle, in *Babil and Bijou*, who received the sobriquet of "TURTLE JONES," to distinguish him from every other JONES.

At Covent Garden *Robinson Crusoe* is a bright spectacle, with plenty of practical comic business between *Robinson, Friday*, *Friday's* father, and the highly-trained animals in the hut. The musical

portion is good throughout. Capital Pantomime for children; and this, after all, is the great point. They don't care how long it is.

But the hit of the day—literally of the day, for it is only performed in the afternoon—is the Pantomime at the Adelphi, played by children. The Pantaloon seems to be a very old man for his age, which, we believe, is something under twelve.

The glittering, gorgeousness, and zoological variety of the grand "Conference Scene" in *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver* rolled into one by the MESSRS. SANGERS, surpasses all previous efforts of that enterprising management.

Then at the Crystal Palace, among much else that is pretty and ingenious in *Sinbad the Sailor*, there is a Harem Scene, with the most graceful dance of *Odalisques*, dressed in snowy muslin, that *Punch* has seen for a long time. It shows how much more charming ladies of the ballet look in long clothes than in short ones. The Transformation Scene here, on the classic fable of Narcissus and Echo, is a masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity as well as scenic effect.

The Extravaganza-burlesque at the Globe gives us a mixture of old and new styles, being a revival of MR. PLANCHÉ's graceful *Invisible Prince*, with modern tunes. The chorus to the old air, "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum!" is most effectively rendered, and deservedly encored. MISS JENNY LEE, as the *Invisible Prince*, is quite a *Prince Charming*, and being invisible, ought to be seen to be appreciated. She is ably seconded by MISS RACHEL SANGER and MR. GEORGE BARRETT.

How they pack that crowd into the pit and gallery of the Strand, is a marvel! and what shouts from every part of the house at MR. JOHN S. CLARKE's inimitable drunken scene in *The Toodles*, which, it is worth knowing, comes on about nine o'clock. His "business" with the pipe and the candle is immense. As for the Burlesque, the scene of *The Lying Dutchman* is where MR. MARIUS and MR. TAYLOR go through an acrobatic performance on a *trapeze*. MISS LOTTIE VENN and MR. HARRY COX are invaluable in burlesque, and they make the most of what they have to do. MR. HALL's Scenery in both pieces, especially the old country town in *The Toodles*, and the view of Margate in the Burlesque, are two of the most effective "sets" we have seen for a long time. The scenery of late at the Strand has been unusually good, notably in the late lamented *Princess Toto*.

Of the *Danish* at the St. James's, *William Tell* at the Gaiety, *Jocko* at the Princess's, and a few other novelties, we are in a position to speak with the strictest impartiality, not having yet seen any one of them. Of course it will be a Christmastide duty to visit MR. CONQUEST at the Grecian.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of seeing a piece at the Vaudeville, played by MESSRS. JAMES and THORNE, entitled *Our Boys*. These Boys—wonderful life preservers—are still floating, as buoyantly as ever. They will become one of our National Institutions, and friends from the country will come up to Town to see St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, Gog and Magog, and *Our Boys*. Temple Bar will be a thing of the past, new streets will have been built, the Royal Family will be residing in a palace built on the site of the old Westminster Aquarium (so as to be near the Abbey for service on Sunday), Turkey will have been reformed, the Thames embanked from one end to the other, and our grandchildren will be enjoying *Our Boys*, then at the height of its popularity.

PUNCH'S PATENT MEDICINE COLUMN.

HEALTH WITHOUT PHYSIC!

PUNCH'S DELICIOUS SEVENTY-FIRST VOLUME.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS' CONTINUED SUCCESS!

SAVES Fifty Times its Cost in Tonics. Revives Appetite; rehardens Softening Brains; supplies the feeblest Joker with stamina; and restores the most inveterate Punster to reason.

PUNCH'S CHARIVARENTE BRITANNICA.

(Being a few out of many Millions of Similar Testimonials.)

DEAR SIR,

TWENTY-FIVE years' gradual softening of the brain, first caught from my poor husband—whose own mental decay was brought on by his abandonment of himself to the destructive practice of playing upon words—had almost reduced my faculties to the level of his, when a valued friend recommended me to take in *Punch*. I did so, and have since lived chiefly on your invigorating weekly issue. The effect on myself was so marked and immediate, that I induced my unfortunate husband to try the same remedy. In a week the fits of punning, from incessant, became intermittent, and after a month's use of your elixir, ceased altogether. He has not since that time had any return of the attacks, while I am myself quite restored to my former vigour of body and mind.

I remain, Mr. *Punch*, yours, gratefully,

Chaffing-Abbas, Herts.

CLEMENTINA JOLLY.

SIR,

UNDER the fearful monotony of a perpetual curacy in one of the dampest districts of Lincolnshire, where I thought the living would have been the death of me, and alternate attacks of mental stagnation and bodily "shakes"—as the ague is locally called—I had entirely lost my spirits, as well as my temper. At last I had lost the power of even smiling at my churchwarden's standing joke about a "cure of souls" when he called on me at my lodgings over the shoemaker's—the glebe-house being under water during the six winter and autumn months, and uninhabitable, from damp, during the rest of the year. I had gradually dropped all intercourse with the neighbouring county family—a bachelor with a liability to *delirium tremens*. I was rapidly following his lead, and becoming a victim to the habit of mixing gin with the water of the locality, when, by an accident I cannot but call providential, I invested in a complete edition of *Punch*, and for three months, when not employed in parochial duty, was busy in reading, marking, and digesting its invigorating contents. I am now a new man. I have given up my gin. I sleep well at nights. My congregation, on the other hand, never so much as wink during the whole of my sermon, though six months ago you could not have seen an open eye in the church after the first five minutes. Such are the marvellous effects of your life-giving food upon a grateful fen-parson,

THE REV. GRIMSTONE GRUBBE.

Frog-in-the-Hole, Holland, Lincolnshire.

Cure No. 155,050, *Punch's Charivarenta Britannica*.

LADY MARIA MERRYWEATHER is glad to be able to inform Mr. *Punch* that since one of her great-nephews the other day sent her his Seventy-First Volume, the LADY M. M. has found herself able to snap her fingers in the face of her principal creditor, Old Time, and to laugh to scorn the fourscore and eight years she owes him. Her figure has regained much of its youthful spring, and only the other night she was almost taking part in one of the *pas de Vokes* with two of her grandchildren, after their return from the Drury Lane Pantomime. She even caught herself making eyes at that absurd old GENERAL METHUSALEM, with whom she used to dance at Bath in 1810, before he went out to the Peninsula, when, at LADY M. M.'s last "small and early," he asked her to join him in "The days when we went gipsying, a long time ago." In short, LADY M. M. wishes to inform Mr. *Punch* that she is as fresh as a four-year-old—that she subscribes to the *World* and does as the world does, is up to all the political gossip and social scandal of the day, and is quite in request for five o'clock teas!

The Evergreens, Oakfield, Hants.

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."—The vaunted block system has been in vogue in London streets for half a century.

INCIDENTS OF TAXATION.—Collectors and Summonses.

RULES FOR THE RAINFALLS.



owing to the risk of injury to the heads and head-dresses of boatmen playing along the footways, and of passengers on board Steam Barges, Hackney Launches, or Hansom

cars slight abatement in the late down-pour has come in the nick of time to prevent the issue of the following Police Regulations, which were under consideration at Scotland Yard.

Rules for Street Navigation.

The Steamboats of any London Street Steam Navigation Company that may be formed will take the same sides of the Channel in passing each other as cabs have done heretofore.

In the event of such Companies being established, the fare-tariff of the General Omnibus Companies may be adopted.

Any incivility on the part of the men at the wheel should be reported to Scotland Wharf.

Moorings for Hackney Launches will be laid down at Charing Cross, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the Haymarket.

Fishing from first-floor windows will be prohibited, boatmen playing along the

Gondolas established for Metropolitan street service.

No shrimping will be allowed in the streets after nine o'clock A.M. Lobster pots and night-lines may be put down and taken up only between midnight and six A.M.

No person or persons will be allowed to remove the shells and seaweed from the Strand at low water, except the licensed scavengers.

Bathing, except in Boyton dresses, strictly forbidden.

The Public will be permitted to perambulate the streets, without shoes and stockings, where the state of the tide will permit.

"Irreducible Minima."

THE heel of a Lady's boot.

The size of a glass of Sherry at a Luncheon Bar.

The flavour thereof.

The value (in proportion to the money disbursed) of the following:—

A guinea paid to DR. SLADE.

Ditto paid to certain other "Doctors," who shall be nameless.

A shilling paid for a copy of *The Englishman*.

Six shillings and eightpence paid to a Lawyer.

[The list can be indefinitely extended, but our readers will probably do this for themselves.]

Mottoes for some Weeklies.

For *Truth*—"The greater the Truth the greater the libel."

For *the World*—"The World's mine oyster."

For *Mayfair*—"Ex luce lucellum."

For *Vanity Fair*—"Sic vos non vobis melificatis 'Apes.'"

For *Figaro*—"Fi! Gare!! Oh!!!"

A SHIP OF THE DESERT'S HARDSHIPS.

SANGER'S STABLES, Jan., 1877.

ALLAH be with you, Lord of a million readers!

May your shadow never be less! Know, O Sheikh of St. Bride's, I am no poet, not even the most distant relation to the Bulbul: I am an unhappy Dromedary, torn from his home to smell sawdust, and curse the Afreet known as the Djinn of Pantomime. But, O PUNCH-BASHI, I bear a hunch on my back, and, without wishing to be personal, I feel I have a claim through that protuberance upon your special sympathies.

I could almost break out into cursing, but I feel that to indulge, however excusably, in the habit of swearing acquired from my fellow-prisoner, the Zebra (who chafes fearfully under a captivity which adds to the stripes that nature has laid on his back those inflicted by an irate groom), might lower the Oriental dignity and calmness of my style.

But, O PUNCH-BASHI, have I not cause for swearing? From Arabia's burning sands, decoyed into the strong-smelling hold of a steamer, I find myself, after the agonies of a sea-voyage and an interval of subsequent confinement with a batch of sick monkeys and a flock of swearing parrots in JAMRACH's anything but commodious premises in the Commercial Road East, transferred to the dark stables of a circus! Here, after some rough discipline in the ring, I learnt by intermittent conversation with several small elephants, who rub on a dreary existence in the same place of captivity, that I was to appear, in a few days, as a feature in a great Christmas attraction! This was a flattering idea, doubtless, and a new one, for I knew of no Christmas in the land I left, and no attraction beyond an extra graze of thorns and thistles, and water enough to fill my five stomachs to the brim. But I soon discovered from one of my worst-used fellow-captives, the biggest elephant here, who was painted white last year, in his assumed character of the Sacred Siamese, what figuring in a Christmas Attraction in fact meant. With him, poor fellow, it meant stopping up all his pores with whitening, treacle, and size, a composition rendering him beautiful for a few weeks—if not for ever—and ending in a narrow escape from congestion of the lungs.

Allah be praised, they have not this year made a Pink Dromedary of me, but it is bad enough to have to carry a bevy of spangle-splashed Amazons, to breathe an asphyxiating atmosphere of gas-fumes, exhalations of sawdust and stable manure, and to be blinded by the lime-lights of the Giaour. My spongy feet, alas! were never made to tread the London boards!

I used to bear my Arab master over the hot desert, speeding, without a murmur, with a swinging stride, and outstretched neck across the scorching Sahara, while we sniffed together the balmy breeze which met us from the far-off oasis! And then at night, the unloading of the caravan, the savoury repast on the sparse thorns of the desert, the too-brief slumber as we, the ships of the desert, lay at anchor, hobbled beneath the stars!

Now I wait at the wings for my cue, duly accentuated by a kick in the ribs and a tug at my muzzle, in a crowd of jostling supers and insufficiently clad ballet-girls, men in armour and caparisoned horses—my abomination—and when I pass from the side-scenes to the stage, if, dazzled by jets of flaring gas, and deafened by the blare of discordant brass, I stumble or turn sulky, the street Arabs pelt me with orange-peel from the Gallery, and my gaolers run me in amid cheers of derision.

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. It is the last spangle which will crush the Dromedary's. For know, O PUNCH-EFFENDI, the accursed company into which I have fallen have made me ambitious in their own low way. I can sacrifice my desert home, I can forget the sands of my foalhood, to gratify my last—perhaps foolish—craving, but I shall die broken-hearted if I stay in the rank and file of the "Grand Conference" scene—as one of the mere "utilities," two- and four-legged—for one night more!

If I must go on in the Pantomime, let me at least figure for once as the feature in the Transformation Scene. I feel that if I might only go up on an iron frame surrounded by flights of Peris, I shall not have been torn from my native deserts for nothing. We all have our weaknesses: this is mine; and I appeal to you, O Caliph of Fleet Street, by your influence with SULTAN SANGER to aid my appeal.

(Signed) HUMPHY-DUMPTI,

Chief Dromedary.

BEFORE THE MEET.



Boor and saddle for the Session, in both stables, kennels twain,
Ministerial, Opposition, lo! the hunt is up again!
Look alive! whips in both liveries, trot out both fields once more,
'Tis the old Meet at the Cross-roads, and the old fun to the fore.

Come, swells of the first flight, who take whate'er comes in your stride,

For whom no bar stands up too stiff—no yawner gapes too wide;
Come, skirter, and come gaters, come cocktails, one and all,
Who love to talk about the sport and never ride at all!

And you, my hardy huntsmen, keen rivals in the field,
And wiry whips on both sides, well trained the thong to wield;
To rate when rating's useful, to wind the timely blast,
To lay the hounds upon their fox, to lift them at a cast.

To work the pack when scent is hot, and cheer them when 'tis cold;
To trust old hounds, who know the time to give tongue and to hold:
To rate praters, and check babblers, and head strayers back to bounds—

Ah! only one who *has* whipped knows what 'tis to whip to hounds!

For you, my M. F. H.'s, well may care cloud either front;
Life is not all beer and skittles for him who leads a hunt:
All the more, when in the Treasury-pack they're losing the old strain;

And in the Opposition they've got riot on the brain.

At the first meet of the season there'll be whispering fast and free;
In the Ministerial Muster we're to see what we shall see.

A new M. F. H. will be up, in place of brave old BEN,
Who is laid up in lavender, and will ne'er hunt hounds again!

Ere you throw hounds into cover, at its side convene the field,
To present the testimonial here from *Punch's* brush revealed,—
This portrait of your master—now ex-master—scarce so strong,
By the new name, as the old one that has held its own so long.

See him mounted on the old dark horse he rode when still a boy,
The wondrous steed on which he took the rasper of *Alroy*:
The dark horse on whose back he floored the flats as *Vivian Grey*,
The dark horse *Asian-Mystery*, out of *Chouse* by *Chaff*, they say.



SYNONYMOUS.

SKETCHED IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL, THE OTHER SUNDAY; AND, IN
MR. PUNCH'S OPINION, THE KEY TO MUCH RECENT LEGISLATION!

An old un' now, with neither wind nor pace what once they
were,
Fired in both hocks—no wonder—though it scarce shows through the
hair,
A spring-ring on his off fore leg, though he looks like going still,
And can raise a showy gallop, if not too much pressed 'up-hill.

"Presented to the tough old chief, who so long rode in their front,
By the members of the True-blue, or Conservative, Old Hunt,"
May no croppers lie before him at the end of his long run;
And may he turn the old horse home, ere he's quite pumped out
and done!

"MUSIC HATH (C)HARMS."

THE Judge of the Westminster County Court has decided that a nuisance may be "intolerable" but not "actionable," but whether as "*damnum absque injuria*," or "*injuria absque damno*," is not stated. We are sorry for the poor plaintiff who has both to tolerate the intolerable nuisance, and pay the costs of trying to get rid of it. The nuisance complained of is an organ measuring about twelve feet in height, ten feet in width, and four or five feet in depth, and occupying about half the room in which it stands. This room is directly under the chambers of the plaintiff, a literary man, MR. WARE—he should have been "Wear and tear," to have borne unmoved such an infliction as that described in his pathetic experience of organic disturbances.

"When the organ was tuned after being fitted up, he asked how long the operation would last; on being told two or three hours, he went out for that time. The organ had been played at different periods since, about two or three times a week; he stayed in once for about three hours during which it was being played, and found that it so interfered with his comfort and the performance of his work, that whenever it commenced he had to leave the house. It was usually played from seven o'clock until ten o'clock in the evening. The vibration was very great, causing an effect very like that produced by a slight application of galvanism. On the first day it was played a Dresden plate in his room was thrown down; the vibration communicated itself to all the articles in his rooms, composed of china, glass, or metal. He

QUESTIONS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

THE British National Association of Spiritualists, at their next *soirée* will perhaps endeavour to obtain communications through a "trance Medium," or a table, on the subject-matter of the following newspaper announcement relative to—

"BOTTLING SPIRITS.—Arrangements have been made and are now in force for bottling spirits under the supervision of the Customs Bill of Entry Office."

This notification suggests several serious questions to which it may be hoped that answers will be returned orally, or rapped out.

Is it possible to bottle disembodied spirits?

Was there any foundation in fact for the story dramatised in the *Bottle Imp*?

Could a genuine bottle conjuror really conjure a spirit into a bottle? Would MASKELYNE AND COOK be able to counterfeit that performance? Was the Genie in the *Arabian Nights*, fished up in a pot, tinned like Australian meat in it, a bottled spirit? Did KING SOLOMON really bottle him?

Have any of the arrangements made for bottling spirits, under the supervision of the Customs Bill of Entry Office, been made with a Medium? Or are the spirits bottled exclusively ardent spirits?

In being bottled must a spirit be condensed? If so, by what process? Can the spirit be pumped into the bottle, like a volume of gas? Can a spirit at will condense and bottle itself? When corked in, can it get out again, if it pleases, passing through solid matter?

Will any one of the dear Spirits present be so kind as to shrink and subside into a bottle? Will it allow itself to be conveyed in the bottle to 85, Fleet Street, and there disembottle itself with manifestations audible or visible to Mr. Punch?

A TAX HARD TO BEAR, BUT HARDER TO GET RID OF.

THERE are great complaints of the Paddy-tax in Ceylon. England is not without considerable experience of the pressure of the same impost. It has been found one of the heaviest of the many she has to bear. But, unlike Ceylon, she is not likely to get rid of it just yet.

had occupied the chambers for four or five years, and had expended a considerable amount of money on them. The music was very bad, and very common airs were played."

The man who plays these common airs so uncommonly ill on this uncommonly potent instrument of torture, is a solicitor; and he brings two other solicitors as witnesses that the noise is no nuisance. It seems that we should replace the old Scottish proverb, "Hawks dinna pike out hawks' een," by "Hawks dinna cleave hawks' lugs." One Solicitor went so far as to say that "the music did not interfere with the performance of his work, nor was it any obstacle to conversation; he had given his clerk instructions while it was being played."

We can quite believe this. We can easily imagine a will, conveying real estate, being dictated with even more sprightliness than usual to the inspiring tune of "*Tommy, make Room for your Uncle*;" or a codicil, bequeathing a substantial legacy, cheerfully put into proper legal phraseology to the sentimental movement of "*Then you'll Remember Me*." So a divorce case might be drafted to the strains of "*Take back the Heart thou gavest!*" or a letter insisting on payment of a milliner's bill to the inspiring melody of "*The Gainsboro' Hat*;" or proposals for the arrangement of a threatened action for breach of promise set forth to the lively ditty of "*He's not a Marrying Man*."

The Literary Man brings an Artist and a Doctor of Science to corroborate his testimony. But what right have literary men, artists, and doctors of science to more sensitive nerves, or more impressible brain-structures, than lawyers? Above all, what chance has one literary man against three attorneys? His Honour decided, with the sagacity of a *Sancho*, that the nuisance was "intolerable," but not actionable—to which the only parallel we can think of is *Dogberry's* "Most tolerable, and not to be endured."

A SENTIMENT FOR THE LATE WET WEATHER.

THE Empire on which the sun never sets—and (of late) very seldom rises!

MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

No. III.—MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS, AT GREEN HOLM.



A L M spring weather, and a delicious country scene. A sky as blue as the azure expanse of the silver-toned, bird-beloved Mediterranean. Lofly trees thick with emerald leaves, with great blotches of bloom and nests of saucy songsters, boasting plumages of the most gorgeous hues. Lambkins dancing to the sound of merry ditties carolled gently by snowy-smocked plough-boys and rosy-cheeked milk-maids. Good-natured pigs dozing in the

sleepy sunshine wonder at the shadows thrown upon the sharp, crisp, daisy-sprinkled grass by the stately, golden-hued hay-ricks standing defiantly in the face of Phoebus-Apollo, the chariot-driving God of Day. In the far distance a freshly-turned field, and a quaint, saucy-looking scarecrow.

And the house. Fresh as a buttercup, plump as a spring chicken. Whitewashed and clean, with latticed windows and sweet, dreamy-mouthed chimneys yielding a languid stream of faint blue smoke. Flowers in the windows, flowers on the doors, flowers round the chimneys, flowers everywhere. Anyone looking at this simple, pretty, happy house, with its real comfort and easy artistic elegance, would say that the inhabitants were simple, pretty, happy people—and anybody would be right.

Just now the interior is scarcely seen at its best. MR. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS (since his marriage he has prefixed the surname of his wife to his own) is always influenced by his better half, and the gifted Lady-Novelist has recently taken up the ideas of DR. RICHARDSON. Thus, the kitchen of Green Holm is being carried, piece-meal, from the basement to the roof; all the floors are being covered with sheet-iron and cement, and the walls with porcelain *quarrelles*; a staircase is being constructed separate from the rest of the building, and a conservatory and play-ground for the children (where many a merry game of cricket will be essayed in days to come), is being covered in on the roof—at once hanging garden and sky-parlour. But still there are two rooms sufficiently comfortable, even in this tangle of ladders, bricks, and mortar. One is for the boys and girls, the other for Papa and Mamma. The first combines a gymnasium with a lavatory. Look in, and you will see the lads and lasses climbing up the ropes, and performing all sorts of acrobatic antics. Here is HARRY, the eldest (the very image of his mother), hanging by one leg to a small rope attached to the ceiling. Over yonder, enveloped in smoke and flame, is tiny TIM (who takes after his father), conducting a rather dangerous chemical experiment with the round-eyed aid of his blue-eyed, bald-pated baby-brother. In a corner, busy with paste and scissors, is CHARLEY, already (at nine) an author of some repute. MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS is an ardent mother, and brings up her little ones after a fashion of her own.

Enter the other room, and you will find yourself in a laughter-inviting apartment, full of large easy-chairs and three-legged tables. Round the walls books of reference, rare books upon all the sciences, encyclopædias, dictionaries of all sorts, and grammars of every language. Here is a pocket edition (in one volume) of MARGNALL'S QUESTIONS, there (well worn, and scored all over with pencil-marks) the *Annual Register* complete from the commencement. Six goodly shelves are devoted to the novels of the mistress of the house. The rest of this choice selection (scarcely five thousand volumes all told) is composed of sets of *Dickens*, *Bulwer*, *Thackeray*, *Mark Twain*, *Wilkie Collins*, *Ainsworth*, *De Quincey*, *Dumas (pere et fils)*, *Scott*, *Artemus Ward*, *Macaulay*, *Disraeli*, *Tennyson*, *Ouida*, and the Author of *Little Arthur's History of England*. On the floor of this cosy room are files of the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*,

and *Daily News*, from the commencement of each of the journals named up to the present time. MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS is rather proud of this collection, and seldom allows a visitor to leave without calling attention to her industry in "picking up papers." For the rest, the study is full of proofs, reams of foolscap, small printing-presses, gallons of ink, stacks of pens, and scores of waste paper baskets. You can scarcely move a step for desks. Here is one at which MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS writes, up-standing. Here is another, with a chair in front of it, "*et tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*," as the French stage-direction has it. Over yonder is a tiny table of ebony and ormolu, laden with proofs in course of correction, and in odd corners are leather-covered *secrétaires*. Looking round you, as you sit in this pleasant room, so redolent of work and comfort, you cannot help envying the husband of the gifted occupant his good fortune. This Benedick, at any rate, has drawn a prize in what may be aptly called the luckless lottery of monotonous marriage.

And how does this accomplished Lady pass her world-enriching life? A sample day will answer the question. She is up long before the lark. She dashes into the nursery and kisses all her children; and, in good sooth, it is a pretty sight to see the mother and little ones together. Men and women who read *Marriages Galore*, *Bigamy and Trigamy*, *Maud*, or the *Divorced One*, and other works of this gifted woman's—for which the cry at MUDIE'S is still "Give! Give!" till all the presses of SPOTTISWOODE & Co. can scarce supply the demand—would stare to find their favourite Authoress so deeply and devotedly domestic. Then she rushes off to order her husband's breakfast; then tries on a new dress or a new bonnet; then sits down at the piano, and runs over an opera or two in a rich, luscious, and soul-stirring contralto voice, full of nerve-thrilling notes that remind one of a cathedral organ. By this time breakfast is ready. It is a quiet cozy meal, eaten between seven and eight.

She loves her husband with all her heart, and the affection is returned. For ten minutes there is pleasant homely conversation about MARY'S cold or ALICE'S cough, and then the Authoress begins her work for the day. But not at her desk. Far otherwise. She catches an early train up to Town, and is in London before the clocks have chimed eight.

Once in the Great Babylon, armed with a gigantic note-book, she seeks admission at the dismal door of Newgate. It is a private execution morning, and next week the world will be startled by the graphic description of "Death on the Scaffold" that will appear in Chapter XLVI. of *Ben Barlow's Bad Bargain*, now appearing in monthly instalments in the classical pages of *Seven Dials*, the most popular of our more sensational Magazines.

When the sad task she has set herself is over, the devoted Authoress hurries away to Westminster Hall. As she trips up the steps of a certain Court, all the officials bow to her. She is as well known as the Judges on the Bench, or the leading Counsel. Good-natured policemen grin, and bright young Barristers in the Hall tell their fresh country cousins that yonder fair creature, with the golden hair (alas! a little streaked with silver), with the slim figure, the *Princesse* dress, the emerald ear-rings, the well-fitting yellow gloves, and the bright beaming smile, is the celebrated Authoress whose works are so highly improper that the very mildest of them runs through half-a-dozen editions in a fortnight. Now and again a suppressed hum of applause runs through the crowd, which she acknowledges with a grace all her own. As she enters the Court the Judge rises and beckons her to the Bench. Then his Lordship passes her his notes. Every one likes and respects her, and is ready to give her a helping hand in her work. Hour after hour she gathers materials for her next novel. If the case is tried *in camera*, an exception is made in her favour. And so the hands move round the clock until four is boomed out by Big Ben in the Palace of Westminster over yonder.

To dash into a hansom, to drive like mad to her *pied-à-terre* in St. James's, to "make up" with a wig and beard, and to assume the sable swallow-tail and etceteras of full fashionable evening dress, is the work of scarcely two hours and a half. Thus disguised she roams from Club smoking-room to Club smoking-room, and learns many a secret of our sex, for the benefit of her own. In the sacred cause of Art she learns how women are tempted and how men fall. Those who watch her smoking strong cigars and drinking stronger brandies and sodas, would be surprised if they were told that the Cynic before them was a warm-hearted, generous-minded wife and mother, and yet so it is. The Lady-Novelist must write about men and women as they are, and where is the knowledge of them to be found if not in the scandal-steaming air of the smoking-room, or the disclosure-laden atmosphere of the Divorce Court—ah, where indeed!

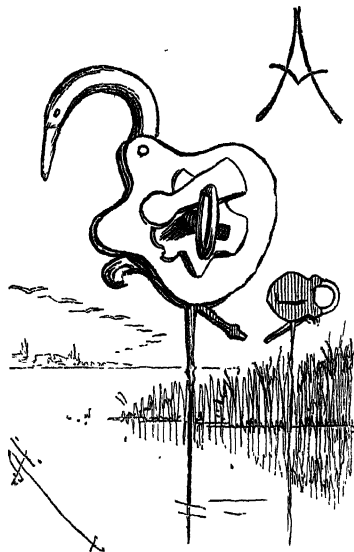
At ten she drops into the private box of a transpontine theatre (it is here she gets many a hint for her plots, and by midnight is once more at home—in the bosom of her family. Seated hand in hand with her husband, she talks over the domestic events of the day. But not for long. Her desk claims her. After two hours' writing, she gives over work and takes up a small, red leather-covered book.

With a smile she reads the various items, and marks the mistakes in spelling and the odd arithmetic. Let us look over her shoulder. Domestic to the last! She is perusing the pages of her butcher's book. The total of last week's bill was £12 7s. 6½d. So ends her days. The self-devotion of duty has crowned the self-sacrifice of genius.

THE SEX IN SESSION.

FIRST SITTING.

Subject of Discussion—"A certain Male Superstition."



LORD of the Creation . . . cannot disabuse himself of the antiquated notion that it is 'unfeminine' for a Woman to eat enough to support nature. . . . In the exclusive presence of their own sex women eat rationally what they require, but have not generally the moral courage to set the opinion of their lords at defiance. . . . As a matter of common sense it is time that the idea of its being unfeminine for a woman to eat what she requires should be regarded as an effete superstition."—*The World*.

Laura. Like the *World's* impudence!

Georgie. Say, like its sense! Women have appetites. Mine, I own, 's immense.

Julia. No need to tell us that, my dear.

Fanny. Still less To let Society know it.

Grace. I confess, I fear dear FRED's amazement would be utter

To see his sylph demolish bread and butter, As that same sylph can do.

Dora. Of course! And then Such disillusion means disgust—in men!

Georgie. Absurd! The geese should know girls must have grub.

Muriel. Don't be so quite too vilely vulgar!

Eleanor. Rub The gilt off social gingerbread, my dear, And fools won't buy it.

Blanche. ELEANOR! So severe! Her market's spoiled, you see. Don't be alarmed: When a girl's *passée* she may eat.

Eleanor. You charmed That poor æsthetic Curate by your zeal For frequent fasting—after a full meal.

Lilian. Now, Girls, don't nag. No doubt the *World* is right In its remarks on Women's appetite. That we suppress or hide it too is certain;

Amy. No. But then, dears, is it safe to lift the curtain? Did male artist ever paint a Venus Munching her apple?

Lucy. It was gold!

Kate. Between us I think the superstition's vastly stupid; But Candour's always sacrificed to Cupid.

Bessie. Men are such muffs; they'd have us so ideal. I'm sure my appetite is very real.

Marian. No doubt. You're as substantial as *Dudu*. All girls are not material, though, like you; And some men have a taste for the refined And delicate—in body as in mind. For me, I think that nothing could be harder Than to imagine Venus in the larder.

Millicent. Precisely! Art and Love go hand-in-hand In shunning kitchen *savants*.

Georgie. That sounds grand! But, pray, will Art and Love, and their fine kin, Keep us from feeling famished, growing thin?

In spite of P.R. painters and BURNÉ JONES, I cannot see much beauty in mere bones.

Helen. Of course not. But, my dears, you ought to know Just as the kitchen region's kept below, And out of sight, so eating, in the Sex, Should be so nicely veiled as not to vex

Man's visionary views and fond illusions. Eat, Girls; but eat *sub rosa*.

Georgie. Fine conclusions!

I only say, if any man supposes I dine not only under, but on, roses, I'd tell him frankly he is much mistaken, And that my favourite diet is—fat bacon!

Chorus. Oh, GEORGIE!!!

Georgie. Well, I hate such false pretence!

And if your Cupid can't stand common sense, Or any appetite beyond a sparrow's, I hope he'll never plague me with his arrows.

[General founce out.]

PROPHETIC INTELLIGENCE.

Communicated through the Medium of the Spirit of Psycho Bray.

It will rain on many days which are marked by the weather prophets for fine, and particularly on those which have been chosen for lawn parties and pic-nics.

Some sunshine may be looked for in the middle of July, and fogs may be expected in the dull days of November.

People of weak mind will be sent upon fool's errands on the First of April.

A good many geese will die in the week preceding Michaelmas, and there will be a very great mortality among turkeys before Christmas.

In spite of their antiquity, jokes on "tongue" and "trifle" will continue to be perpetrated by small wags at evening parties.

Dreary speeches will be made by men at City dinners, and many a Chairman will regret that the chief toast of the evening was not placed in better hands.

In the Metropolis alone above a thousand maids of all work will devote their Sundays out to purposes of courtship.

Notwithstanding increased vigilance on the part of the Police, there will be no diminution in the number of street accidents.

A Crossing-sweeper will die after amassing a large fortune, and will bequeath a handsome sum to found a Spirit-Fellowship at Oxford.

Platitudes will be uttered when Parliament begins to sit, and many an orator will complain of being scantily reported.

The Customs and Excise will not be swept away this year, nor will there be an abolition of the Income-tax.

A public Orator will protest, with evident emotion, and for the hundredth time of utterance, that it is the very proudest moment of his life, when he returns thanks for the kind way in which his health has been proposed.

A gang of Bears upon the Stock Exchange will try to spread a false report, for the purpose of depressing the price of certain railway shares.

MR. HIGHFELLIER, R.A., will be hugely complimented by the critics for his picture; while poor TOM MAULSTICKE's will be skied, and will escape their observation.

In consequence of College debts exceeding expectation, an irascible old Gentleman will threaten disinheritance, but on his Wife's intercession will draw a cheque to settle them.

A batch of Novels will be advertised wellnigh every month, and most of them will not be opened until handed to the buttermilk.

At several dinner-parties a score of guests will be kept waiting for the coming of the Bride, who likes to enter last in order to be stared at.

Plays will be successful upon the Paris Stage, and will hardly escape damnation when transferred to London.

Penny Newspapers will brag about their size or circulation, but will not find much to boast of in the matter of their intelligence.

A Bubble Company will collapse, to the injury of all who have had anything to do with it—excepting the promoters.

A Lady in high life will ask a masculine admirer his opinion of her poem, and will pretend to credit the candour of his praises.

The Favourite will be scratched on the night before the race, and whispers of foul play will be heard among the Bookmakers.

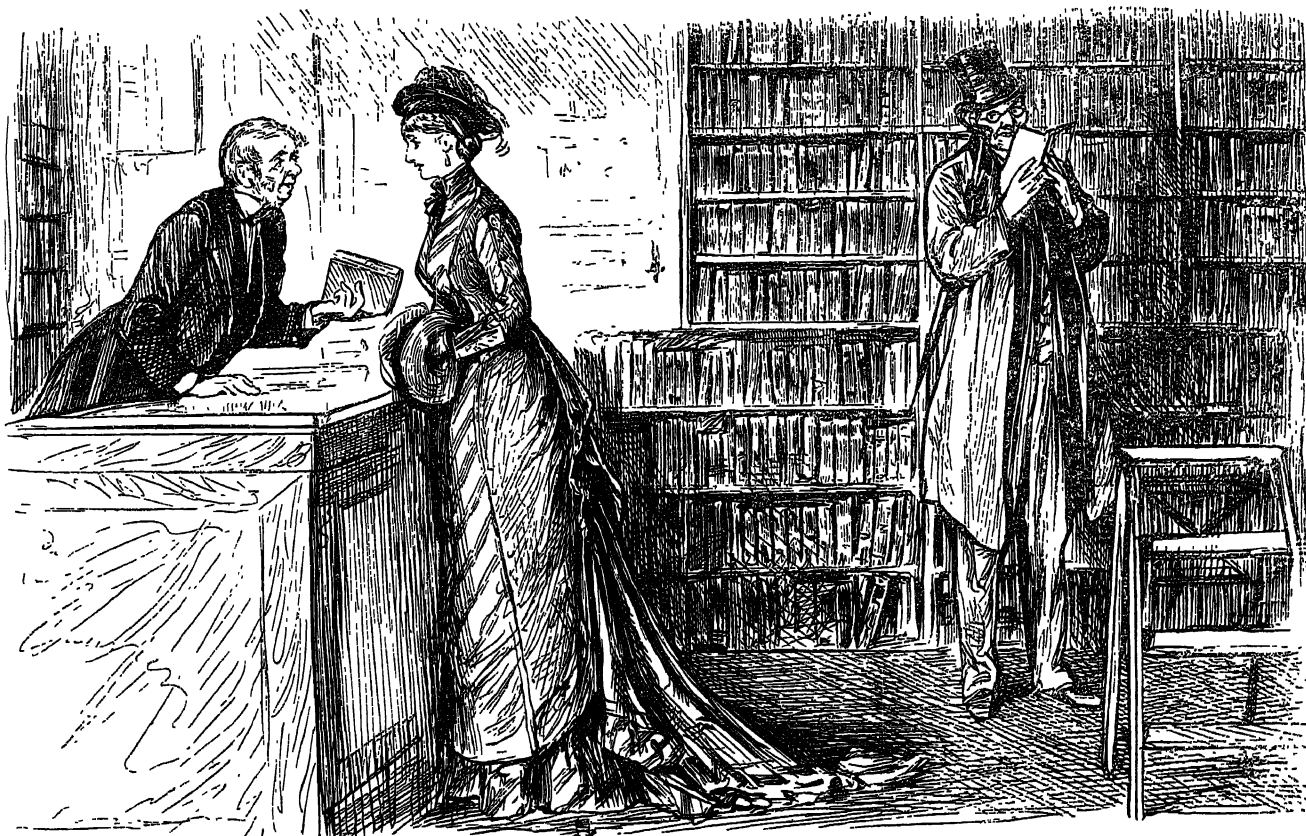
Bargains will be bought at many so-called Sellings-Off, and the buyers will be sold as well as what they purchase.

MR. SPOONER will invite his Mamma-in-law to come and spend a week with him, and that Lady will arrive bringing luggage for a twelvemonth.

Bad Jokes will be sent by the gross to *Punch* every post, with peremptory requests for their immediate insertion.

Union, Indeed!

ENGLISH Church Union! For a style More fit in vain might Satire search, Its members working, all the while, To disunite the English Church.



LIGHT READING WITH A VENGEANCE.

Keeper of Circulating Library. "I'M VERY SORRY, MISS, THE THIRD VOLUME HAPPENS STILL TO BE OUT; BUT HERE IS THE ENTIRE NOVEL IN ONE VOLUME!"

Young Lady. "OH, THAT WON'T DO! HOW ON EARTH AM I TO FIND MY PLACE IN IT?"

ON THE CLOSE OF A CONFERENCE.

FINIS coronat opus! Never sat
A better meaning Conference than that
Just now put out by the Imperial Hatt.

Easy it were to raise the scornful laugh,
To poke cheap fun, and heap unsifted chaff,
On the Wise West's strong diplomatic staff,

That cracks and bends and breaks and lets us down,
And lays low more than one Imperial crown
Under grave MIDHAT's fez and stubborn frown.

Was 't that the Turk the game of brag read right,
Foresaw that Russ tall talk would not mean fight;
And knew IGNATIEFF's bark worse than his bite?

Or fathomed Austria's plight, by dual law
Forced now with Slav, and now with Turk to draw,
And felt 'twas safe to ride on that see-saw?

Or was 't that BISMARCK bred more hopes than fears,
Whose interest should be to lop Bruin's ears,
Scarce feed him fat on Turkey—for some years?

Whate'er the secret of the Turks' *sang-froid*,
He looked cool, and he *was* cool: *dans son droit*:
Borgne parmi les aveugles, et partant Roi!

And blew his bubble Constitution bright,
With brave French colours tricked in rainbow light,
And bade young Turkey spread tail at the sight.

And ere he made the Conference "shut up,"
Helped them to Humble Pie, and in their cup,
For bitters, gave them failure's gall to sup.

Let not the scorn of scoffers rub aside
This salve to ruffled self-conceits applied,
"We have done buffers' work—be that our pride."

And let not SALISBURY his fate deplore:
No credit he has lost on Stamboul's shore:
For he that does his best can do no more.

And had the British Lion meant that he
Should raise a voice to sound from sea to sea,
He'd but to *will*, for what he willed, to *be*.

So ends the Conference; shall we say "for good,"
With Christian wrongs unrighted, claims withstood?
Best not halloo, till well out of the wood.

"A Thing no Fellah can Understand."

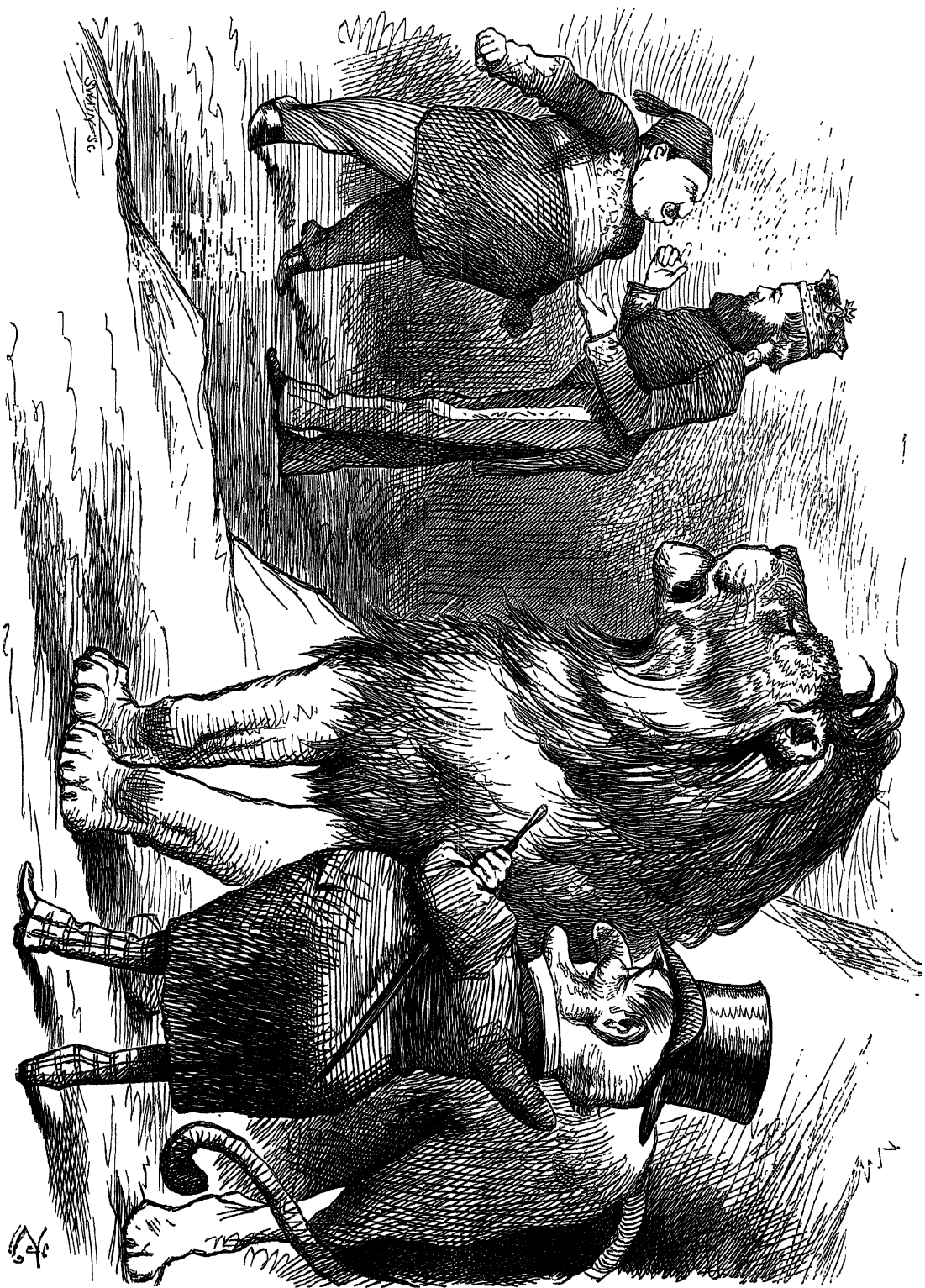
In an article of the *Cork Examiner*, on the 13th ult., on the recent Election for Sligo, we read:—

"CAPTAIN KING HARMAN, who was yesterday returned unopposed for Sligo, will very likely sit on the Conservative benches, though he will vote on all Irish questions with the rest of the Home-Rulers. His family has always been the leading Conservative power in the counties of Sligo, Longford, and Roscommon, and are possessed of great territorial influence. The new Member created a great impression in Irish politics at the time." Though he represents, as to property, two titles, he bears none. *He holds all or more of the estates of his grandfather, Lord Lorton, on one side, of his uncle, Lord Kingston, on the other.*"

Given the last sentence of the above, as the terms of the problem; required, to find what estate CAPTAIN KING HARMAN *does* hold.

* Query, *What* time?

WHAT WE WANT TO SEE IN THE NAVY.—The Engineer "hoisted" not by his own petard, but by rank, pay, and consideration.



THE FAG-END OF THE CONFERENCE.

MR. P. (*to the British Lion*). "IF YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO BACK HIM UP, WHY DID YOU SEND HIM?"

PROPOSED REGULATIONS IN "HYGEIOPOLIS."



ENU—

No dinner-party will be allowed to take place until the menu has been submitted to the Board of Health, and received its sanction under the official seal.

All wines intended for consumption at dinner and evening parties, or other entertainments, whether public or private, must be previously analysed, and certified by the Official Chemist.

As waiting for dinner is detrimental to the temper and injurious to the digestive organs, the hour named in the invitation is strictly to be adhered to; and no guest, however exalted or wealthy, will be admitted after the appointed time on any plea or pretext whatsoever.

Ladies are absolutely prohibited from wearing thin boots and shoes in the winter months and in wet weather.

Ladies going to evening parties will be required to wear a pattern of which will be required.

to envelope themselves from head to foot in cloaks with hoods, the furnished by the Sanitary Dressmaker. Ladies wishing to wear low dresses, must first obtain a medical certificate.

No dinner-party to take place at a later hour than seven in summer and six in winter; and no ball or dance to commence after half-past seven, or be prolonged after half-past twelve.

Children's parties to be conducted under medical supervision as to hours, dress, refreshments, &c.

Breakfast in bed positively forbidden, except on production of a medical certificate.

No food to be served which has not first been tested by the Public Analyser, and certified to contain the proper amount of carbon and nitrogen.

It is felt that for the present at least, no veto can be put on the baneful practice of mixing wines at dinner and other entertainments, but residents are solemnly warned against such a dangerous violation of the laws of health.

Ozone will be supplied gratis every alternate Tuesday and Thursday from 10 to 1.

Young Ladies who have proved their ability to bear fatigue by dancing for several hours at night, will be expected to take at least one hour's exercise daily in the open air.

The gift or sale of sweetmeats to Children is absolutely prohibited.

Residents wishing to give entertainments must first state in writing the exact dimensions of their reception rooms, that they may be informed by the Public Officer of Health of the proper number of guests to be invited.

No Inhabitant will be permitted to keep any animal, play upon any musical instrument, or indulge in any game or sport likely to prove a nuisance or annoyance to the immediate neighbourhood.

Street Cries and Street Music of every description will be rigorously interdicted, except on the unanimous application (in writing) of the occupiers of all the houses in any particular Square, Crescent, Gardens, or Terrace.

There will be no Beggars.

Servants, on engaging themselves, will be required to sign an Agreement, under heavy penalties, (such as loss of wages and Sundays out, prohibition of visits from "friends," &c.) to remain at least one year in the same situation.

Church Bells will not be suffered to be rung except on Sundays.

No Medicine to be taken except under the advice and by the direction of the Public Officer of Health.

The keepers of the Square Gardens have strict orders to take into custody any persons found flirting on the premises.

Cremation will be gradually introduced. Artists of the first celebrity will be invited to furnish designs for ornamental urns.

Spacious and airy premises in the heart of the country will be provided for infants while teething, under vaccination, &c., that no discomfort to the adult population may be caused by their incessant vagitation.

No person will be accepted as a tenant on the estate until he or she has passed a preliminary examination in the theory and practice of hygiene, domestic economy, drainage, ventilation, heating, lighting, cookery, chemistry, and the management of children and servants.

THE NEW HOUSE.

A Domestic Drama of the Day—from Different Points of View.

SCENE—Drawing-Room of a new and brightly furnished Villa in a Southern Suburb. EDWIN and ANGELINA—a "young couple"—discovered "in clover."

Angelina (effusively, looking up from her stitchery). EDWIN dear, this house is a perfect gem!!!

Edwin (dryly, looking up from his "Times"). Glad you think so, my love. Where ignorance is bliss, &c.—

Angelina (surprised). Why, what do you mean? What fault have you to find with it?

Edwin. Hundreds.

Angelina. EDWIN, what nonsense! It is very pretty and extremely comfortable. It is not damp, it is not draughty; the rain does not come in, nor the smoke out; the doors do not gape, the wainscots do not yawn; the plaster does not crack, the stucco does not crumble. What more would you have?

Edwin (sententiously). You enumerate its negative advantages in happy unconsciousness of its positive terrors.

Angelina (alarmed). Positive terrors, EDWIN? You positively terrify me. Is it—can it be—haunted?

Edwin. It is! Not indeed by ghosts or SHADE-summoned spirits, but by the germs of disease and the embryos of death!

Angelina. EDWIN, don't be horrid, and do explain.

Edwin. I will. Pretty paper this, eh?

Angelina. The loveliest thing!

Edwin. Ah! So was LILITH. So were the Sirens. So was that artful BELINDA BELLASYS, who very nearly bred strife between us before our marriage.

Angelina (bridling). She lovely! Now, EDWIN, if you have nothing better to say—

Edwin. But I have. Listen!

Angelina. Not if you talk about the beauty of BELINDA BELLASYS.

Edwin. I simply referred to her as a pertinent illustration. She was like this wall-paper—pretty, but pernicious.

Angelina. Pernicious?

Edwin. Precisely. It is a flock-paper, and therefore a ready receptacle for organic and inorganic dust, an exhaler of particles of arsenic and other poisonous effluvia; in fact, a reservoir of damp and dirt, and disease, and death!

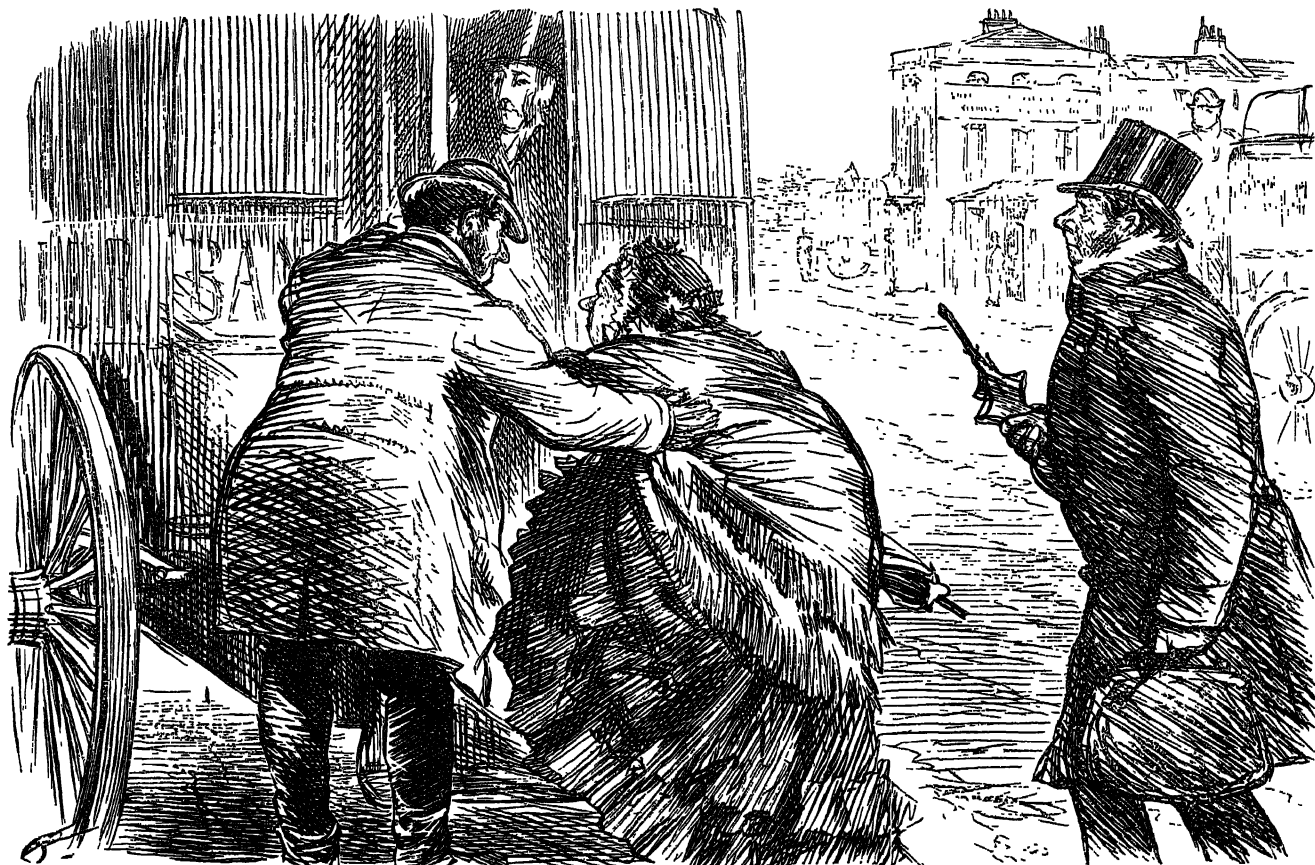
Angelina. Then, for goodness' sake, have it down, and another one up!

Edwin. Of what sort? The thinner ones also catch and retain dust, and dust is locomotive disease. The paperhanger's paste decomposes, and decomposed paste is bad to breathe. In fact, wall-papers are a bad lot,—always "hydrating," or something equally horrid, and incapable of passing through the necessary ordeals of fire and water, e.g., of Bunsen flame-bath and scrubbing-brush. Their very patterns are pernicious, producing—unknown to the victim—irritation of the retina, confusion of the brain, vertigo, and nightmare. Possibly, the great prevalence of giddy-pated girls and middle-headed men may be laid to their charge.

Angelina. My dear EDWIN, I begin to suspect that the wall-paper—or something else—has muddled your head this evening.

Edwin. The carpet, perhaps. Nay, don't stamp your feet so pettishly, for that beats out the dust; and a room charged with

THE BEST WINE THIS WET WEATHER.—Dry Champagne.



PERFECTLY UNNECESSARY.

SCENE—Anywhere. Any Time.

Old Lady. "DON'T DRIVE FAST, CONDUCTOR. I'M VERY NERVOUS!" Conductor. "NO FEAR, MU'M!"

[Old Gentleman, who wants to catch a Train, decides to walk!]

carpet-dust is destruction. In fact, carpets are almost as bad as wall-papers, and should be abolished.

Angelina. And I was so proud of my pretty bright Brussels!

Edwin. All wrong! Too bright a great deal. Sky-blue, grass-green, the ashen grey of morning, the pink and daffodil of eve, these are the only colours allowable in a healthy house. Carpets are a malign mistake; boards and beeswax the things. Gas again! The Landlord informed us with misplaced—or Mephistophelian—pride that it was "laid on" to every room in the house; which means that every room is transformed into a sort of domestic *Grotto del Cane*. Gas indeed! Giddiness, nausea, faintness, and cold clammy perspirations, are its milder effects. Each additional jet means so much more carbonic oxide and slow asphyxia.

Angelina. But, good gracious, EDWIN, what can we do?

Edwin. Get back to candles and lamps, until Science perfects the electric light. In fine, my dear, as regards atmosphere, temperature, and light, the three essentials to healthy life, this house is radically deficient; while as regards its furnishings it is as preposterously and poisonously wrong. MITHRIDATES might have dined on a toxicologist's drug-chest, but he could never keep his health in a modern Villa.

Angelina. Oh, distraction! But surely, EDWIN, if you knew all this—

Edwin. I did not—until this evening. Read this report of DR. RICHARDSON'S lecture on *Health Improvements in Great Cities*—and—

Angelina (much relieved). Oh, EDWIN, how could you? What a scare you have given me, and all for nothing!

Edwin. For nothing? Rash and ribald woman, are the edicts of Hygieopolis nothing? DR. RICHARDSON—

Angelina. Oh, bother DR. RICHARDSON! A—what do you call it?—Utopian, isn't he?

Edwin. My dear, the Utopias of to-day are the commonplaces of to-morrow.

Angelina. Oh, I hate such crotchety alarmists, frightening

people till they dare not eat for fear of poison, or breathe for fear of pestilence. Health, indeed! Who's to hope for it, if we must turn the world upside down, and one's house out of windows, before one can get at it?

Edwin (deprecatingly). My dear, there are difficulties, I admit. Still we should thank DR. RICHARDSON for pointing out the conditions of perfect health, however slow must be the process of realising them.

Angelina (confidently). Well, all I know is, I'm not going to let his whim-whams and whigmalceries put me out of conceit with my pretty new house. Why, how would you like to sacrifice all this bright colour and cosiness for earthenware walls, bees-waxed floors, and ashen grey rugs?

Edwin (dubiously). W-e-e-l—

[Scene closes—as many a domestic colloquy on the same subject will close. Nevertheless DR. RICHARDSON is doubtless on the right track.]

Dirt v. Dirt.

GREAT THOMAS of Chelsea, by Darwinites hurt,
Declares Evolution "The Gospel of Dirt."
Nicknames sting and stick, but they scarcely confute,
Though conferred by a censor of splendid repute.
Truth's proof 'gainst hard names,—has true THOMAS to learn it?
If the New Gospel's false, by hard reason o'erturn it:
Therewith our true THOMAS hath dealt many a stinger—
But scorn and invective recoil on the finger.
Leave the parsons to ply the polemical squirt at it;
Dirt's Gospel it won't kill or cleanse to throw dirt at it.

MOTTO FOR A NEW JOURNAL (from the Welsh, in more senses than one).—"Truth against the World."



HEALTH IS HAPPINESS.

SO THINK TOM AND JERRY; AND WHENEVER THEY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY, JERRY TAKES OUT HIS WATCH, AND FEELS HIS PULSE, WHILE TOM LOOKS AT HIS TONGUE IN A SMALL POCKET-GLASS.

FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

(Adapted from the American for the English Market.)

CHARLEY HEADLONG married LADY "DOLLY" SPANKER on Tuesday. The wedding cake (supplied by MESSRS. SWEET AND PLUMB) cost over seventy guineas. The old woman (the Bride's mother) was awfully cut up, and cried until her complexion was utterly spoiled. This was not strange, as the Dowager's favourite brother has recently died of typhus fever.

By the way, *à propos* of the death to which I have just alluded, there were eight hundred and ninety-seven silver nails in the coffin.

I AM very fond of Waiters, and know a large number of them. As this is the case, I may have something to say about the Smoking-Room Talk in several leading West-End Clubs next week.

A HORSE-WHIPPING doesn't hurt when you are accustomed to it.

I AM accustomed to hang about stage-doors after the performances are over. A well-known actress (for whom I have the most profound respect) took an omnibus from the Strand to Clapham on Friday. She got out some little distance from her house, to save payment of an extra penny. And yet they say "the Profession" are improvident.

I DINED the other evening with LADY BROWNJONES ROBINSON. The soup was too hot, and the fish too cold. The *entrées* were greasy, and the birds tough. The ice pudding tasted as if it had been manufactured in the kitchen of a third-rate pastrycook. It is only just to say (in answer to certain unpleasant reports that have been current of late) that LADY BROWNJONES ROBINSON's husband *was* in attendance. Poor fellow, he looked a little mournful. Once only did a "guest" address him, and then it was to ask him "To be good enough to pass the salt."

I HEAR, on excellent authority, that a certain Illustrious Personage has ordered half-a-dozen pairs of new boots.

A DROP TOO MUCH.

AMONGST some curious particulars respecting Champagne wine, the *Bulletin des Séances de la Société Centrale d'Agriculture* mentions that Ay was prized above all other wines by POPE URBAN II. (whom we now know to have been an infallible judge), in the eleventh century. It was then, according to the above-quoted authority, "a red sort, not unlike Bouzy wine, which also has had its day of great renown." Few people now-a-days, probably, are aware of the existence of a Bouzy wine; and certain Spelling Reformers will perhaps suggest that the name of that wine, considered as descriptive of its effects on those who drink too much of it, is applicable to all manner of "intoxicating liquors."

The New System of Chancery.

GREAT complaint is made of the "Law's Delay" prevalent under the "New System" in the Court of Chancery. There is said to be a "block" in the Registrar's Office; another block in Chambers; a block in every department of the Chancery Division. Hence it appears that the "New System" adopted in Chancery is in fact the "Block System." Strange! The desideratum of our Railways is the opprobrium of our Courts of Law.

ODD CONTRADICTION.

THAT "Full Dress" in Her Majesty's Foot Guards should involve Bear Skins.

I WENT to see some Amateur Theatricals the other day, and the performances had a terribly depressing effect. I am not much of an actor myself, but I think, were I asked to play, I should go in for *The Liar*.

VERAX.

IRISH RAILWAY HOURS.

WE understand the answer as well as the question:—

"What is the night?"

Almost at odds with morning, which is which."

WE do not seem to fancy that night and morning, described as at odds with each other, are said to be falling out. But in the following advertisement, cut from a Dublin contemporary, occurs a passage, which, if parallel to the Shakspearian statement foregoing, is comparatively obscure:—

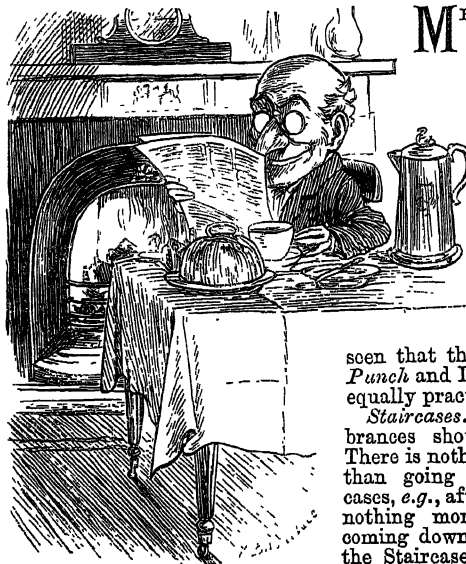
IF any of the Gentlemen who witnessed the Collision near the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, between one and two o'clock on Wednesday, the 10th inst., will communicate with V. 324, office of this paper, he will much oblige.

It is too much, perhaps, to hope that the collision above alleged to have occurred between One and Two o'clock, was merely a figurative sort of clash into which one of those hours somehow came with the other; no bones broken—as they might be if the Hours in Ireland travelled by rail. It seems to have been a visible collision, from the intimation that if any of the Gentlemen who witnessed it will communicate with "V. 324," he—that is, of course, "V. 324"—will much oblige. But whom will "V. 324" oblige, and how, and wherefore? Presumably "V. 324" is one of those Preservers of Public Order by the English populace (not too respectfully styled Bobbies. Although he may be a thoroughly efficient Constable, his diction is certainly less perspicuous than such as befits an officer of that intelligent body the Irish Police. Query for Earlswood—One o'clock coming into collision with Two, would not One get the worst of it?

SONGS FOR LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—Glees rather than Madrigals.

HINTS ON HOUSE-BUILDING;

Or, How to Make Home Happy.



MR. PUNCH has read with a great deal of pleasure DR. RICHARDSON'S excellent Lectures upon our hearths and homes. Ever ready to assist in the cause of health and common sense, the Sage of Fleet Street begs to supplement these lectures with a few hints of his own. It will be

seen that the proposals of Mr. Punch and DR. RICHARDSON are equally practicable:—

Staircases.—These incumbrances should be abolished. There is nothing more fatiguing than going up and (in some cases, *e.g.*, after a joyous dinner) nothing more dangerous than coming down stairs. In lieu of the Staircase a *trapeze* should be rigged up. With a little

practice, every member of the house should be able to swing himself or herself from landing to landing. The exercise will be found infinitely more beneficial to the muscles than stair-climbing, and, from an artistic point of view, will prove exceedingly pleasant and even graceful.

Wall Papers.—These collectors of dirt should not be tolerated. What is wanted is some cheap, useful material that will wash and supply, in an unpretending fashion, heat in winter and light in summer. If this material, by its peculiar properties, abolishes fire-places and chandeliers, so much the better. It should also (when needed) supply pegs for hats and dresses. It might, too, change colour to suit the furniture. At present such a material does not exist, but its discovery should lead to a very valuable patent. Until this material is invented, the walls of rich people may be lined with tin, to show that they are well to do. The office-walls of lawyers might, appropriately, be faced with brass.

The Kitchen.—This apartment should be on the top of the house, outside the roof. Its new position will do away with the nuisance caused by the odours of cookery.

The Nursery.—It is obvious that this room should be on the top of the house, and also outside the roof. Noise ascends, and children should always have the highest (*id est*, the purest) air.

The Library.—The Study, it is scarcely necessary to say, should be on the top of the house and outside the roof. Reading in pure air is a healthy exercise. Reading in anything else is the reverse.

The Drawing-Rooms.—This *suite* should be always situated on the top of the house, and outside the roof. The view of the adjacent country will be finer from the top than from the basement of the building.

The Bed-Rooms.—It is superfluous to say that these chambers, in which good air is an absolute necessity, should invariably be built on the top of the house, and outside the roof.

The Garden.—For the sake of convenience, no better spot could be found for pleasure-grounds and kitchen-gardens than the top of the house—outside the roof, of course.

Windows.—As light is life, there can never be too many windows in a house. As a rule, it may be conceded that to every foot of brickwork there should be a yard of glass. Care, however, should be taken that there should not be too much glare. Thus, an unnecessary window should be bricked up immediately on its discovery.

Doors.—These wooden barriers are frequently the cause of much illness. Were there no doors there would be no draughts. Under these circumstances doors should be unsparingly abolished.

The Dungeon.—This is a new but very necessary addition to the comforts of a home. No household conducted on truly economical principles should be without one. If the house is a castle, the dungeon should be constructed beneath the moat. It is scarcely necessary to say that it should be used as a place of secret confinement for the Tax-Collector, who may be cajoled into the hall by insidious politeness, there sprung upon, seized, gagged, *garotté*, and plunged into the dungeon.

HIGH CHURCH COMEDY.

THE Venerable yet humorous ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON seldom opens his mouth without saying something remarkable. As, for instance, in moving a Resolution of defiance to the Court of Arches at the Meeting lately held by the English Church Union in the Freemasons' Tavern, to consider the Hatcham case. He said that the Court which had inhibited poor MR. TOOTH "ought to be called LORD PENZANCE's Court;" that he "knew no more shameful proceedings than that that Court should sit at Lambeth;" and that LORD PENZANCE's Court was "a name by which it would go down to the odium and execration of posterity." His hearers laughed, not unnaturally, at language which reads like that of a preacher of Temperance, who has taken too much tea, abusing beer.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is reported also to have said:—

"It is a very fine thing to come here cheering one another, and passing Resolutions by acclamation; but what are we going to do for the Priests of the Church of England—those who will be brought possibly very soon under the claws of LORD PENZANCE? (*Laughter.*)"

More laughter; naturally again; laughter at the idea of LORD PENZANCE with claws. A funny idea, certainly. Couldn't our Archdeacon work it out? Is he able to draw? Then he might put LORD PENZANCE on paper, with claws and all the other extras to the human form which they imply. Perhaps he will favour us with a sketch of him thus delineated.

Our impayable Archdeacon proceeded as follows:—

"I believe that Priests will follow the example of those two men who have fought the real battle; our dear friend MR. PURCHAS, who was killed by it (*'hear, hear!'*), and our dear friend ARTHUR TOOTH. (*Prolonged cheering.*) And there is another man who has been killed too, our dear friend DR. DYKES. (*'Hear, hear!'*). Well, MR. TOOTH is looking forward to dwelling in a prison during the remainder of his life; and, if I know the man, I must say nothing in this world will ever take him out of it (*cheers*); and if I had to go to prison, I should like to go to prison with him. (*Laughter.*)"

The tables set in a roar again by a *Yorick* equal to SIR WILFRID LAWSON—of course only joking. We live in happy times compared to those in which real martyrs were killed, and genuine Confessors sent to prison. Our venerable *Yorick* can have no real fear of having to go there along with MR. TOOTH. Moreover, a prison is not the institution to which any Judge with the requisite discretion would commit such defendants as those concerned in the pranks which ARCHDEACON DENISON's friends have been playing at St. James's, (Colney) Hatcham.

Natural (History) Question.

MR. PROCTOR, in his Lecture on the Sea Serpent, says:—

"The Mermaid, again, has been satisfactorily identified with the *Manatee*, or 'Woman-Fish,' as the Portuguese call it, which assumes, says CAPTAIN SCORESBY, 'such positions that the human appearance is very closely imitated.'"—*Times*.

Has the *Manatee*, or "Woman-Fish," any connection with the modern *Mun at Tea*—the Ladies' fish—the great creature at five o'clock kettle-drums?

Kill and Not Cure.

In a paragraph on Vaccination in the *Times*, the President of the Anti-compulsory Vaccination League is stated to be "a Clergyman of the Church of England, but happily (according to the *Clergy List*) without cure of souls." Happily, perhaps. But then if he had cure of souls he would have business of his own to mind—might possibly mind it, and, by having his attention occupied with curing souls, be withheld from opposing the prevention of small-pox, and so promoting the propagation of disease amongst bodies.

A FALLING OFF.

OLD BUTTONLESS, the bachelor, complains that whereas in former times his friends sent him at Christmas a dozen brace or so of birds, he now only receives by post a couple of dozen or so of twopenny Robins!

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

THE Court of Exchequer has decided that outting cooks' combs is cruelty to animals. But if you *don't* cut cox-combs they inflict themselves upon you, and on which side is the cruelty to animals then?

A NICE BISHOPRIC (for a red-hot Partisan Parson).—The Paleo-cryptic See.



"OUR FAILURES."

Husband. "I SAY, LIZZIE, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE THIS MINT SAUCE OF?"

Young Wife (who has been "helping" Cook). "PARSLEY, TO BE SURE!"

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

GREAT preparations are being made for the ensuing Season, which, the Court Newsmen assure us, is to be more than usually brilliant. Mr. Punch has received visits from the *fournisseurs*, and own men and maids of the *élite* of Fashion, who all assure him that no efforts will be spared on all hands this year to make London a vortex of elegant entertainment.

LADY DIGBY HOLEPICKER has passed the entire winter in tracing to their foundation all circumstances and scandals affecting the *débutantes* of the Season. Her Ladyship has investigated all particulars of their fathers' properties and portions, their own expectations in the way of settlements and pin-money, and their pecuniary as well as personal "figures." LADY D. H. hopes also to be in a position to give her friends the exact facts relating to all the compromising connections, unfortunate attachments, runaway matches, and actual or probable elopements, separations, and divorces, which formed the chief topics in distinguished circles in the course of last Season, and at good visiting houses through the autumn and winter.

LORD HAUTENBAS has made his usual New Year's distribution of *bon-bons*, as retainers at the tables where he expects to have a seat kept for him during the approaching Season. LORD H. has passed several weeks in handicapping his friends' Cooks, and in arranging with his entertainers in *future* the people to be cold-shouldered and invited where he dines. His Lordship has not quite settled which Opera-box at both houses shall have the distinguished honour of his patronage. Several *nouveaux-riches* are competing for the preference.

TOMMY TAMECAT has been diligently working all his Clubs in succession for the last three weeks, and is now engaged to dinner every day for a month from the opening of Parliament. He has taken notes of every tit-bit of fashionable scandal and exclusive gossip, and every high-flavoured *double entendre*, he has been able to pick up in his autumn rounds, and has almost finished arranging them according to the tables at which he means to bring them in. He has also got into working order his choice stock of assorted

SONG OF THE CHURCH UNION.

AIR—"And Shall Trelawney Die?"

AND shall they strike at Ritual rites?
Shall TOOTH in durance lie?
Then fourteen thousand Union Men
Will know the reason why!

For Church and conscience JAMES's days
Saw Bishops sev'n confined;
But Cornwall's sons found means and ways
To change the royal mind.
So we'll resist TAIT, CAIRNS, and PEN,
And Law, in them, defy,—
We, fourteen thousand Union Men,
And not men to say die.

Matters of moment still we'll make
Of chasuble and stole;
With TOOTH, in teeth of Law, we'll take
The Mass of Rome for goal.
While we scorn TAIT and CAIRNS and PEN,
And power of Law defy,—
In Union's name Disunion Men,
Though with no reason why.

Our Roman candles high shall flare,
On Romish altar-plate,
And lace and flowers and frontals fair,
While Mass we celebrate.
So using tooth and tongue and pen
The Law Courts to defy,
We fourteen thousand Union Men
Will hang each other by!

We'll under-creep or over-leap
All Acts our course that bar;
Obedience to our Bishops keep,
But while with us they are,
And till we stump TAIT, Bench, and PEN,
Against the three we'll cry:
If Law dares thwart Church-Union Men,
Shall they be bound thereby?

"Clouds in the East." No wonder, now the Conference has ended in smoke.

compliments, to match the capacities and styles of his hostesses in prospective, with quotations from ALFRED DE MUSSET, BYRON, or BROWNING, for cases where the recipient is likely to understand the French or appreciate the English. TOMMY has also been concluding beneficial arrangements for the Season with his tailor, his boot-maker, and job-master, on the mutual principle of limited patronage and unlimited credit.

THE HON. MRS. LUCRETIA SLYBOOTS has been damaging her digestion at five o'clock Kettledrums with every conceivable decoction of Assam, Congou, and Orange Pekoe, for the purpose of clearing her character from those odious imputations which that horrid Mrs. GRUNDY has been spreading about her without the slightest foundation. MRS. S. has been seen at Church every Sunday and Friday since New Year's Day; and if that absurd man, GODFREY STALKER, will leave his regiment to come to the same Church, for the same services, is it her fault? Is not the idea quite too supremely ridiculous? Isn't it dreadful to think what wicked things people do think of other people! If people would only mind their own business!

BIANCA WESTAL is coming up for her first season. She can scarcely sleep for the preparations she is making. She has got no money to speak of, but, thank goodness, she is pretty enough to be adored without, and rose tarlatan does become her so quite too awfully, particularly with stephanotis in her hair—and they say the Prince dotes on stephanotis. And she is to be presented by LADY DIGBY HOLEPICKER, who is so kind; and if she should be asked to Marlborough House, won't it be quite too awfully jolly!

Ritualist Venison.

THE sympathy of the English Church Union with MR. TOOTH may be heightened by a feeling peculiar to Englishmen—admiration of an offender who shows himself game. Undoubtedly the contemner of the Court of Arches is game to the backbone; but the game is too High.

THOMAS EDWARD NATURALIST AND COBBLER.



"HELP yourself!" is a good rule, and a capital text, on which MR. SMILES, some time ago, preached a sermon by examples, with the title of *Self-Help*. The moral of this sermon is summed in the old proverb, "God helps those who help themselves." For there indeed lies the strength of "Self-Help"—it is God's help. And now MR. SMILES has preached another sermon on the same text, called *The Life of a Scotch Naturalist*. It is the wonderful true story of a wonderful true man—THOMAS EDWARD, Associate of the Linnean Society, and souter in Banff; a story to bring tears into the eyes, and to fill the heart with sadness and gladness: a story to make those who read it better, humbler, and gentler, and, above all, more thankful to the Great Father of All, who can so mysteriously teach and guide, strengthen and lead up one of the humblest of his children, from eleven years of age till sixty-three an earner of distressful bread at a cobbler's stool with an average wage of nine shillings a-week.

THOMAS EDWARD has lived two lives. There was first the humble life of the hardly brought up son of a poor weaver; scholar, now and then, for brief spells, of brutal dominies; next apprentice of a drunken ruffian; then toiling bread-winner for a brave and true

wife, and a well-reared family of eleven children. This was the man who helped himself.

But side by side with this life he was living another—of communion with the wonderful works of God, who took upon himself this part of his teaching, instead of the dominie with his taws and cane; binding him apprentice to nature, instead of drunken CHARLEY BEGG in the Gallowgate; and after his days of sordid stooping over uppers and twitching at waxed-ends, giving him nights of wonderful intercourse with all living things; appointing him "the beasties" for books, and the silent hours of darkness for his school-time; and holes in dykes, or bields under stone walls, or bits of crumbling ruin, for his school-rooms. This was the man helped of God.

If you want to know how THOMAS EDWARD lived those two lives side by side, helping himself manfully under the heavy burdens of a poor man among poor men, and letting God help him wonderfully, in gathering wide and rare knowledge of plants and beasts, birds, and creeping things, fishes, and crabs, starfishes, and molluscs, till he was able to add new chapters to the great book of natural science, and to teach teachers, and win honour from renowned Naturalists, and was, at length, made an Associate of the most famous



EXTREME MEASURES.

Polite Foxhunter. "BUT WHY WON'T YOU LET US HELP YOU OUT?"

Lady in the Ditch. "OH, DEAR! I AM FIFTEEN STONE WITHOUT THE MUD! DO, PLEASE, SEND FOR A ROPE!"

of their societies, you will find the story told fully and feelingly in MR. SMILES' *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, published by JOHN MURRAY.

And you will read, too, how close work at the cobbler's stool by day, and wandering and watching and lying out by night, wrestlings with winter's winds and frosts, drenchings with rain, wettings from seas, tumbles from cliffs, with long fastings, and spare fare, at best, of oatmeal cakes and water, played havoc with a strong body, so that at sixty-three, THOMAS EDWARD is an old and crippled man.

In the same book is told the touching story of this man's loneliness and disappointments: how, under the pinch of hard times, he had, again and again, to sell the collections he had so laboriously made, which he straightway set to making over again, like ROBERT BRUCE's spider; and how the prophet, honoured as he was by wise and famous men far away, was not honoured in his own country—Banff bailies, and Banff bodies, and Banff souls, being too high—or low—to see the poor souter, bowed over his work, and so lower still.

But you will not read in the book—for that came after it was written—how the QUEEN and LORD BEACONSFIELD, having read the story of THOMAS EDWARD's life, were moved by a common thought to put THOMAS EDWARD on the Pension List for a modest fifty pounds a year, so that for the rest of his life he may give himself wholly to the reading of God's Book of Creation, without being a burden to the children who have been true and helpful stays to him thus far. For among THOMAS EDWARD's other good gifts from God, is a good and wise wife, and they have bred good bairns. And so *Punch* takes leave of THOMAS EDWARD—in harbour at last; and, lifting his hat, and holding out his hand to this stout-hearted and rarely-endowed man, craves leave—as the highest honour should come the latest—to offer this *his* tribute of respect after Prime Minister and QUEEN.

ECCLESIASTICAL OCCLUSION.

THE Church of St. James, Hatcham, has been shut up. So has the Incumbent. Serve him right, till he consents, by shutting his mouth, to open his prison.

DOUBTFUL AFFINITY.

"Alcohol has so great an affinity for water that it is only by the greatest care that the chemist can obtain it absolutely pure."

"*The Science of Alcohol.*"—ECHO.

EBRIOSUS, loquitur.

ALC'HOL 'finity warrer? Stuff!—Can't be! Don't—hie!—b'leave it! All pure fiddle 'dee! Just fancy Alc'hol yearning for the Pump, Like some half-mad T'totaller on the stump! 'Diklus! Pooh! Alc'hol got more Spirit 'n that. What? Chemist chap can't part 'em? What a flat! Shee! Here'sh Brandish and there'sh warrer! Wonder Where'sh the trouble keep them two ashunder? Here goesh Brandish, there stops Warrer! Why They both sheem quite contented. Sho am I. I don't believe they've any more affinity Than has a Derby Dutch-doll for divinity, Eh? Sciensh proves it? Hie! Who'sh Sciensh? Blow Sciensh! What d'ye mean by C₂H₅O? Whash that prove? Eh? Mere Alphabet gone mad. Bother your symbolsh! Stick to facts, my lad. Some new dodge of WILFRED LAWSON'S. What! Brandish Alcohol and Warrer? Rot! I lovesh Brandish, and hatesh Warrer? Mix 'em? Haven't done so for yearsh, Shir! Guess that nicks 'em. Here's lots o' warrer lately all about. Best take in Brandish to keep Warrer out. Sciensh's crackjaw gibberish all a cheat. Here! Mary! Nurrer go o' Brandish,—neat!

NO DANGER TO SHAKESPEARE.

New Queen's Theatre reading of a line in *Macbeth*, Act iv., Scene 1:—

"For none of woman-Biorn shall harm *Macbeth*."

MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

No. IV.—JOHN KEMBLE SIDDONS SLOGGER, IN GARRICK STREET.



WE stand at a *carrefour* in the heart of a mighty city. A quiet, old-fashioned quarter with "sets" of picturesque street-pieces and wings. A many-windowed club-house, full of wits and wags, and (at Yuletide) good Christmas cheer. Here, a shop with quaintly conceived cardboard animals suspended on elastic strings, and dancing nimbly to silent music. There, a many-gabled dwelling, that might have served good QUEEN

BESS for a villa, in the days when young WALTER RALEIGH was ignorant of potatoes, and had never smoked tobacco. A sleepy, glaring, sun-stricken street in the summer, and in the winter a desolation of ice and rain and snow. A short cut for the lonely hansom, dashing from cumbered Covent Garden to renewed Leicester Square—those "Fields," where man of wit and pleasure met man, rapier to rapier, in the days gone by. A very new street, and after all an old one. The very place for an actor's dwelling—full of old memories, with many a good tap and cosy tavern within easy reach, and boasting a name that wears the crown of histrionic art. It is in this street of weird fancies and rich stage associations that J. K. S. SLOGGER has pitched his tent. Many years ago, when he was struggling as a provincial *Hamlet*, he was content to be bounded in an attic, but now, in the full glow of success (when his usual terms are half the gross receipts and a clear benefit), he rents a flat. Few of those who gaze at the six windows of his rooms, guess that behind those costly curtains of guipure lace (from FLUFF AND SPANGLES), lives the Great Actor of the day, in a very museum of dramatic art. And yet so it is. SLOGGER is too comprehensive an artist to be fettered by the conventional "lines of business." He is a tragic comedian, or a comic tragedian as the case may be. Not only is his heart in his art, but (and let the sneering world mark this well), his art is in his heart! A hard saying to Cockneys, and yet a true one.

JOHN KEMBLE SIDDONS SLOGGER is an actor first, and then,—after due interval,—a man. He scorns the modern school, with its cup-and-saucer quietude and its drawing-room ease. He hates the mere gentleman actor's level tone and morning dress of good society, with the high and holy hatred of the ideal artist of our old English stage. His present and future lie in the past. To him tradition holds high rule over grovelling, prosaic nature. For more than thirty years, he will tell you with pride, no one has heard him speak in a natural voice. The waiter who takes his order for dinner, in eating-houses where he is a stranger, shrinks back, appalled, at his question of whether the joint is in the best cut, and trembles when he alludes to vegetables. A terribly gloomy man, close-cropped, and with lip and cheek innocent of hair. Partial friends declare that his tragedy is perfectly awful; and impartial critics insist that his comedy is more awful still. An awe-inspiring, attention-wearying man, and yet a man with a heart worth its weight in gold and precious stones. Let an appeal be made to him in the sacred name of charity, and all he asks is that he may have the best part, no rivals near his throne, and, above all, his name printed at the head of the bill in letters at least two feet long. These simple conditions complied with, and his support is easily secured.

Let us look at this great good man at home. Let us ascend the stairs and enter his suite of rooms. If we will only listen while he rifles his rich store of anecdotes, we may make sure of a welcome.

A simple unpretending hall, with tables bearing ormolu clocks, plated goblets, and imposing double-silvered coffee-pots. Once SLOGGER was a manager, and these are the testimonials presented to him by his grateful employees. That tarnished Tea-set represents the respect of fifty Ballet Girls who mulcted themselves for its purchase of five shillings a-piece out of average weekly salaries of under a pound. That showy pair of Candlesticks is a proof (at the instigation of the Stage Manager) of the hearty good-will of seven-and-twenty Stage Carpenters, Gas men, and Supernumeraries. SLOGGER may well prize these testimonials, for there is not one of them that does not represent a scanty salary made more scanty, and a poor home reduced to greater poverty, to do him honour.

A passage leads from the hall to the sanctum. In this passage is a mighty cupboard full of brown-paper-covered books. These books are tied up and addressed to J. K. S. SLOGGER, Esq., at various Theatres Royal. When SLOGGER takes his annual tour, pieces pour in upon him by the score and by the

hundred. Sucking SHAKESPEARES and sprouting SHERIDANS send their choicest works to him, hoping that those works will be perused, hoping that those works will carry their authors on to the boards of Drury Lane, and into the highest niches of the Temple of Fame. Their end is in SLOGGER's passage cupboard.

As his visitor enters the sitting-room, SLOGGER rises, stretches forth his hand with a graceful wave, and bows. Then he seizes two chairs by their backs, drags them forward into the centre of the room, motions to his guest to seat himself, and produces a set of folio volumes full of newspaper cuttings. For hours and hours he will, with a kindly defiance of fatigue, read you notices of his own performances. While he reads, let us look round.

A room full of "properties." Here a gilt table laid out with a *papier mâché* banquet; there an old clock pointing for ever to ten minutes past nine. Over yonder a canvas light-house belonging to a sensation drama. Chairs and tables of all styles and periods, and a portion of a transformation scene. A real cab, and a profile train shutting up like a telescope. That cab was the saving of a domestic drama, and yonder train (a "ter-rain," as SLOGGER pronounces it) once made the fortune of a "scene of real life." When SLOGGER retired from management, he secured these properties. Some of them are still useful. In the provinces he occasionally stoops from SHAKESPEARE to authors of more modern date. When he does so, he sometimes finds it useful to be able to supply a clock for the *Corsican Brothers*, or a light-house for the *Turn of the Tide*.

Yes; this is indeed an artist. Ask him what he knows of his contemporaries, and he will tell you, with that candid self-absorption which belongs to genius, "Nothing!" The dead he praises heartily, because, egotistical as a child, like all true artists, his world is himself. His acting, he admits, may be like nothing in nature. Why should it be? It is *acting*. He informs you, with pardonable pride, that the ideal is the goal in his Art—not the real. His hope is that the Government will one day awake to a sense of its responsibilities to the Drama, and found a National Theatre, with Tradition at its base and SLOGGER at its apex. "Then, and not 'till then," as he sadly remarks, "there will be a hope for the Stage." "For the present, Sir," he adds, "what with this absurd cry for 'Nature,' and this gross craving after 'realism,' they have knocked the Art of Acting out of time—either forced the true Tragedian into the Provinces, or humiliated him to the degradation of opening the Pantomime season at the Lane!"

Look on SLOGGER with respect. He is the relic of a great past; the surviving Mastodon of a generation of antediluvian Behemoths!

MIDHAT PASHA'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

AN old Sack wants much patching.
There is a remedy for everything, could men but find it.
Flies are busiest about lean Horses.
He that deceives me once, it is his fault; if twice, it is mine.
God in the tongue, and the Devil in the heart.
A Rat may very ill plead law.
The Crow bewails the Sheep, and eats it.
The higher the Ape goes, the more he shows his tail.
The Cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet.
Honey is sweet, but the Bee stings.
A Lion's skin is never cheap.
They that are booted are not always ready.
It needs a long time to know the world's pulse.
One Sword keeps another in the sheath.
He that does fight with silver is sure to overcome.
Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the Church.
The early Bird catches the Worm.
By scratching and biting Cats and Dogs come together.
Threatened folks live long.

DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLING.

MRS. GAMP lately had a patient under her care, whom she proclaims to all her acquaintance as the most wonderful of travellers. "Yes, indeed, my dear, he tell me he've been twice through the Sewage Canal!"

ABOVE PARNASSUS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,



UT of the assurance inspired by your invariable kindness to the humblest members of the Great Republic of Letters I am emboldened to address you on a subject very near to my heart. For many years it has been my ambition to become a dramatist, but I have hitherto lacked "invention." My dialogue is considered, by many most influential friends, to be above praise. To quote one of them "Good is not the word for it." I believe I have struck upon a vein at last. Without translating from the French, without rushing to the Circulating Library, I think I've got the frameworks for my plots. Recently, a gentleman of great

literary ability (of course you remember *False Shame*, a very clever comedy*) has turned to SHAKESPEARE for a plot for an opera; then why should I not go

[* Our Correspondent is perfectly right in this particular. *False Shame* was an excellent piece.—ED.]

BURNS AND MEMNON.

FREQUENTERS of the Opera have heard a Statue sing. LORD HOUGHTON, on unveiling the image of the immortal BURNS, which Glasgow has set up, to the credit of the citizens of that ilk, as well as the poet's honour and glory, thus elegantly suggested the possibility of a singing statue other than that of the celebrated *Commendatore*. He said, referring to the memorials of deities, heroes, and tyrants erected by the people of ancient Egypt:—

"Among the most ancient monuments which attract the traveller in that country is a colossal figure of a god or hero of the name of MEMNON, of which there is a strange and beautiful tradition. It was believed that by some magical attraction and supernatural sympathy, the rays of the rising sun drew forth at morning from the inanimate stone sounds of such exquisite music as charmed and entranced all who had the good fortune to be within the range of the mortal ear. Now, Gentlemen, I have a fancy that the ardour of your affections, and the light of your imaginations, might almost draw from this statue a song of some hundred years ago—a strain of beauty that might go to your heart of hearts."

"*Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*," for instance. Eh, and aiblins, "*The De'il cam' Fiddling through the Town*," or "*O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut*." What for no? Only fancy these songs, sung by the Burns Statue, and accompanied as it were by a morning-song or skirl of the bagpipes. Wouldn't they, in really fine musical effect, surpass the singing of the Man of Marble that comes to sup with *Don Juan*? Would not BURNS bang both MEMNON and MOZART? *Punch* respectfully puts the question to his genial friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

The Kirk to a Kintraman.

THE first of a' MAC ADAM's clan
Whence cam' he? TAM o' CHELSEA, say.
Oot o' Marine Ascidian,
Or Spawn o' Frog, or clarts o' Clay?

Gospel o' Durt ye'll na believe?
Eh, TAMMIE, mon, ye're awfu' wrang.
Is Durt na Clay? Wow, TAM, I grieve
To think whaur ye are like to gang!

to the same source for "the arguments" of my pieces? I have jotted down a few ideas, and shall be glad to hear your opinion of them.

Hamlet.—Capital notion for a comedy. Of course *Polonius* would pretend to be the ghost of *Hamlet's* father. Great fun might be got out of this. Scene in England in the present day. All the killing naturally would have to be cut out. Something might be done with the play-scene—amateur theatricals, you know? Then end the piece with *Gertrude's* marriage, and get a laugh out of the mistake of the pastry-cook in sending the funeral baked meats for the wedding-breakfast. By the way, *Ophelia's* ballads would, of course, have to be worked into a "topical song" to airs of the day.

Othello.—A domestic drama, with a happy ending. Lay the scene of the piece during the American war, and make the Moor a nigger. Turn *Iago* into a female character, *Desdemona's* mother-in-law. The great situation at the end of the play should be *Othello* unable to get into his house to murder his wife (of course he should be tipsy at the time), because he can't find the hole in the lock for his latch-key. *Cassio*, *Brabantio*, and *Roderigo* should be worked up into one character.

Merchant of Venice.—Obviously a modern comedy. The character of *Shylock* would afford opportunities for a number of happy hits at the extortionate rate of interest charged by West-End usurers. *Portia* would become a "Woman's Rights" person. Great fun could be got out of the Court Scene, which should rival the one in MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's operetta, *Trial by Jury*.

The above are merely specimen schemes, and the list might be extended to almost any length.

Apologising for troubling you, I now lay down my pen, and humbly sign myself

Yours most sincerely,

The Oaks, Isle of Skye.

SHAKESPEARE, JUN.

A CHARMING ARRAY.—(Before some of ROMNEY's and SIR JOSHUA's *Portraits of Pretty Darlings at Burlington House*).—How lovely are the Young Misses of the Old Masters!

MONADS AND MASSES.

A Contribution to the Atomic Theory of Politics.

"I may say that in the transactions of the last few years, we, the Statesmen—if I may use that term—have learnt as much from the masses of the people as the masses of the people have learnt from us."—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE at *Liverpool*.

EUREKA! The look-out ahead is less dense;

There is hope, after all, for the governing classes.

Our Statesmen, in search of some *atoms* of sense,

Have found, of late years, what they want in the *masses*.

Remembering Shipping and Slave Trade affairs,

One can hardly deny that SIR STAFFORD spake truly,

Yet Monads in office will give themselves airs,

And look down on Masses as blind and unruly.

SIR STAFFORD himself could austere reprove

When he found Eastern policy did not content 'em.

'Tis plain if the Masses some Monads would move,

It must be by sheer dint of united momentum.

A Lion in Horsemonger Lane.

THE REV. MR. TOOTH has had to announce that there must be some limitation to the crowd of people who rush to visit him in prison. He finds himself at once a Confessor and a Lion—at least a Confessor in a Lion's skin. The multitude of disciples who keep walking up to see this Ritualist Lion, suggests comparison with those whose lot was cast in days when the cry was "*Christianos ad leonem!*"—but the Lion, then, had teeth and claws, and was free to use them upon the martyrs, not as a martyr himself.

ANOTHER IRON-CLAD GONE WRONG.

THE *Shah* arrived at Gibraltar with her piston-rods unfit for service. If the Admiralty can't keep its own Rods in order, ought not Parliament to have Rods kept in Pickle for it?

PROBABLY.

WHO is "The Horrid Girl" we see advertised? Can it be "*Bella, Horrida Bella*,"?



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Aunt Mary. "WHY DON'T YOU READ, TOM, INSTEAD OF LOLLING ABOUT?" Tom. "'GOT NOTHING TO READ!"
 Aunt Mary. "THERE'S YOUR FIRST PRIZE IN MONSIEUR JOLIVET'S FRENCH CLASS—A MOST DELIGHTFUL BOOK!"
 Tom. "HOW CAN I READ THAT?—IT'S IN FRENCH!"

NOBODY KNOWS.

JOHN BULL soliloquises on the state of his Fleet and the status of the Engineer.

"One of the most intelligent, and probably the best, of naval critics tells us that no one knows with any degree of thoroughness what use is made of our Navy, how it is managed, or what it is worth; but, so far as the limited knowledge of the best informed enables any one to form an opinion, the probability is that all is wrong. . . . In MR. REED's vigorous language, 'the ship is a steam-being, and the only man who understands it, can work it with safety, can control it efficiently, can use it, care for it, tend it, preserve it, repair it, renew it, is the Engineer.' The Engineer, the functions of the Engineer, and the position of the Engineer, should be held in honour; but, in fact, 'he remains to-day almost precisely where he was twenty years ago—a snubbed, subdued, subordinated man, with a dozen officers put above him to look down upon him.'"—The Times on MR. REED's Letter about "Naval Administration."

So "Nobody knows!" That's remarkably pleasant!
 A nice thing to learn at this late time of day!
 A sweet game this Naval Blind-Hokey! At present
 I don't seem to relish my hand in the play.
 Many millions I've spent on the modern "Steam-being,"
 You don't buy that sort of big toy for a song;
 And now 'midst my Critics I find none agreeing,
 Except on one point—that all's probably wrong!
 Nobody knows? Well, those precious twin Titans
 Have turned topsy-turvy our Naval Affairs;
 But are Iron and Steam a malign brace of Sheitans,
 To empty my purse and to fill me with scares?
 All that Steam-beings can do, or can't, in fair fighting,
 Perhaps we shan't learn till the things come to blows.
 But are mine trustworthy? It's somewhat affrighting
 To find the sole answer is—Nobody knows!

Nobody knows! Years ago—about fifty,
 My Navy was tested. We found it "all there."
 Since then all is new, and I haven't been thrifty
 In paying—since change was the call—for my share.

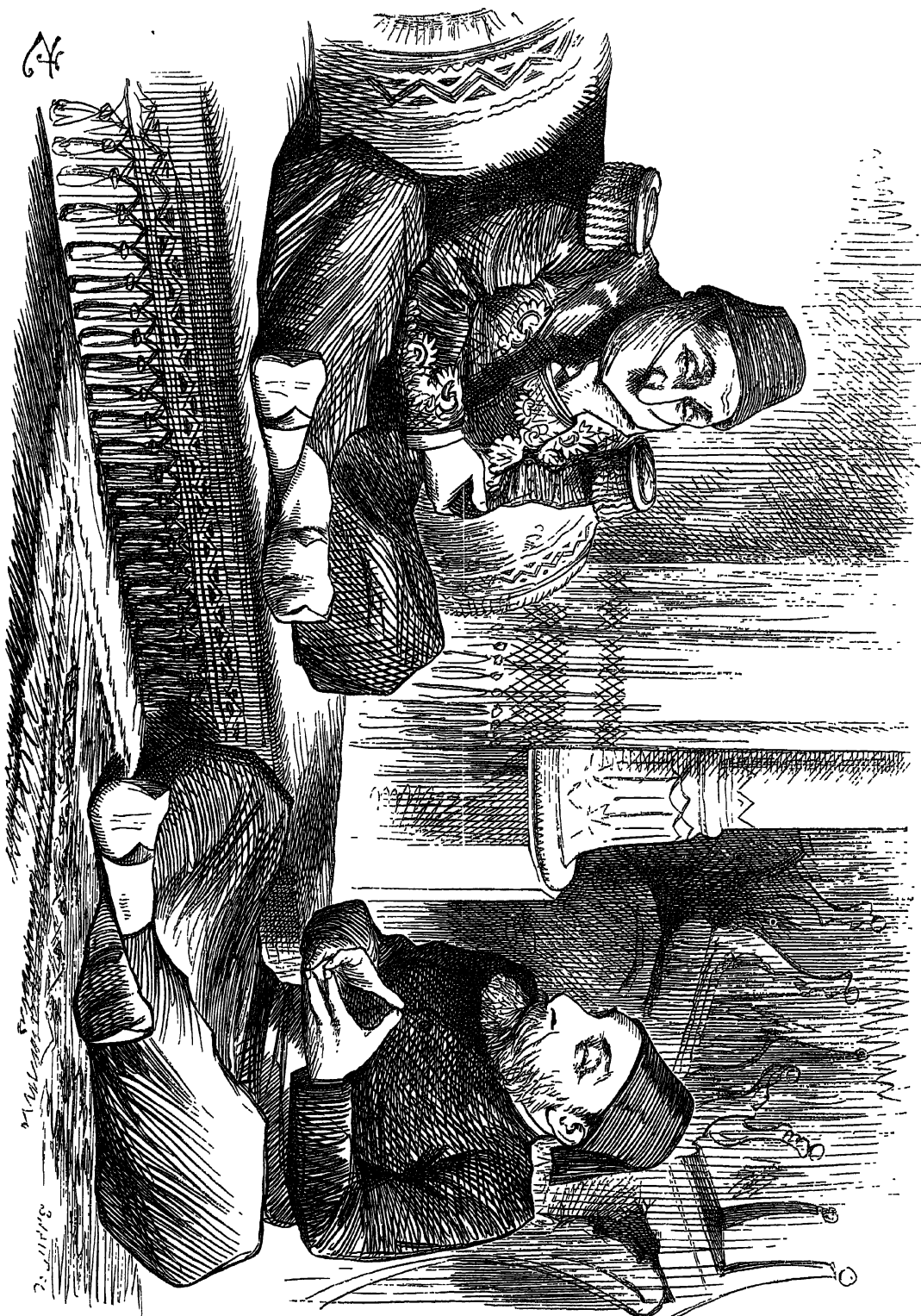
The new Iron Pot puzzles me, I admit it.
 Smart Science shouts "Progress!" She's right, I suppose.
 But what's the Pot worth, if 'gainst rivals I pit it?
 That seems a fair question, but—Nobody knows.

Nobody knows? Well, here's REED, ex-Constructor,
 A smart sort of chap and a dab at a yarn;
 Would fain through the dense Marine maze play conductor.
 He knows the "Steam-being" from stem unto stern.
 He, no doubt, feels that he should be sole supervisor,
 With ample and ship-shape Reports year by year,
 With a right to take henceforth for Naval Adviser
 That much misused being, the Chief Engineer!

"Snubbed, subdued, and subordinate?" Well, I'd a notion
 The Creature was certainly more cockahoop.
 REED paints him as Ought-to-be Lord of the Ocean,
 Head-boss of the steam-ship from fok'sle to poop.
 He only can handle it, guide it, preserve it,
 Whilst JACK, though a jolly and dauntless sea-dog—
 (Poor JACK sorely snubbed!—does he really deserve it?)
 Is—shades of old Salts!—like a flat in a fog.

Well, they'll want him—to fight—I suspect notwithstanding.
 He'll maybe outlast all their huge devil's-gear;
 He's established his status 'neath other commanding
 Than that of our Crichton, the Chief Engineer.
 But destiny's stern; if the new battle's brunt
 Must be borne by the handler of pistons and cranks,
 Let him come to the fore as a fact we can't shunt,
 And receive his reward in pay, honours—and thanks.

Mine I'm sure will be his if he'll help to untangle
 This horrible muddle called "Naval Affairs;"
 Make peace 'midst the critics who boggle and jangle,
 And shut up swell duffers who give themselves airs.
 A fleet that's not phantom I claim for my money,
 With ships not a terror to me but my foes.
 But whenever I ask how I stand, it seems funny
 To hear, for sole answer, that "Nobody knows!"



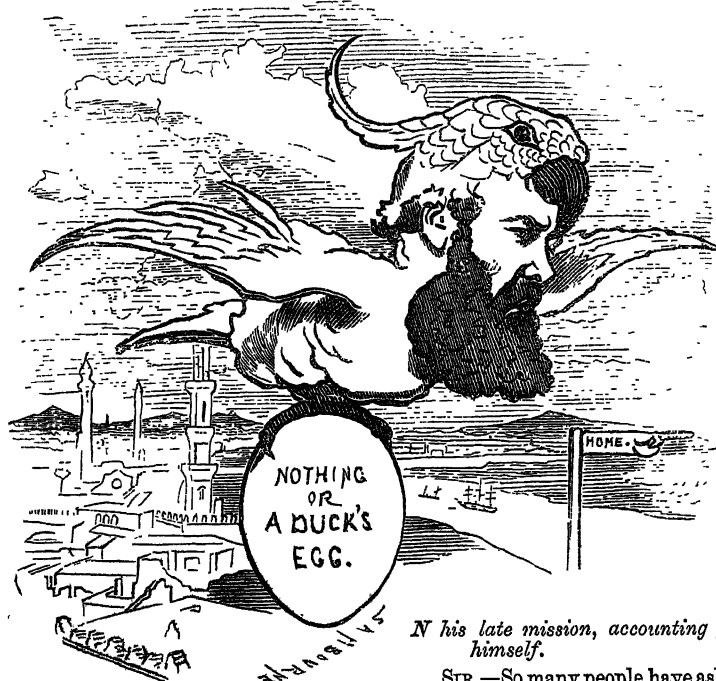
“AFTER THE PARTY!”

ABDUL AHMED II. “I’VE GOT SUCH A TOOTHACHE!—AND HOW WE ARE TO PAY THE BILL, ALLAH ONLY KNOWS!!”

MIDHAT PASHA. “KISMET!!!!”

“The Sultan was prevented from receiving the Plenipotentiaries, before their departure, by a toothache.”—*Morning Paper.*

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



In his late mission, accounting for himself.

SIR.—So many people have asked why I was not at the Conference, that I feel I must speak out, and own that, though you sent me, *I did not go*. No, Sir, I am not one of your Pretenders (by whom you have of late been duped) who take your money and write accounts of what never took place. Sir, I meant going. I smoked Turkish pipes, I ate Russian *caviare*, and, in order to be thoroughly up in the Great Eastern Question, I bought Great Eastern shares, about which at the time there was a considerable question. Then I went in for Circassian Pomade, night and morning, thus 'pouring oil on the troubled waters, or rather putting grease—or, what MR. GLADSTONE would call the "Hellenic Factor"—on my brain. I substituted Kurds for milk at breakfast-time. By the way, why hasn't some enterprising hairdresser invented a pomade, and called it the "Hellenic Factor," with a dedication to MR. GLADSTONE? There's the idea, and no extra charge. I sent for my true and tried friend, PEGGUL BEY (who is now undergoing the shrimp-cure at a favourite watering-place), and in order that the Russian interest should be represented equally with the Turkish, I dropped a line to dear old GENERAL SNEZANUFF KORBITOFF, who has been laid by the heels ever since November with a severe cold, which has prevented his seeing anyone—even his creditors, whose attentions during his illness have been unremitting.

Well, Sir, we three started for the Conference. Poor SNEZANUFF KORBITOFF only got as far as Charing Cross, when he suddenly exclaimed, in Russian, "Hallo! I've forgotten my pocket-handkerchief!" and disappeared, with a seedy-looking individual close at his heels—probably somebody who had found the missing *mouchoir*. PEGGUL BEY, who had got a box of shrimps with him, which he takes like voice-lozenges, blanched at the sight of the sea, turned pale, and turned tail. He went back to his shrimp-cure, while I boldly stepped on board the steamer, and gaily bade adieu to the smashed pier of Dover and the white cliffs of Albion.

On arriving in Paris I received a telegram from my private French Secretary, who always travels in advance with my things for to-morrow night. "*Encore une bonne Conférence allé tort.*" What could I do? Nothing. So I waited in Paris expecting the return of the handsome SALISBURY (as we gay dogs call him to distinguish him from "Salisbury Plain") who would, of course take Paris on his way and tell me all about it. This, Sir, is how I came to find myself in the gay city, where the present "Occupation of Paris" is to go to the theatres, the weather not permitting much lounging in the Elysian Fields, or promenading up and down the Bulwarks of the Italians. Once more I roared at the drolleries of the Palais Royal, and admired the *ensemble* presented by GIL PÉRÉS, HYACINTHE (the immortal), LÉFÉVRIER ET CIE., and if at the Bouffes Parisiens I was on the whole disappointed with *Les Trois Margots* (*musique de GRISART*), yet, at all events, I yielded to the charm of PESCHARD's voice and manner, and again bore testimony to the excellence of the *ensemble* which would have triumphantly carried a far worse piece than *Les Trois Margots*.

Opéras-bouffes are a French *spécialité*. But, Sir, I did not waste my time in trifles light as air, but I went to assist at *Un Drame au Fond de la Mer*, in five Acts, six Tableaux, now being played at the *Théâtre Historique*. A most exciting play. *Sieur Reginald*, a paralysed English Baronet, making a voyage on board the *Washington* (I think), with two millions-worth of diamonds in a small box, goes with the wreck, his wife and the box, to the bottom of the sea. An engineer, *James Norton*, and an officer of the French Marine, *Henry de*

Sartène, rivals for the hand of *Mees Emily*, the orphaned daughter of *Sieur Reginald*, quarrel violently on board the *Great Eastern*, and both descend, habited as divers, to look after the cable which has come to grief. They are accompanied by one *Karl*, a thorough-paced scoundrel, who having ascertained the exact locality of these diamonds, has determined to possess himself of the two millions. The scene on board the *Great Eastern* is admirably contrived. Then the divers go through nine changes of tableaux, all capitally managed and most effective until they arrive at the bottom of the sea. Here we find *Sieur Reginald*, his wife, and the crew in a high state of preservation, looking uncommonly like MADAME TUSSAUD's figures, but none the less awful on that account. *Karl* makes for the diamonds; *Henry de Sartène* rushes as fast as the diving dress and helmet will let him, at *Karl*, who, seizing a hatchet, cuts *Henry de Sartène's* wind-pipe, that is, I mean the air-bag, or whatever it is that gives the diver the necessary supply of air. A terrific act this, and down comes the curtain to shouts of applause.

After a long *entr'acte*, we return, to find ourselves in England—at least, as the place is not named in the programme, I suppose it must be England, because the first person who walks on into a dingy, official-looking room is "*un policeman*," a stiff, red-whiskered personage, in a queer sort of helmet, Berlin gloves, and a dark-blue long-tailed coat of a very ancient pattern. Four other policemen bring in *James Norton*, who is accused of the murder of *Henry de Sartène*. The evidence, which is given chiefly by the villain *Karl*, is dead against the unfortunate *James Norton*, whose case is heard in private by the Coroner, an elderly gentleman, stern, but occasionally humorous, with a comic clerk, who gets the laughs when the Coroner doesn't.

James Norton is committed, and is about to be led off by the four policemen, when the crowd, which has been "heard without," groaning and hooting, is suddenly admitted (so as to make an effective termination to the scene, and to bring the Coroner to the front again, as his part has been getting a trifle flat by this time), and rushes fiercely towards *James Norton*, who is at this moment in imminent danger of being torn from the four policemen, and subjected to Lynch law. At this juncture the Coroner, still humorous, though firm and resolute, pulls from his pocket a sort of conjuror's black wand, tipped at both ends with ivory (exactly what ROBERT HOUDIN used to have), and bids the surging crowd retire "*au nom de la loi!*"

But the Coroner, having once got into the drama, is not so easily got rid of as the mere letting down of a curtain implies. Not a bit of it. The crowd finds out that *Karl*, and not *James Norton*, is the real murderer, and out comes everybody—policemen and all—on the rocks to catch *Karl*, and Lynch him.

They are on the point of seizing the unhappy wretch (by the way, no murder has been committed after all, for *Henry* turns up safe and sound,—but this is a detail), and doing for him effectually then and there, when the humorous Coroner suddenly, but quietly, appears from behind a rock—where he has apparently been sitting in evening dress, and without a hat all in the cold, waiting for this opportunity of coming out strong at the last—and presents his ivory-tipped wand, wherewith the crowd again quails, and *Karl* himself is so staggered, that losing his presence of mind, he runs up a platform at the back, jumps over, and finishes his part in the drama.

Seeing this termination to the *affaire*, the Coroner makes the best of it by taking a humorous view of the situation, and indulging in a professional joke to the effect that "*P instruction*" need not proceed any further—for much the same reason that *Puff* gives for the Beefeater's not going on with the speech commencing "Farewell, brave Spaniard," &c.—because [the body has walked off. The audience took the idea, and in spite of all the spectacle and all the horrors, and all the interest, the triumph of the night was with the Coroner. After this, oysters of Marennes and other delights at the Café Riche, and this, Sir, is why I didn't go to the Conference—but remain,

Ever faithfully,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A NEW READING, BY REED.—*Deus ex Machinâ*—The Naval Engineer.



SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE BROWNS GIVE A JUVENILE PARTY, AND INVITE SOME GOOD-NATURED, LAYELY YOUNG PEOPLE, OF BOTH SEXES, TO AMUSE THE LITTLE ONES,

[N.B.—Brown is just now adding the last touch to the Christmas-tree in the library, and Mrs. B. is superintending the final arrangements for supper, do upstairs.



THE FLOODS IN THE COUNTRY.

Swell (reproachfully). "HAW, I DON'T CALL THIS DWY SHEWWY!"

Waitress. "AN' NO WONDER, SIR! MASTER SAYS HE CAN'T KEEP NOTHINK DRY THIS WEATHER! THERE'S TWO FEET O' WATER IN OUR CELLAR!"

"WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE ASKED."

A CERTAIN Irish Advocate of great learning and high repute having declined an appointment before it was offered to him, the following refusals are hourly expected:—

SIR WILFRID LAWSON to be President of the Licensed Victuallers' Association.

MR. WHALLEY to be Chairman of the Catholic Union of Great Britain.

THE REV. A. TOOTH to be Editor of the *Rock* and the *Record*.

CARDINAL MANNING to be President of the Church Union.

MR. HOLMS, M.P., (Glasgow and Hackney) to be Inspector-General of the Militia.

MAJOR O'GORMAN to be Patron of the Peace Society.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON to be Editress of the *Sunday at Home*.

MR. FREEMAN to be Hon. Secretary to the Stafford House Fund.

MR. GLADSTONE to be Chairman of the Committee of the Carlton Club.

LORD BEACONSFIELD to be a Member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Reform.

MR. ROBERT LOWE (Statesman and Bicyclist), to be President of the Four-in-Hand Club.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES (Newgate and Dartmoor), to be Patron of the Society for the Protection of Women.

PRINCE VON BISMARCK to be Treasurer of the Peter's Pence Society.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY to be a Corresponding Member of the Aborigines Protection Society.

MESSRS. MOSES AND SON to be the Publishers to the Poet Laureate.

DR. KENEALY to be Lord Chancellor.

MR. BRADLAUGH to be Private Secretary to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

DR. SLADE to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

MR. ODGER to be Garter King-at-Arms.

And last, but not least, MR. BUTT, Q.C., M.P., to be Lord Chief Justice of England, Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain, Commander of the Channel Fleet, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, Captain of the *Castalia*, Earl Marshal, Hereditary Grand Falconer, and Constable of the Tower.

WOMAN'S WORK.

(A *Snarl* by a *Sexagenarian Cynic*.)

SOMEBODY—a Woman probably—has, I am told, been writing a novel entitled, *A Woman's Work in the World*. I could sum it up in less than three volumes. As follows:

In Literature.—At once to emasculate and to corrupt. To oscillate between grossness and gush. To dribble reams of feebly trickling verse and insipid or very full-flavoured fiction. To embody vice as a preposterous chimera, and virtue as a goody-goody bore; passion as a scented swell, and principle as a plausible prig.

In Art.—To paint pretty-pretty, to compose namby-pamby, and perpetuate the modish and the monstrous.

In Science.—To dabble in the dirtiest waters, to push crude crotchets to absurdity, to be amateurs in Atheism and smatterers in statistical scepticism.

In Politics.—To discuss upon the house-tops subjects which men shrink from handling in private rooms.

In Religion.—To patronise the Gospel according to *Le Follet*, and worship their pet fetish, *La Mode*, at a High Church Altar.

In Society.—To spend money and disfigure their persons, patronising all that is absurd, unbecoming, unhealthy, and expensive,—especially if it involve incidental cruelty.

At Home.—Women have now no work at home.

This, I, SYLVESTER SNARLEYOW, maintain is a compendious statement of "Woman's Work in the World" now-a-days. Those whose conduct chiefly justifies it, will be the first to dispute its truth. At any rate, it would be true, to the letter,—if *they* had their way.

TINKLING BRASS.

DR. KENEALY, in his address to his Constituents at Hanley, declares that the only grievance the Servians have to complain of is being robbed of their Bells. The Doctor ought not to talk lightly of the loss of these tintinnabulary appendages. What, for instance, would his own cap be without them?

THE EASTERN QUESTION AT PRESENT.—What next?

HARMLESS LUNATICS.



N the Council of the Charity Organisation Society a Special Committee was some time ago appointed to consider and report upon a particular branch of social scientific improvement, which may be styled Colney-Hatch Reform. That Committee has, accordingly, issued a Report on the "Education and Care of Idiots, Imbeciles, and Harmless Lunatics." Doctors may doubt the existence of any lunatics who are not dangerous; but indeed the number of lunatics, harmless in so far as that the little harm

they do affects only themselves, is very great. The population of Lunatic Asylums represents but comparatively few of these harmless lunatics. The majority of them are at large, unlooked after, and they abound. They labour under a great variety of invincible delusions and fixed ideas. To specify some of the more pronounced types, for instance, the following may be enumerated amongst tolerably Harmless Lunatics:—

Lunatics who pass their time in trying to discover perpetual motion, and the quadrature of the circle.

Lunatics continually publishing pamphlets to show that the earth is flat; but only showing themselves to be so.

Lunatics who devote themselves to tulip fancying, or any other fancy which occupies their whole minds, crockery fanciers, collectors of useless objects, worth no more than the effaced postage stamps collected by young Lunatics.

Lunatics who believe in and practise Astrology and Spirit Rapping seriously, and not with an intelligent intent to defraud.

Lunatics with a theological craze, who cannot see that their dogmas are matters of opinion.

Lunatics who are in the habit of taking quack medicines of whose composition they are ignorant, and who do not know whether or no what they suppose to be is really the matter with them.

Lunatics who, without the necessary knowledge of what they are about, gamble on the Stock Exchange and the Turf.

Lunatics who invest their money in risky speculations; who believe puffing prospectuses of Bubble Companies, and apply for shares to Directors, and remit cash to them, when they do not know them not to be rogues.

Lunatics, of both sexes, who go to evening parties a little before midnight and dance in a vitiated atmosphere until sunrise.

Lunatics who, in these times of high prices, expecting to live in comfort, and maintain appearances, marry upon less than the certainty of a thousand a year, and the prospect of indefinitely more.

Lunatics who, when anybody, whose name is unlucky enough to suggest a self-evident pun, happens to be going the round of the newspapers, write letters to *Mr. Punch*, each of them containing the same pun on the name of the same person.

But besides these Lunatics, not contemplated in the Report of the Charity Organisation Society's Committee, there are others, Lunatics recognised as such, but perfectly harmless. They are computed to amount to only 35,963 in England and Wales. These unfortunates are capable of being improved in various degrees, and to some extent utilised. To these ends they require express treatment and training; especially separation from poor creatures similarly afflicted, whose cases are hopeless. Hence, upon new buildings for their proper accommodation, a need of outlay. Such expenditure will ultimately prove economy. The Committee recommend that, the expense for the poorer class of Harmless Lunatics, "should be defrayed out of the rates, with assistance out of the public revenue," and that a voluntary system should be adopted for those of the Middle, and a semi-voluntary one for those of the lower Middle and upper Artisan Classes.

The requisite provision for Harmless Lunatics will ask both legislation and personal bounty; and those who have a voice in the

former, and can afford the latter, if they wish to see what Organisation is proposed for that purpose, should read the Society's Report, to be had at MESSRS. LONGMANS for the small sum of one shilling. The scheme therein particularised will not cost so very much to carry out. It is not as though it comprised the unrecognised Harmless Lunatics going about in Society. How many and spacious Asylums would be necessary to contain these numerous, and, alas! in most cases, hopeless, but happily, as a rule, unconscious sufferers!

AN IRISH PROFESSOR IN HIS (BARBER'S) CHAIR.

IRELAND is the Land of Eloquence, where the very "praties," as an advertisement in the *Irish Times* lately informed us, "speak for themselves." Hair-dressing has always been an eloquent profession, from the days of the Roman *tonsor* to those of *Figaro*. Perhaps it was in complimentary allusion to this in the Green Isle that the old Irish way of cutting a head of hair was called a "glib." Of all glib-tongued Irish tonsors, *Punch* does not know that he ever encountered a glibber specimen than the worthy who, in a handbill lately sent to *Punch* by one of this gifted hair-cutter's garrison customers, describes himself as—

"PROFESSOR DANIEL O'CONNELLY (late FREDERICK LENEX, New Market, Shoffield), Hair Dresser and Perfumer, Trans-Atlantic and Cosmopolitan Clipper, Comber, Brusher, and Dresser to all Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen."

The Professor then goes on, enthusiastically if ungrammatically—

"Hair Dressing for its Beauty and Growth, the Professor wishes to see Horizontal Eyes and perpendicular work, and not to have Hair Cut like the Bashabazouks, or like as if the Gorilla was operating, but the Gorilla has not got the Hypocampus Minor. Get Scientific Work that will Refresh the Cerebrum of the Cranium, and promote its Growth."

After which earnest exhortation, he signs himself—

"Yours, Gentlemen, PROFESSOR O'CONNELLY, Garrison Hair Dresser, Razors Set, Diamond Edg, in Fine Order for use, at his Residence, Queen Street, Athlone."

But the Professor, once mounted on the diamond-edge of his own razor-like wit, cannot so easily get down again. He continues—

"The Professor does not like to see Bulsheen Cutting, or what MOLLY gave the Cabbage, a good Chopping."

Then, rising to rhyme—

"But if you wish to have a shave,
I'm sure to make your chin,
As free from every rib of hair,
As any brand new pin.

"For I can curl hair so neat,
And with such cunning hand
You'd really think the head was one
Quite fresh from fairy land.

"And if you want to have a dye,
You won't have much delay,
I'll make your head as handsome
As the Turtle Bird in May.

"And I can frizzle, shingle, prune,
And do so with such art;
That but to gaze upon my work
Would gladden any heart."

As it evidently *does* gladden his heart, who, for the third and last time, signs himself—

"Yours, Gentlemen, PROFESSOR O'CONNELLY, Hair Dresser to the Students of the Queen's College."

We thank PROFESSOR CONNELLY for his additions at once to the English Fauna and the technical vocabulary of Plococosmology. The Turtle Bird is worthy to perch on the crest of the Jaberwoock, and we chortle in our joy over the prospect of having our hair "shingled"!

A Long Pull and a Strong Pull.

OUR stout Archdeacon stood forth to declare,
If TOOTH to gaul went, he'd himself go there;
If that Archdeacon really speaks the truth,
Issue the writ, and draw—a double tooth!

Of Two Heads, Which?

(In the United States.)

THAT question must be answered before March. It remains, as an intelligent Nigger, writing to us, remarks, "In a Haze till den."

ERRATUM.

AN Anagram on "The REVEREND ARTHUR TOOTH," printed, in *Punch* for January 20, "Not the road to her Truth"—should have run, "Never the road," &c.



SPECULATION.

First City Man. "DROPPED UPON ANYTHING GOOD LATELY, BROWN?"

Second ditto. "WELL, I'VE INSURED IN THE 'ACCIDENTAL,' AND TAKEN TWENTY RINK TICKETS, AND BOUGHT A BICYCLE!!"

HANGINGS FOR HOSPITALS.

MR. PUNCH has to notify and very much applaud a proposal for practising a peculiar variety of that species of charity which consists in clothing the naked—the naked in this case being the walls of the London Hospital wards. By clothing them the sick and suffering would be solaced. The dreariness of bare walls aggravates the tediousness of long detention on a bed of pain. MR. J. LAWRENCE HAMILTON, of 4, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, suggests that this might be much mitigated by the introduction of decorative Art in Hospitals.

"I advocate (he says) the brightening of the wards, and the cheering of their inmates, by the addition of suitable pictures, plates, bronzes, carvings, parquet floors, *bric-a-brac*, old armour, china, sculpture, ornamental clocks, fancy glass, tasteful glazed tiles, and other Art decorations of all sorts."

It would be too much of a good thing to hang the walls of Hospitals with arras figured with—

"... huntsmen, hawks, and houndis,
And hart deere al ful of woundis."

Particularly as the tapestry would harbour the Norfolk Howards.

MR. BUCKLAND fears that any projecting decorations on the walls of Hospitals would be objectionable, as likely to lodge dirt, or some of its even more unpleasant living accompaniments. He proposes to substitute for them pictures painted upon or let into the walls—frescoes, or tiles, adorned with encaustic paintings, which could be executed by Ladies.

"To promote this object (says MR. HAMILTON), I will give one hundred guineas, provided that a thousand other donors each subscribes an equal or larger sum before the 1st of May, 1877."

MR. HAMILTON believes that, a responsible Committee being formed to carry out his idea, MESSRS. ROBARTS, LUBBOCK, & Co., will act as bankers to the fund. In the meanwhile, he invites persons disposed to contribute thereto by subscription or donation to communicate with himself at the address above noted. Finally,

AN APPEAL FOR THE ALPHABET.

(From an Alarmed Conservative.)

"It is unfortunate that a language with such power and prospects as the English should have so disordered an Alphabet, which has been thrown into utter confusion by the attempt to keep up English and French spelling in it at once. At present two millions of English-speaking children come up for education annually, and waste from one to two years of their educational life in mastering this absurd puzzle, the cost of maintaining which can thus hardly be less than ten to twenty millions sterling a year, which would be saved by the use of a rational Alphabet."—E. B. TYLOR, on the *Philosophy of Speech*.

REFORM our English Alphabet? Good lack!

What won't these revolutionists attack?

I fondly fancied that the A. B. C.

Was the fixed symbol of simplicity.

The one thing changeless, certain, strong, and stable,
Midst Innovation's universal Babel.

Here TYLOR comes that A. B. C. to shake,

And prove our spelling one immense mistake.

What next may happen who'll oblige by telling,

When Mutability shakes MAJOR's spelling?

And who could slumber calmly in his bed,

The alphabet upset from A. to Z?

"Ages of time and millions of money

Wasted in learning A. B. C.?" That's funny.

Can't say I quite accept the statement yet:

And as regards a "rational alphabet,"—

Something, no doubt, new-fangled and phonetic,—

My feelings I proclaim antipathetic.

I always do suspect that low word "rational;"

It smacks of BRADLAUGH and the International.

This comes of Spelling Bees, and PITMAN's views,

Cheap Dictionaries, and *Phonetic Nuts*.

Our forefathers were less fastidious. Why,

If MARLBOROUGH spelt wildly, may not I?

The Rads are all for liberty. Their fad,

Applied to spelling, might not be so bad.

But here they'd bind us down to strictest rule:

Lawless in Church, they're martinets at School.

Against this E. B. TYLOR's sly attack

Let all Conservatives stand back to back,

And fight for our time-honoured A. B. C.—

I'm very sure it's good enough for me.

[RITUALIST HEAD-QUARTERS.—Peter-sham.

he expresses the hope that some public place will soon "be granted as a provisional storehouse and exhibition for Art contributions previous to their distribution to the Hospitals of London." To that hope Mr. Punch gladly gives all the publicity he can.

Why Some of Us go Circuit.

By One of the Briefless.

Member of the Utter Bar (perusing Assize List). Shall I go round this time? Hum. Let me see. "Muddeford"—can get a day's hunting there, I think. "Wandsbury"—go over to the CHILSTONS for Sunday, and have a jolly afternoon with LILY. "Swanston"—wouldn't do any harm to go and look up UNCLE GEORGE. "Leamouth"—excellent quarters at hotel there; fair dinner, too. "Deddingham"—good murder case; shouldn't like to miss it. Yes, I think I'll go round as far as that, and get back to Town in time for the Boat-race."

Too Bad.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK makes some ants drunk, and then charges the ants of the same hill with stupidity, because they don't know their degraded comrades again. How should they, when the poor creatures were disguised in liquor? SIR JOHN LUBBOCK should be ashamed of himself, demoralising the till now respectable and respected family of *Formica*.

Yours,
WILFRID LAWSON.

NEAT.

AN R.A., boasting to Mr. Punch of the ready recognition of rising merit by that body, quoted the case of OULESS, A.R.A. at twenty-seven, and asked triumphantly, with some slight habitual exasperation, "Ow could we have done more for him?"

"Ow-less?" answered Mr. P.

NOTES FOR THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.



SATISFACTORY to be able to open Parliament in person. The cream-coloured horses, State-Coach (re-gilt and newly fitted up), Life-Guards, Beefeaters, and Cap of Maintenance, material supports to the stability of a Constitutional Monarchy.

Observe that the time of meeting was appointed for a day in February as late as could with decency be chosen. Trust, therefore, particularly as Easter falls early, that time will not be wasted in unprofitable discussions and unproductive Motions.

Parliament shall be informed as soon as possible when the Easter recess will commence, and what will be its duration—a question of absorbing interest on which it is gratifying to know that perfect unanimity of feeling exists.

Foreign affairs, and, towering above everything else, the giant Eastern Question, will occupy your attention. Treat it with as much patriotic and as little party spirit as possible—openly and straightforwardly, without bravado, mystery, or circumlocution, and with no reference to the retention or acquisition of place and power.

The *début* of the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD and the return of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY will impart more interest to the proceedings of the House of Lords than they ordinarily command at the commencement of the Session. We shall all (including the Chinese Embassy and the Artists for the Illustrated Newspapers) await the first appearance of the noble Earl, in the robes of a Peer, with the liveliest curiosity. *Mr. Punch* has taken a hint from those rival conjurors, the GIRARDS, for a picture of LORD B.'s first appearance on his new stage.

The House of Commons will have a new Leader in SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. It will be no surprise if he acquits himself in that onerous and responsible position with credit and renown. He will need encouragement and support; for as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, his task is too likely to be difficult and disagreeable. It is unfortunate that a Conservative Government and a cheerful balance-sheet can hardly be looked upon as co-existent possibilities.

With regard to Legislative Measures, if you cannot advance, do not retrograde; if you cannot go on building, do not pull down. If it is the opinion of the majority that political and educational legislation has been carried to the limits of safety, turn your attention to Social and Sanitary Improvements, and thereby better the health and increase the comfort and happiness of millions.

If it is possible, prove to the country that it possesses a satisfactory Naval and Military force.

Reduce the risk of Railway Accidents, and abate the disaster of destructive floods.

Pass a Burials Bill. Make more stringent regulations as to Vaccination.

Do not countenance jobs or favouritism.

The EMPRESS OF INDIA invites you to consider questions affecting that empire with greater earnestness and larger attendances.

If you find yourselves hesitating between your dinner and your country, give your country the benefit of the doubt.

Rein in your hobbies, forego your crotchets, suppress your grievances, guard against personalities, do not invest trifles with too much importance, and above all watch the clock.

Let us all hope that this "Conference" on the banks of the Thames will have a happier issue than the one so recently concluded on the shores of the Bosphorus.

THE RIGHT WOMAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

We clip the following from a well-known daily paper—

UNMANAGEABLE YOUNG LADIES, and those requiring attention, are RECEIVED by a Lady of very great experience. No limit as to age. Very high references.—Address, &c.

and commend it to the guardians of the following Ladies, who, if not all "young," are at least "unmanageable."

MISS MAUD MAULEVERER, sixth daughter of SIR GRAY MAULEVERER, decayed baronet, who will not listen to the suit of LORD TRENOODLE, but prefers the hand of her cousin, LIEUTENANT COCKLETOP of the Guards, who has nothing but his pay and his debts, his love for unlimited loo and the turf, and his taste for good wine, good dinners, and good weeds.

MISS AURICOMA FITZ-GEORGE, who has a good figure, no voice, and no brains, and who on the strength of these qualifications undertakes the management of the Décolleté Theatre, under the patronage of the HON. LAUNCELOT LOOSEFISH.

MISS BELINDA BASBLEU, who, on the strength of possessing a large inkstand, plenty of "outsides," a faculty for stringing together idiotic rhapsodies, and a melancholic temperament, insists on writing three-volume novels.

MISS GUSSY GABY, who persists in sending to "her dear old *Punch*" that "quite too awfully funny thing" which her darling HUGH said the other evening,—the said "funny thing" being about as humorous as the whistle of a railway-engine,—requesting its return if not accepted, but invariably forgetting to enclose a stamped and directed envelope.

BAR SILVER.

WHEN you're tipping an Eton Boy, or the Head Keeper at a Great Battus House.



MODERN ÆSTHETICS.

(Ineffable Youth goes into ecstasies over an extremely Old Master—say, FRA PORCINELLO BABARAGIANNO, A.D. 1266—1281?)

Matter-of-Fact Party. "BUT IT'S SUCH A REPULSIVE SUBJECT!"

Ineffable Youth. "'SUBJECT' IN ART IS OF NO MOMENT! THE PICKTOHAI IS BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party. "BUT YOU'LL OWN THE DRAWING'S VILE, AND THE COLOUR'S BEASTLY!"

Ineffable Youth. "I'M CULLAH-BLIND, AND DON'T F'OFESS TO UNDERSTAND D'AWING! THE PICKTOHAI IS BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party (getting warm). "BUT IT'S ALL OUT OF PERSPECTIVE, HANG IT! AND SO ABOMINABLY UNTRUE TO NATURE!"

Ineffable Youth. "I DON'T CARE ABOUT NAYTOHAI, AND HATE PERSPECTIVE! THE PICKTOHAI IS MOST BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party (losing all self-control). "BUT, DASH IT ALL, MAN! WHERE THE DICKENS IS THE BEAUTY, THEN?"

Ineffable Youth (quietly). "IN THE PICKTOHAI!"

[Total defeat of Matter-of-Fact Party.]

HAWFINCH ON LADY-HELPS.

PHIL FIELDER he farmed his own freehold estate,
And he'd long thought o' lookun' about for a mate;
But PHIL, though well-off enough zingle to bide,
Wus afear'd 'toodn't run to the keep of a bride.

So high now the prizes of all things be rose,
And Ladies consooms sitch a kit o' fine clo'es,
'Mongst e'en the small gentlefoks where you looks round,
There's few gals a standun' 'mid less nor twelve pound.

And zum can't do nothun' beyond zing and plaa,
And lollup and laze on a sofer all daal.
PHIL wanted a gal as could work undergoo,
And demane herself greaseful and elegant too.

He went to the Hall on a Michaelmas Day,
Some rent for a bit of a holdun' to pay;
When the Squire he axed PHILLUP to stop there and dine—
In a plain way the famully party to jine.

There sat a gal next to 'n, drest nate but not gay,
As purty in pursun, as plain in array;
Thinks PHIL, "That ther maidsen's above my degree,
Or else she'd be 'zackly the Missus for me."

When dinner was wauver, PHIL larn't from the 'Squire
Who was that swate young gal in sitch quit attire;

"A poor Doctor's daater that sarvus ha' took,—
'Twar she dressed the dinner; that thare's our Head Cook.

"She've got too much pride fur to marry fur bread;
But she baint above labour'n to earn it instead.
That thare's our Lady-Help; so now drink up thy wine."
Thinks PHIL to his self, "I shuld like her fur mine."

He wrote her a billy, gentale and purlite,
Whereunto she consented—'twur love at fust sight.
And so they got married without moor delay;
And the 'Squire he wus willun' to gie her away.

Sarch the countree around, and you wun't find a pair
As lades a moor happier life than them there.
She keeps his whoam tidy, and 'tends to his boord,
And his manes makes goo furdest good things to affoord.

No doubt but she'll bring up her daaters likewise,
To roast and to bile, and meak' pudduns and pies;
To rub, scrub, and polish, and wash, bake, and broow,
As every chap's wife should be yeable to do.

The lass for me's her that can sweep out a room,
Not by wearun' a train, but by usun' a broom.
Lady-Helps and Fine Ladies comparun', I says,
Dirty work done wi' clane hands afor dirty ways!

Now every young feller to wedlock inclined,
Thee look out a nawtable huzziv to find,
Fine Ladies, fandangoes, and filligrees flee.
Thee 'st a Lady-Help find the best Helpmate for thee.

THE GENTLEMAN-HELP.

(Scene from a Drama of the Future.)



UR stage represents an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, suggesting the influence of a Woman of taste. The pictures on the walls alone reveal that the owner is a self-made man. MARIA MUDGOLD discovered pensively regarding an all but expiring fire.

Maria. Yes, yes—I can deceive myself no longer—it does need coal. And yet how to ask him—I dare not, and—Oh! I must see him—Would'st betray thy

once again. (Rings.) Down, down palpitating heart! mistress?

Enter FITZ-JEAMES, in a gorgeous livery, carrying a coal-scuttle.

Jeames (aside). She is alone. I must dissemble. (Aloud.) Did yer please to ring, Miss?

Maria (trembling). Yes—no—yes. The fire—

Jeames. I see. It is going hout. I've brought the coals.

Maria (aside). How he seems to divine my every wish!

Jeames (putting down the scuttle clumsily; with marked exasperation). Did yer please to want anything helse, Miss?

Maria (aside). I can restrain myself no longer. (Aloud.) Yes, I want to know why you are so unlike other Serving-men; why it seems to you an effort to misapply your aspirates and to throw grammar to the winds; why your every act and word reveals the heart of a noble under the tawdry livery of man-service?

Jeames (struggling with his emotion). Do not hask me. Perhaps I came 'ere as a Gentleman 'elp. Mind, I don't say I did. But if I did, why, then, I did.

Maria. Oh! do not trifle with me. For the last week I have marked you closely. Only yesterday, when old MAJOR CHUTNEY chided you for what he called your carelessness in spilling the oyster soup over his shoulder, I saw your right hand glide to your left hip as if involuntarily it sought the sword-hilt.

Jeames (aside). A murrain on my thoughtlessness! Shall I never forget that I once held a commission in the Militia!

Maria. And then, when my Father—the Self-made Man, the Merchant Prince Royal—complained of your laziness in answering the dining-room bell, of your awkwardness in opening the carriage-door—in short, of your general inefficiency, I saw the eloquent blood rush to your cheek, and your eyes flashed fire. Surely—surely you are not what you seem?

Jeames. I am not. Away with disguise! I will no longer brook the mask! You ask me why I enforce my tongue to play strange tricks with the Queen's English, why I submit to insult when suddenly my unaccustomed fingers relax their hold of red-hot plates, and angry guests turn scornful and angry eyes upon me; why I allow your father to tell me to my face that I am lazy and awkward, and not worth my salt. You ask me, MARIA, why I submit to all this, and more? Because I love you! (MARIA starts.) Nay, hear me to the end! It is for thee I wear this o'er-laced coat, these humiliating plushes, the powdered hair of servitude. It is for thee I stoop e'en to the carrying of coals, with bent back and o'er-tasked lungs. It is for thee I bear ignominy and insult, the jeers of the rough, the banter of the street-boy, contemptuous of my calves. My secret is out. I love thee! [Falls at her feet, and seizes her hand.]

Maria. Oh, what would Papa say?

Mudgold (suddenly entering). Let him answer that question.

Maria. Father!

Jeames. The Master!—

Mudgold. He would say "ungrateful girl—low-born designing minion!"

Jeames (springing to his feet). I hurl the word back in thy teeth! Know,

Mr. MUDGOLD, that I am no longer your servant.

Mudgold. Then be off before I kick you out.

Maria. Oh, Father, unsay those cruel words!

Jeames. I will not go. I have a better right to stay here than you. If you doubt my word ask MR. SMITH, the family Solicitor. See, he comes this way.

Enter MR. SMITH.

Mr. Smith. I have just dropped in to see if I can do anything for you to-day.

Jeames. You can; read this! (Gives him a large packet of law papers.)

Mudgold. What is your opinion?

Mr. Smith (hastily glancing at the papers). These documents conclusively prove that you, MR. MUDGOLD, have no sort of right to this property. That

through a flaw in the agreement for the lease you are houseless—penniless. And now, good Sir, my fee—six shillings and eightpence—for my opinion.

Mudgold. Ruined and undone!

Jeames. Proceed! (Giving money to MR. SMITH.)

Here is your fee twice told.

Mr. Smith. These documents further prove that the tenant in fee of this mansion, with the appurtenances, is JAMES PLANTAGENET HENRY, sixteenth Earl of Brompton and Islington.

Jeames. Behold him here!

Mr. Smith. My Lord!

Mudgold. I will put everything into Chancery! (Wildly.) You shall never have my daughter!

Jeames (sweetly). And why not? I love her—she loves me. Do you not, darling? (He takes the blushing MARIA to his arms.) We will be as happy as the day is long. Your father, because he is your father, shall have untold gold to play with on the Stock Exchange. As for us, we will have a town-house, an opera-box, a four-in-hand, a moor, and a yacht. We will be waited upon by trained servants. Ha! ha! No Gentlemen-Helps for me! Your every wish shall be anticipated. Do you like the picture?

Mudgold (who has been consulting with the family Solicitor, spreading out his arms). Bless you, my children!

Curtain.

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

Editorial Preface addressed to the Public, which has at all times shown itself ready and willing to encourage rising talent in every department of Literature and Art.

WE believe in the existence of mute, inglorious Miltons. They are as difficult to be picked out of their shells as periwinkles. A private Publishing Company, Limited, has lately been started for the laudable object of placing before an appreciative Public Works of Fiction, which, but for this machinery, would never have seen the light of day.

Without binding ourselves by the strict obligations of this enterprising Company, which deserves every possible encouragement—the shares are quoted at three premium, at least we hear of one share quoted at this, and it is yet to be had at the price, and perhaps more where that comes from—without we say, in any way binding ourselves (an operation we leave to professional hands when the yearly volume is put together—and then the binding is *de luxe*) by unnecessary obligations, we have liberally and heartily entered into the spirit of the thing, and, on certain equitable and just terms, have consented to place at the Company's disposal one page per week as a shop-front for the display of their wares, reserving, however, to ourselves, the indisputable right of using our pruning-knife and scissors when and where we please, even to clipping the shoot in its first sprout, cutting the thread of the heroine's fate with the scissors of The Three Sisters, or breaking, as with the force of steam and iron, some monstrous Atlantic cable of fiction as it is being paid out (of the Company's pocket) at so much a week.

Such is our contract. We praise the object of the Company, but we stand as Middleman, between the Company and the Public; we advise on the one hand, we protect on the other.

We are glad, therefore, to be able to state, that, yielding to our solicitations, and recognising the value of our experience (experience is to be bought—and we sell it), the Company has not commenced operations by placing before the public the works of the "Mute Inglorious," but of the Outspoken and Glorious—that is, such works of fiction as some of our eminent men, whether engaged in the arena of politics, or in the fields of science, or in the Marble Halls of our Law Courts, have, from time to time, written at their leisure, in the privacy of their cabinet, in the snugger of their couch, not originally intended for publication, but perhaps meant, at some time or other (posthumously, perhaps) to startle the world into the exclamation, "What a man he was!"

The only condition on which we receive works from eminent public men, and publish them in these columns, must here, once and for all, be distinctly understood, and it is this:—

The writer of such work of fiction as is here contem-



PHŒBUS COUNSELS PHAËTON.

PHŒBUS. "DON'T BE AFRAID! THANKS TO MY EDUCATING, THERE'S A HANDY TEAM WHEN YOU GET 'EM WELL TOGETHER!"

plated, must have attained celebrity in some totally different line—no matter what or where—and must never have published a novel before this, nor be in any way known or recognised as a Novelist.

Such is the condition. Such is the attraction. *Eminentissimi*, we are informed by the Secretary of the Company, have most readily and eagerly sent in their MSS.; but, to prevent all jealousies, our motto must be, "First come, first served out."

We beg, therefore (on behalf of the Secretary aforesaid and the Company) to acknowledge the receipt of MSS. from several well-known Members of our Legislative Assembly. We do not intend giving any name until the public shall unanimously and imperiously demand who the new candidate for honours in Fictional Literature may be, when we shall give him up—for *vox populi vox Dei*; and if the *vox populi* has only asked for the same reason that the Roman people shouted for Cæsar the poet, we shall use our own discretion in considering our windows and the state of the pavement. We shall withhold neither praise when due, nor censure when justice demands it.

We, the Editor, are inspecting at the roll-call. The first roll is a big one, postage pre-paid (if not it is at once returned by us to the Secretary of the Company, who is responsible—another clause in our contract)—the postmark is "Peterborough;" and, as requested, we beg to acknowledge the receipt of the first MS. from some eminent M.P., signing himself "GEO. H. WH*LL*Y." At present, of course, we haven't a ghost of an idea *who it can be?* We are in the dark, like an owl, as wise and as impartial.

Next parcel dates from "Carlisle." Signature, "WILFRID." Who on earth can this be? On the seal is a crest, apparently representing a Pump, in a field argent (we do not profess heraldry), with the legend subscribed, "*Water, water everywhere, and not a drop of anything else to drink.*"

The third on the muster includes a letter to the Company stating how the writer wishes the novel to be published. A second letter to the Secretary, stating why he didn't write it before; and a third to the Editor explaining, that instead of three volumes he (the writer) wished to divide it into "Three Courses." The suggestion is under consideration. The postmark is "Hawarden." We are languishing with curiosity to know from whom on earth it can come!

The fourth is, the writer states at some length, on a purely nautical subject. The postmark is "Derby," and the signature is "SAM PR-S-LL."

The fifth—But no. Boy, take down those others: let them lie on the table. At present—at least next week—we shall have the pleasure of placing before the public (on behalf of the Company Limited as aforesaid) the first instalments of

THE MASKED MONK;

OR,

THE MAID! THE MANIAC!! AND THE MYSTERY!!!

A THRILLING ROMANCE. WRITTEN BY

GEO. H. WH—LL—Y, M.P.

We do hope the public will like it when they get it, and will testify their appreciation of the undoubted but hitherto undiscovered genius of its Author, whoever he may eventually turn out to be.

P.S.—Prizes (at the discretion of the Editor and Company) will be given to anyone guessing the name of each Author as it appears before the public.

PHŒBUS COUNSELS PHAËTON.

(Before he mounts the Chariot of the Sun.)

Freely adapted from OVID, "*Metamorphoses*" Book II. vv. 122—156.

"Tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati," et seq.

THEN with a film of the brass from his own invincible forehead Phœbus Phaëton's face made proof for the fiery trial, Placed his own crown on his head, and, not without sighs of foreboding,

Out of the depths of his wisdom in counsel sagacious addressed him. "If, ere the trial begin, thou 'dst profit by warning parental, Ever be chary of whip-cord: in reins are a team's education: Horses will go fast enough; to keep them in hand is the business. Never let short cuts seduce thee, nor think the best road is the straightest:

Look for the line I have followed—the tracks of my wheels will direct thee—

'Twixt Tory flats on the right, and Radical slopes to the leftward; Too high a course will but end in a flare of the uppermost circles, Too low in kindling the lowest. The mid-way still is the safest. Bear too much to the Left, and the Red Dragon's coils you impinge on; Bear too much to the Right, and you jostle the Throne and the Altar.

Keep to the middle of these; for the rest, I commit thee to Fortune:

E'en as I speak 'tis the hour for kindling the light of St. Stephen's; Fled the recess with its darkness, the blaze of the Session awaits thee.

Take, then, the reins in thy hand, or—as still there is room for repentance—

Give up a task that o'erweights thee, and go back again to thy Budgets."

Then to car Phaëton sprang, with a lightness that scarce had been looked for,

Settled himself in his place, and rejoicing to handle the ribbons

Flung his *adieu* from the car to Phœbus, adviser paternal;

While the swift steeds that had wont to be worked by that cunning old driver,

Banter and *Bunkum*, the leaders, and *Mystery*, Asian descended,

Coupled with *Management* (dark horses both), best-bitted of wheelers,

Filled the wide air with their neighings, and pawed with their hoofs at the draw-bar.

A BLAST FROM RUDE BOREAS.



MR. PUNCH, SHIVER my timbers, and brace up my old main yards to the wind, if I can hold my tongue a day longer. We have had too much of your land-lubberly yarns about Dock-yards. What do you mean by it, Sir? Knock me down with a marling-spike if I put up with it. "Engineers and Superintendents of our Dockyards at loggerheads." And what if they are, Sir? What if they are? The Service must be going to the deuce with a vengeance if a Naval Officer isn't to be trusted to keep a pack of civilians in their places! Bombshells and hand-grenades! I never heard the like of it since I was a Middy in 1825! Never, Sir, never!

Have you read the letter of my friend VICE-ADMIRAL

HALL in the *Times* of the 1st? If you have not, Sir, read it, and you'll learn that the holes cut in the water-tight bulkheads of the *Vanguard* were only *very little ones*! There, Sir, is an answer to your nonsense about Naval Maladministration. Pooh, Sir, nonsense!

The *Vanguard* was lost, Sir, (as my friend the VICE-ADMIRAL says), because it was an old tea-kettle. That was the reason, Sir. To say that a few holes of six inches width cut in the bulk-heads of a ship of 6,000 tons could sink her, is, on the face of it, sheer nonsense! Rubbish, Sir, rubbish! My friend, VICE-ADMIRAL HALL, has proved that an Admiral *must* know about everything from end to end of a ship, engines and all, far better than any one else. Of course he must. You are evidently no more able to appreciate the real capabilities of a naval officer than the rest of your lubberly, shore-going, quill-driving sons of purser's clerks, who reel off their slack-jaw in the newspapers.

LORD PALMERSTON said that "when he wanted a thing done he always sent for a sailor." As my friend VICE-ADMIRAL HALL says, "in the face of this recorded opinion of a great Statesman, we can afford to bear the comments of our detractors." So heave a-head, *Mr. Punch*, pipe all hands for grog, and let us hear no more about Dockyard Maladministration if you please.

(Signed)

BOREAS BLOWHARD,
Vice-Admiral.

The Binnacle, Portsmouth.

An Obvious Site.

PROFESSOR ERASMUS WILSON has gallantly undertaken to bear the cost of transporting Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria to London. They talk of setting it up on the Thames Embankment. Nonsense! Threadneedle Street is the place.

"FREE TO CONFESS."—A pronounced Ritualist.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

AIR—"A Highland Lad my Love was born."

"We have to announce the landing at Southampton, (Saturday, January 27), of QUOH-SUNG-TAO, the first Chinese Envoy ever accredited to this country, and suite."—*Shipping Intelligence.*



A CHINAMAN QUOH-SUNG was born,
The "Foreign Devils" he held in scorn;
But some time ago those "Devils" began
To tread on the toes of John Chinaman.
So like it or no, John Chinaman,
You have got to go, John Chinaman,
To the land of the "Outer-barba-ri-an,"
An Ambassador, though, John Chinaman!

With his eyes aslant, and his pigtail's braid
Coiled neatly round his close-shaved head,
And his button a-top, Southampton ran
To behold this great Panjanderan!
And if QUOH-SUNG is scarce so fine a man
As we hoped for the sample Chinaman,
How many big things from as little began
As this Embassy from John Chinaman!

As stubborn as pigs, and as hard to steer,
With a taste for cheap buying and selling dear;

A decidedly difficult sort of man
To deal with, we've found John Chinaman.
His own way he'll go, will John Chinaman;
At no lie he'll shy, will John Chinaman;
And he'll sell you a bargain whenever he can,
In treaties or teas, will John Chinaman!

You may talk of your Yankee and Hebrew Jew,
But I guess they're small potatoes, and few
In a hill, compared with that yellow man,
After yellow boys keen, John Chinaman.
He'll outdo our doos will John Chinaman;
And he'll win where we lose, will John Chinaman;
The dirt our miners have left he'll "pan,"
And make it pay, will John Chinaman!

If all this he has learnt without leaving home,
What will it be now that he deigns to roam,
And from civilised Christians learns to plan
New dodges undreamed by John Chinaman?



ON HIS DIGNITY.

Maiden Aunt. "WHO WAS THAT NASTY LITTLE BOY WHO JUST SPOKE TO YOU, JOHNNY? AND WHAT DID HE SAY!"

Johnny (indignant). "HE'S NOT A LITTLE BOY—HE'S AN OLD SCHOOLFELLAR O' MINE—'GREAT HUNTING MAN! HE SAID YOU WAS A PRETTY GAL, AND I WAS A SLY DAUGHTER! AND LOOK HERE!—IF YOU KEEP CALLING ME 'JOHNNY,' I WON'T TAKE YOU OUT ANY MORE!"

If in fits we would throw John Chinaman,
Stock Exchange-wards show John Chinaman,
Where promoters he'll study, financiers scan,
And go home an improved John Chinaman.

We'll invite him to dinner, and serve him in state,
On more costly than willow-pattern plate,
Set small-waisted ladies his heart to trepan,
Failing small-footed belles à la Chinaman.

You shall go to crushes, John Chinaman,
See Drawing-room rushes, John Chinaman;
In West-End soirées be glad of your fan,
And think of home-odours, John Chinaman.

Our ships, guns, rails, mills, shops, and towns,
From John o' Groat's House to the Sussex Downs,
Let QUOH-SUNG study, plot, and plan,
As an extra-observant Chinaman.

He may go back a gladder John Chinaman,
Or, it may be, a sadder John Chinaman;
But one riddle he'll scarce have read as he ran—
Why JOHN BULL should despise John Chinaman.

LYMPH FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

It may seem announcing a truism to say that there is nothing like going for lymph to the fountain-head. But the lymph being understood to be vaccine, and the source of it the calf, and the fact being that lymph obtained from unhealthy human beings may possibly infect those vaccinated with something worse than cow-pox, the point of procuring vaccine lymph from the fountain is perceived to be one of which the importance requires it to be urged, so long as it remains neglected. Thanks are due to DR. GEORGE WYLD, M.D., for pointing out that in Belgium the Government, which makes Vaccination compulsory, also provides for lymph supply direct from the calf,

and suggesting that the British Public should call upon our Legislature to do likewise. In the meanwhile, DR. WYLD mentions that some medical men, backed by one of the City vestries, are making arrangements to provide a supply of lymph immediately from calves, and that "MR. ALLSHORNE, 51, Edgware Road, will endeavour to keep a limited supply of Belgian calf lymph for the use of 'the Medical Profession.'"

Of course the Anti-Vaccinationists will object to Vaccination even if performed with lymph extracted from calves. That the calves may yield the lymph they have to be kept in a state of disorder, to which their fellow-creatures of Keighley, for instance, might have a sympathetic objection. No Anti-Vaccinationist, however, could possibly ever find himself vaccinated except by stratagem. Neither could recourse be had to Ritualists, or any other of the numerous biped calves that now abound, for original vaccine matter. But perhaps were any one vaccinated with lymph derived from suchlike calves, the possibility that some vituline taint might be imparted by it to that person's blood might become a question for the Faculty.

An Opening for an Airy Belle.

WONDERS will never cease. "Coals to Newcastle" is an old saying, but "wings to Newcastle" is a new one. Yet in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of Jan. 30, we read:—

WANTED, by S. A. CAIL, Printer, Quayside, Newcastle, a GIRL who has been accustomed to Fly.

SOMETHING ROTTEN.

In responding to the toast of "The Army" the other day, the HON. F. STANLEY, M.P., said that the Army, in spite of all the drains upon it, stood at a higher figure than it did last year.

But how about the drains, not upon, but *under* the Army—the drains at the War Office?



FILIAL ANXIETY.

"GOING TO PARIS TO-MORROW, TOM! HOW'S THAT?"
 "MY POOR OLD GOVERNOR'S TAKEN ILL THERE!"
 "GOING BY DIEPPE, OR BOULOGNE?"
 "RATHER THINK I SHALL GO *via MONACO*!"

NEW FACTS AND OLD FABLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN spite of the *dictum* of ROUSSEAU, the fable or apologue, based upon the characteristics of the animal kingdom, has been generally considered one of the most valuable aids in the instruction of youth. But really, Sir, the animal kingdom—I use the term comprehensively—has of late been so turned topsy-turvy by scientific explorers and theorists that there would seem to be urgent need for a revised *Æsop*, and a remodelled DR. WATTS. I really think that writers and lecturers ought to be more careful in their revelations, and count the cost of introducing complete chaos into the ancient and honourable realm of Fable. Conceive the condition of a parent, guardian, or instructor, emphasising moral counsel of the most irreproachable sort by time-honoured references to the ant and the bee, and being pulled up short by some sharp child well-posted in the latest investigations of LUBBOCK. It would be disconcerting, not to say demoralising. SIR JOHN has already done his best to demolish the reputation of the bee as the moral exemplar to mankind. He is now as laboriously undermining the ethical character of the ant. I want to know what is to become of our Fables if this sort of thing is to go on? With what shall we point our copybook morals, and how shall we adorn our nursery tales? The fresh facts—if facts they be—furnished by LUBBOCK, scarcely lend themselves to the old treatment. How doth the little busy bee? Well, not entirely in such sort that one could say to a child, without careful qualification, "Go thou and do likewise!" DICKENS was dreadfully severe upon the bee. But then he was only a wild and ribald humorist. The cold and deliberate attacks of LUBBOCK are far more dangerous to the exemplary insect's moral *prestige*. Shall we continue

PENDING THEATRICAL ACTIONS.

Against MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, for saying JONES was "a duffer."

Against MR. HENDERSON, for declaring that whatever MISS POPPY LOLLY might know about break-downs, she couldn't *dance* one.

Against MRS. BANCROFT, for objecting to GREEN, the Gasman, that he never lit the float without breaking one shade at least.

Against MR. HARE, for refusing to accept MISS SEMOLINA SIDDONSON as a substitute for MISS TERRY, and remarking that "she" (Miss S. S.) "wasn't up to the mark."

Against MRS. JOHN WOOD, for suggesting that MISS MONTORGEUIL was too stiff for the part of First Guest in the *Danischoffs*.

Against MRS. SWANBOROUGH, for implying that MR. WALPOLE BELMONT was a Pignoramus for dropping his *h's* into the orchestra.

Against MR. BUCKSTONE, for turning away a Property-Master who looked on the Manager's spoons as his own property.

Against MRS. BATEMAN, for informing a friend that MR. PERCY BATTENS, the low comedian from the Elephant and Castle, would not be able to double MR. IRVING in *Richard the Third*.

Against MR. JAMES, for hinting to the family grocer that the butter supplied to his own table was "inferior Dossot."

Against *Mr. Punch* for publishing the above.

JOHN PARRY'S FAREWELL.

At four o'clock this Wednesday, February 7th, after the performance of *The Critic*, which commences at 2.15, our dear old friend, JOHN PARRY, the most entertaining of all entertainers, comes forward on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre to "recall reminiscences of bygone days under the title of *Echoes of the Past*." One of his reminiscences is to be *The Tenor* and *The Tin Tack*. Let those who see this notice, and who have left their chance of getting a seat for the Farewell Performance to the last moment, rush down, or telegraph at once, to the Box-office of the theatre, for *The Tenor* and *The Tin Tack* may not be given again, and those who lose this great opportunity will never cease to reproach themselves for their neglect. But whether it be JOHN PARRY in *The Tenor* and *The Tin Tack*, or in *La Lezione di Canto*, or an *Operatic Rehearsal*, we, in our time, shall, in all probability, never hear or look upon his like again—that is, in his peculiar line, *à la mode de PARRY*.

to bid the sluggard consider formie practice and polity with a view to imitation? SIR JOHN declares that some ants are industrious, but others exceedingly idle, too lazy, indeed, to feed or clean themselves, and entirely dependent on slaves. Lazy! uncleanly! and tyrannical! Are *these* the qualities and practices as a bright example of which we are to set the ant before our erring youth?

I would earnestly ask SIR JOHN whether any problematical benefit to be derived from his patient, and, as it seems to me, unpleasant prying into the *penetralia* of hives and ant-hills can compensate for the shock which will be sustained by our whole system of moral teaching by apologue, if his unwelcome revelations become widely credited.

"The Lion is the King of Beasts;
 He noble is, and strong!"

How often have I thrilled over that couplet in the days of my childhood. I can hardly realise to myself the shock it would have caused my youthful enthusiasm if any one had assured me—as they tell us now—that the Lion, the Lion of ANDROGYES, of the British Standard, of a thousand moving tales and awe-inspiring figures, is but a cat-like creature, and, in fact, very much of a coward! Well, the herald has his conventional menagerie of abnormal birds, amazing beasts, and apocryphal fishes—can they not leave us, for the invaluable purposes of the moral apologue, the Conventional Lion, the Conventional Bee, and the Conventional Ant?

Your Obediant Servant,

MR. BARLOW'S GHOST.

THE NEW FORM OF CATTLE-PLAGUE (*from a Butcher's point of view*).—American Beef.

PUNCH'S VALENTINES.



ALF-LOVE is the love of youth, but golden calf-love is the love of riper reason and maturer years. The world is no longer young, though in the golden age—the age when the golden calf is worshipped among the British as it once was among the Israelites. If our motto is still "Hearts and Hearts," it means that hearts must now be laid hold of by hands

with something in them. So no wonder the fashion for substituting gifts for verses on Valentine's Day should be spreading more and more. *Punch*, ever in the fashion, and ever ready to oblige a grateful public, begs to suggest a few appropriate presents for certain eminent personages:—

Mr. Gladstone.—A packet of stamped envelopes, with the legend, "To be used instead of post-cards."

Lord Beaconsfield.—A model of the Sphinx, in black marble, with the fable of the Frog who tried to be bigger than the Bull.

Lord Salisbury.—A Cook's Excursion ticket, with the inscription, "Great Reduction in Railway Travelling."

Sir Stafford Northcote.—A set of *DISRAELI'S* Novels, "from the Author," with the inscription, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery.—BEACONSFIELD."

Lord Hartington.—An amusing puzzle game, called "Liberal Policy," with a card "With MR. GLADSTONE'S kindest regards."

Mr. Gathorne Hardy.—A Treatise on Sewage; with a return of the number of cases of typhoid fever in the War-Office.

Mr. Ward Hunt.—An Essay on "The Tea-Kettle in general, and the *Vanguard* in particular," by ADMIRAL SIR KING HALL.

Midhat Pasha.—A Sack, inscribed "The Turkish Constitution—Article 113."

The Emperor of Russia.—A Reversible Coat, with the motto, "Can be turned back again."

The Emperor of Austria.—A Lion's Skin, with an inscription, "The same old game."—SHAKESPEARE (*King John*).

Prince Von Bismarck.—A box of drastic Pills, with the motto, "Non bis dat qui cito dat."

The Sultan of Turkey.—A copy of *The Road to Ruin*, and the song, "Softly tread, 'tis holdest ground."

The King of Italy.—A *Fra Diavolo* suit, with the motto, "Honour before Honesty."

Marshal McMahon.—A Franco-German Dictionary, inscribed, "For a good boy, to be thoroughly mastered."

Uncle Sam.—A moral Tale, altered from *The Looking-Glass*, and entitled *One Head is better than Two*.

And, lastly, *Mr. Punch*.—A steam-yacht, a grand-tier box for Covent Garden for life, a coach-and-four, a casket of the most costly jewellery, a blank cheque signed "ROTHSCHILD," and a family mansion in South Kensington, with furniture complete; all marked with the *Punch* monogram, and inscribed with the *Punch* motto, "Modesty is the best policy."

WONDERS OF THE DAY.

(A Reminiscence of an Installation.)

LOOKING back at my own career, wonder if wonders will ever cease?

Wonder whether a better style of drapery might not be devised for Peers?

Wonder how SALISBURY likes having me at his elbow?

Wonder whether a man is liable to be tried by his Peers in the House of Lords, as well as a Court of Justice?

Wonder whether they will miss me in the Commons?

Wonder how NORTHCOTE will work as a Leader?

Wonder who will answer GLADSTONE?

Wonder who will walk a-top of LOWE?

Wonder what the *Golos* will say on the subject?

Wonder whether BISMARCK will think anything about it, and what?

Wonder whether I shall be moved to write a sequel to *Ixion in Heaven*?

Wonder what I really looked forward to when I wrote *Vivian Grey*.

Wonder if I could remember half a dozen lines of *The Revolutionary Epic*?

Wonder how the Great Commoner felt after his rise from PITT to CHATELAIN?

Wonder if a Coronet is, after all, a more dignified head-gear than a wide-awake?

Wonder what the Comic scribblers will do without "DIZZY"?

Wonder if I shall be a hit in my new part?

Wonder if there's still such a thing as being "kicked up-stairs"—as there certainly was in PULTENEY'S time?

ASSES ON TWO LEGS.

A BIPED ass, called DONOVAN—rough, as asses are in winter—lately received from MR. KNOX the well-deserved sentence of two months' imprisonment for striking one of the servants of the Chinese Ambassador, whose lives, it seems, are made a burden to them by the coarse curiosity, rising sometimes to horse-, or rather ass-, play, of the London street-roughs, cads, and snobs, who gather for the purpose about the Embassy in Portland Place. May all asses who pass the line that separates braying from kicking, like this DONOVAN, meet with as hard knocks in the police-court! Do we want to justify the Chinese in the title they have given us of "outer" or "utter barbarians"? If not, we are bound to receive our Celestial visitors' with the courtesies due to "angels' visits, few and far between."

Standard Works.

(For the Advocates of the Phonetic System of Spelling.)

THE Biglow and Nasby Papers, *Artemus Ward*—his Book, *Major Jack Downing*, and the works of other American Humorists, which will thus be found to combine instruction with amusement.

Professors of the new system may be found in plenty amongst the Somersetshire labourers.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OPEN Session! (Thursday, February 8th.) In Queen's weather, and the QUEEN's presence. "The Members are met—a terrible show!" The RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, VISCOUNT HUGHENDEN AND EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, "observed of all observers," has appeared, between his sponsors, the EARLS OF DERBY AND BRADFORD; has served his writ on the LORD CHANCELLOR; has duly taken the Oaths, and walked round the House, as a prize-fighter walks round the ring before setting-to; and has held the Sword of State on the left of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, while the LORD CHANCELLOR read the Speech which her Ministers have been pleased to put into her Royal mouth.

If "speech is silvern," what should a Queen's Speech be?



A TRUE PATRIOT.

Young Lady Teacher (in Welsh Sunday School). "Now, JENKIN THOMAS, WHAT GREW IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN?"
Jenkin Thomas (promptly). "LEEKs, MISS!"

"Leaden," if we may take this year's concatenation of dull narrative and puny promise as a sample. It tells all in the history of the Turkish troubles that everybody knew already, omitting everything everybody wanted to know, and leaving us equally in the dark on the really important point what we are going to do next. It dashes the announcement of the assumption of the Imperial title at Delhi with the grim tidings of famine in Bombay and Madras (but, strange to say, not a word of the cyclone); gives a regret to the troubles in the Transvaal, and promises—

For England—Bills for Reform in the Universities, the Law of Bankruptcy and Patents, Prisons, and Property Valuation, Factories, Workshops, and Summary Jurisdiction of Magistrates.

For Scotland—Legislation about Roads and Bridges, and Poor Law.

For Ireland—Bills for Establishing a Supreme Court of Judicature, and giving the County Courts an Equitable Jurisdiction.

Et voila tout!

Let *Punch* call in the ghost of his old friend, SAMUEL PEPYS, to condense the Essence of the evening.

"Then Lords and Commons to debating on the Address. But, Lord! to see how blindly they did all talk, for lack of the papers, whereof 1,200 folio pages be only this day distributed to Members of both Houses, for such digestion as they can give them. Mighty pretty to note how in both Houses the Speakers for the Government and the Opposition did shoot in each other's faces—the one clearly proving how they have all along used one language and kept one policy, the other as plainly showing how they have contradicted themselves flat in the one, and gone right round in the other. . . . And each to the satisfaction of his own side. . . . So no marvel nothing like to come of it all but nothing.

"Only both sides do agree that my LORD SALISBURY hath borne himself bravely, and said and done exactly what both the Ministers and the Opposition would have had him do. As though a man should blow hot and cold at once. Which puzzles me. And my LORD DUKE OF ABERDEEN did speak mighty hotly, and gave their Lordships his mind like a spirited gentleman as he is, and of a ruddy colour, and peppery, and was for making the Grand Turk do what we would have him, and taking him by the throat, if it came to the worst,

whereat my LORD DERBY did seem troubled, being of a mind that it is better for all, and most for the Christian subjects of the Turk, to open their eyes and shut their mouths, and see what Time or Muscovite will send them, which, methinks, is a course like to be more to the mind of my LORD DERBY, and us in this island, than the Christians now so grievously ill-handed and misruled by the Grand Turk.

"Pretty to see how marvellous modest my LORD BEACONSFIELD did bear himself, and how soft-spoken he was in his new place. And, methinks, he did wear his robes of Earl as easy as ever I saw, and not unhandsonely, as do some that were born to them. And my LORD HAINGTON, in the Commons' House, did speak with a thick voice, but to the point, showing how that when the Envoys came to Conference at Constantinople, it was not only to ask the Grand Turk for Reforms, but to have the same Reforms, with the Turk's will or against it. And methinks my Lord would have England join with the Muscovite to press the Grand Turk home, rather than leave him altogether in the hands of the Muscovite—and therein methinks my Lord spoke wisely as well as boldly. But to see how the new Leader of the House was sore hampered, and would read from papers which were not yet before Members, and how MR. GLADSTONE chid him sharply for it, but himself afterwards spoke 'mighty well, and maintained all that the people in their meetings last autumn had given voice to, and all he had himself said and written against the Grand Turk and his ill-doings. Yet, for all this, could I not clearly learn what they of the Opposition would do to make the Turk do better, but hope they would do somewhat, though the Government do seem plainly of no mind but the mind to do nothing.

"And so I home, marvellous weary of their much talking, and no wiser than I was before, which vexed me."

In the Commons, Notices of Bills by the Bushel.

Friday (Lords).—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY moves for Select Committee on Intemperate Habits, and the effect of recent legislation on them. Including Ritual, Low Church, and Liberationist Intemperance, as affected by the Church Discipline Bill—eh, my Lord? (*Commons.*)—More notices of Bills added to the eighty announced yesterday.

On MR. CROSS re-introducing Prison Bill (not a burglar of that

name), the irrepressible Doctor had a rap at Dartmoor, *à propos* of the "unfortunate nobleman."

MR. HARDY reintroduces his University Bills—changed into a double-headed Parliamentary Nightingale, including both Cambridge and Oxford in the body of one Statute.

Sixty Bills brought in by private Members! Hurrah! What nights we shall be having! Almost all the hobbies *must* be trotted out by this time, one would think.

"OR OTHERWISE."



We are often told that the Light of the Law is the perfection of Reason; but Law has not always the benefit of a humbler light—the Light of Common Sense. We are glad to see it has been guided by this light to its judgment in the appeal against the conviction of DR. MONCK, detected in playing Spiritualist conjuring tricks at Huddersfield.

The Vagrant Act, under which he was convicted, enumerates, among the impostures it is aimed at, tricks performed "by palmistry or otherwise." It was coolly contended, on DR. MONCK's behalf, that the word "or otherwise" must mean something of the same kind as palmistry, and so did not include the tricks of impostors calling themselves Spiritualists.

JUSTICES CLEASBY and POLLOCK, with Common Sense as assessor for the occasion, held—*tout au contraire*—that "otherwise" means "otherwise," i.e. tricks different from palmistry, and *not* of the same kind, and so affirmed the conviction, which leaves the *soi-disant* DR. MONCK to work out his term of durance as a rogue and vagabond.

MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

NO. V.—DR. HARVEY D'OYLEY, AT THE WEST-END.

CONVENIENTLY situated near the Parks and most fashionable Squares of the West-End, almost in sight of the Marble Arch, and not too far from Marlborough House, stands a palatial residence, which combines the appliances of the laboratory with the luxury of a modern English home. Intelligent foreigners passing by this red-brick mansion in the Queen Anne style, with its plate-glass windows, its tall portals and quaint brazen knockers, its well-worn door-steps, and clustering piles of moulded chimneys, would imagine that its owner was a duke at least. Not so. This palatial residence is the property of a man who for many hours daily wrestles with Death and beats off disease, while in the dark hours he burns the midnight oil in tracking Science through her tortuous windings, and makes, at least, twenty thousand a year in guinea fees alone. Its occupant is the most fashionable consulting physician of the day. The value of HARVEY D'OYLEY's time is measured in gold—his every five minutes are guineas. These are swept in by the never-ending flood of his daily consultations. Then, in the night-season, so precious are his thoughts, that a secretary is always seated at his bedside, to jot down, in shorthand, what he says in his sleep. All the principal hospitals (of which he is an honoured officer) are connected with his house by telegraphic wires,

along which he flashes his medical oracles. The horses in his stables are selected for their bone, bottom, and speed. When a case of moment is on hand, when a Cabinet Minister has toothache, or the wife of an Archbishop is suffering from cold, it is a sight to see the Doctor's perfectly-appointed brougham, with its thoroughbred step-pers, flashing through the crowded thoroughfares. The moment one of D'OYLEY's horses gets past his work, that is, ceases to be up to twenty miles an hour, it is sold, and replaced by another. The discarded gallopers are usually purchased by CAPTAIN SHAW to horse the engines of the Fire Brigade.

Before describing the house in detail, it is as well to say that the domestic offices are defective. The pantry would be more cheerful for another window, and the Butler has no room in which he can receive his *comme il faut* friends *en petit comité*. On the right-hand doorpost are two bells, one labelled "Visitors," the other "Servants." Let us check a natural inclination, and ring the first. After a pause of a few minutes, the door is opened by a formidable, almost repellent, person clad in sober black. This is the Doctor's "confidential man," but his name is a misnomer. He is the very reverse of confidential. Ask him to whom that wide-awake on the hall-slab belongs, and he will require to know your business. Question him about last night's *menu*, and he will feign ignorance of the fact that his master yesterday gave a large and distinguished dinner-party. But while you have held him in talk, you are ill fitted indeed for your vocation, or you will have found time to note that there is in the corner near the door a handsome hat-stand, supporting many curious walking-sticks and costly umbrellas. You will have caught a glimpse of the solid mahogany door leading to the waiting-room, and the green baize portal of the *sanctum* of Hygeia. You will have rapidly written on the tablets of your memory that the floor is covered with marble-patterned oil-cloth. Nay, more, before the door is closed in your face with scant courtesy, you will have made your own the important fact that a stained glass lamp is hanging from the central star of the stucco ceiling.

Fortunately, there are means for gaining admittance here besides a sop to Cerberus. Coals must be carried, and a footman's livery is a disguise not difficult to assume. Moreover, the Healer, absorbed in science and consultations, does not know one servant from another.

Entrance once secured, our survey may be more leisurely. We enter the waiting-room on the right from the hall. It is cosy, though scarce (from an upholsterer's point of view) costly. A red carpet with yellow flowers gives a decided relief to a blue wall-paper and a pale green ceiling. The chairs have oak frames and are leather-seated and backed. The table (a very good one, from the celebrated emporium of MESSRS. VAMP AND VENEER) is covered with periodicals, comic and serious, literary and social, from *Bradshaw* downwards, of various dates and much thumbed. An illustrated edition of *Joe Miller* lies side by side with *BURKE'S Peerage*, like two roses on one stalk. Mixed up with the lighter literature are several pamphlets by the Healer himself. Here, for instance, is *D'Oyley on the Circulating Fluid*, a most valuable addition to medical specialism; and yonder, in a neat cover, is that standard work of D'OYLEY's on the *Obscure Diseases of the Upper Ten Thousand*, for the Doctor belongs to the new school, and eschews Latin words when English will serve as well. Seated on the chairs round the table, or ranged along the walls, or standing in groups, are the patients—for whose amusement all this literature is intended—pale-faced, wearied, and anxious.

Do not let us wait to be summoned into the Healer's presence, but by virtue of our "*Open, squire!*" enter his *sanctum* at once. A majestic room, hung with proof-prints of eminent Doctors, (from HUNTER and POTT downwards), with well-filled dwarf book-cases; on their tops, and on stands and small tables all about, models of preparations under glass-cases, and chemical apparatus. The Healer is a great authority on the diagnostic power of medical chemistry, and his *brochure* on the white blood-corpuscles has attracted great attention in the columns of the Medical Press. Near the fire, and well-screened from the draught, are a desk and a very easy chair. And now let us look at the Healer at work. A delicate-looking man of sixty, with auburn hair, and a long, black, silky moustache. A grand head, full of bumps that would drive a phrenologist into ecstasies of delirious delight. A pair of piercing eyes, sparkling with a concentration of energy and enthusiasm, fun and science. A well-knit frame of great muscular power. He softly smiles as you enter, and motions you to a seat. A few rapid questions are first given, and the answers pondered noted, resolved. Then he examines you. He punches you here, bangs you there, and, so to speak, whacks you all over. "Does this hurt?" he asks with each blow, and notes down in a large book which lies open before him your loudly-uttered answer. In five minutes he has knocked off your case, and after a hurriedly-written prescription, and perhaps a rapid interchange of thought on the current topic of the day, with a recommendation of a mutton-chop luncheon, and the avoidance of sugar and malt liquors (the Healer has a firm belief in diet, which he calls the right hand of medicine, and mutton-chops are just

now up, sugar and malt down, in the medical barometer), and your interview is over. You bow yourself out (after leaving your fee on the table), and another patient takes your place. As the door closes behind you, you hear the faint sounds of distant thumpings. And so it goes on, from nine to one, in a never-ending stream of rapidly-interviewed pilgrims to the shrine of Esculapius. Then comes the perfectly-appointed but not luxurious luncheon-tray, with its two glasses of restorative Amontillado; and then the well-hung chariot, with its four-hundred guinea steppers is at the door, and if we are to keep our eye on the Healer, it must be no longer *chez lui*, but *chez son clientèle*, in every part of the wide West-End, from *rococo* Cavendish Square to brand-newest Kensingtonia. But the Doctor does not take a man on the box; and though few places are beyond our ken, we are not quite ubiquitous.

Nor need we care to follow the Healer home again from his daily round. Is not private life sacred? And yet one scene more. It is night. The Healer's house is a blaze of lights. The waiting-room contains a supper with all the delicacies of the season, for the pastrycook who has taken the contract has charged fifteen shillings a-head! The gentlemen of the pantry must have increased assistance to-night. The roll and roar of carriages ceases not without. Upstairs, in the gorgeous drawing-room, are the guests, including all the celebrities of the day, civil and military, literary and scientific, fashionable and financial, musical and theatrical. In one corner a celebrated author is reading extracts from his works to a rather languid audience. In another, a professional negro serenader, banjo in hand, is singing with much feeling a popular comic song. The Healer, now in his favourite character of Host, is circulating around, with a smile for the Ladies, a flashing joke, or a profound conundrum for the Men, when a servant hurriedly approaches him, and whispers in his ear. Five minutes later the perfectly-appointed brougham is dashing through the streets at the rate of the *Flying Dutchman*. It contains the Healer, bent on a mission of mercy. . . . Such is his life, full of mysteries and confidences, blind guesses and rapid inductions, vast gains and large benevolences, sensations and delights, guineas, honours, and contrasts.

TO THE TOTTERING LILY.



E hear that a Chinese lady (wife of one of the Staff of the Ambassador), whose name signifies the Tottering Lily of Fascination, has accompanied the Chinese Embassy to this country."—*Gossip of the Day*.

Fair flower from the Flowery Land—
How national is your *cognomen*!
An inability to stand
Is not the charm we most demand
In Western women.

'Tis plain you've not been favoured
yet
With a Celestial MARY WALKER.
Ah me! how much you must regret,
Or should do, never having met
That lively talker!

But pray don't bring in fashion here
Your pedal fascination.

Of all that's hideous, awkward, queer,
Our Dames are quite too prompt, I fear,
In emulation.

The Grecian bend, the Roman fall,
Set all our beauties waddling, wob-
bling;
Sight of your tootsies so small,
Fair totterer, might be setting all
Our beauties hobbling!

The Chinese Totter! Taking name!
Fancy presents appalling pictures.

Imagine all our Ladies lame,
And modish *botchers* earning fame
For ten-toe strictures!

We've lots of fashions, goodness knows,
Which are—excuse me!—quite as
silly.
You're welcome, dear, but don't dis-
close
To Western gaze those tiny toes,
Sweet Tottering Lily!

THE COMING MAN FOR TURKEY.

THE fall of MIDHAT PASHA may very probably prove the means of affording Turkey a good chance of salvation. According to the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, there has lately come into the foreground a man who, though for some time little heard of, is beginning to be considered by well-informed persons "a not unlikely candidate for the post of definitive Grand Vizier." This is a Turk of exceptional integrity, virtue, and intelligence, by name AHMED REFIK EFFENDI, who has served his country in several high offices of State successively, and, during his intervals of leisure, has always gone "to dig and plant in his garden on the hill-side, and to indulge his taste for reading and study." How elevated a taste for study and reading is that which actuates this literary Turkish Cincinnatus, the whole world will discern from the statement that, amongst English and other cultivated residents in Turkey, by some of whom he was regarded as one of the most fanatical and dangerous of "Old Turks"—

"Those who, being under this impression, made his acquaintance, may have been not a little astonished to find a man as well up in the latest works of English and French literature as they were themselves, a man who took in *Punch* and *Charivari*, and laughed over them as heartily as any man could."

It would be mere mock-modesty to refrain from anticipating the observation which the foregoing words will suggest to everybody, that a Grand Vizier being not only a constant reader of *Punch*, but also capable of understanding and appreciating the contents of these pages, is likely to regenerate and save his country, if anybody in the slippers of a Grand Vizier can. May AHMED REFIK EFFENDI live to do it; and that he may have plenty of time to do it in, may His Excellency live a thousand years, continuing to take in and read his *Punch*.

Dens Bidentium.

SHEEPS' teeth are used by dentists (so 'tis stated)
To fill the cells that grinders have vacated.
The Hatham sheep uplift a piteous wail;
The Tooth they've lost now fills a cell in gaol.
Ah! Toothless sheep, whose pap-preparer's gone!
Ah! sheepless Tooth, that chew'st the cud alone!

IMITATIVE BENEVOLENCE.

(A Hint to Noble Sportsmen.)

MORE than once or twice during the shooting season, the constant reader of his newspaper may therein discover pleasant little unpretentious paragraphs, recording very simply such kind acts of grace as these:—

"HER MAJESTY has forwarded, from Windsor, twenty brace of pheasants to St. George's Hospital."

"Presents of game have been dispatched from Sandringham, by order of the PRINCE OF WALES, for the use of the patients in the London hospitals."

Imitation, we are told, is the truest form of flattery, and we feel pretty sure that both HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE OF WALES would be flattered by a loyal imitation of their gifts. Noble sportsmen would do well to emulate their betters; and instead of sending all their surplus game to be sold for them at Smithfield, they should send some of it, at least, to the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, adjacent to the market. Battues are abominable: but there might be some excuse for them, if their proceeds were distributed among the sick and suffering poor. As a rule, there is small interest in the statements of "good sport" which are paraded in the newspapers, describing how the noble army of Swells at Crackshot Castle have destroyed, in the last three days, some five thousand head of game. Such paragraphs, however, might well deserve publicity if they conveyed an intimation that the game had been presented to the London Hospitals, and that the carriage of it thither had been charitably paid.

SENSATION IN BELGRAVIA.

CHAWLES and JOHN THOMAS are in great tribulation, as they have heard Vaccination is to be administered direct from the calf. Their situations, they complain, won't have a leg to stand on, if they are to be punctured for the benefit of babies.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us an anagram, revealing in a new Peer what the world has long been in the dark about:—"THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—The real Face of Old Ben."



TRUE ARTISTIC REFINEMENT.

"Died of a colour, in æsthetic pain."

Hostess. "WE'RE GOING DOWN TO SUPPER, MR. MIRABEL. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS CHALMERS."

Mr. Mirabel. "A—PARDON ME—IS THAT THE TALL YOUNG LADY STANDING BY YOUR HUSBAND?"

Hostess. "YES. SHE'S THE MOST CHARMING GIRL I KNOW."

Mr. Mirabel. "I'VE NO DOUBT. BUT—A—SHE AFFECTS ANILINE DYES, DON'T YOU KNOW? I WEALLY COULDN'T GO DOWN TO SUPPAH WITH A YOUNG LADY WHO WEARS MAUVE TWIMMINGS IN HER SKIRT, AND MAGENTA WIBBONS IN HER HAIR!"

MATERFAMILIAS ON THE MEAT QUESTION.

SIXPENCE a pound! A blessed thought! I hope this time it's no vain vision.

Ah! bring the Butchers down a bit, and house-keeping might be Elysian;

But what with those blue-coated wolves, and trade in such a state as trade is,

A prudent woman to venture beyond Australian tinned afraid is,

Yet from your preserved meats, preserve me!—I never could conceit 'em;

And servants—drat their dainty ways!—declared they'd sooner starve than eat 'em.

But these American frozen joints—though freezing victuals does seem funny,—

By all accounts, are good and cheap, and that's the market for my money.

Cheap! Word of comfort to a wife! And yet it almost sounds like mocking,

For prices keep on going up to an extent that's really shocking.

And prices, like that rash young man in MR. LONGFELLOW'S sad ditty, When once they take to rising, won't come down again—more's the pity.

Excelsior is the Butchers' cry; at rising they're as smart as rockets; And show themselves natural enemies of every woman's peace and pockets:

And if so be this frozen beef should only bring the brutes to book a bit,

I'd breathe a blessing on those Yankees, every time I had to cook a bit.

But if they're going to buy it cheap and pocket the extra profit, Like those Scotch cheats, I can't say I see much good folks are like to get off it.

They'll raise a cry and say, no doubt, they're froze out, like gardeners,—drat 'em!

But much I fear they're far too sly to let us buyers tit-for-tat 'em.

They've always got some fine excuse—flood, drought, war, rinderpest, and so on;

Don't tell me! Government ought to stop the way these Butchers go on.

Thousands of tons of Yankee meat imported monthly? The more surprising,

Spite of States' beef and Canadian too, my bills should still keep rising!

"Wearing of the Green."

THE following is an extract from *The Irish Times* of February 6, 1877:—

"Speaking of his Grace reminds me that his noble Lady, the Duchess, created quite a sensation last week by driving down Grafton Street, preceded by two outriders, in a pale-green silk dress. Her reception all along the way was very warm, the people being evidently pleased at the marked compliment meant to be paid to Ireland by the colour of the dress."

What a pity the people of Ireland are not oftener put in a good-humour when it takes so little to please them!

A QUESTION OF SEX.

"EQUES" wants to know whether the horse christened "*Management*" in our last Cartoon should not have been a filly, and named *Mis-Management*?



WHAT NEXT?

RUSSIAN BEAR. "YOU'VE READ MY 'CIRCULAR!' YOU KNOW MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"

BRITISH LION. "BLEST IF I KNOW! ASK THE GOVERNMENT, AND IF THEY CAN'T TELL YOU, TRY THE OPPOSITION!!"



CHURCH IN HIGH STYLE.

Ritualistic Hostess. "ARE YOU GOING TO CHURCH WITH US THIS EVENING, MAJOR?"

The Major. "THANKS, NO! I WAS AT THE MORNING PERFORMANCE!"

HOW TO MAKE HOME SAFE.

(Respectfully dedicated to CAPTAIN SHAW.)

"There were over a hundred fires in the Metropolis last week."—*Weekly Paper.*

1. In the first place I, *Punch*, would have you careful in the matter of matches. Avoid those to which Proprietors and Manufacturers have given the title "Safety," for use can be made of them only when you have the box by you. Rather choose those which strike not only on the box, but on anything. By employment of these yourself, and by encouraging the careless use of them by your servants, you may do your part in keeping up the average of Metropolitan conflagrations.

2. In these days of universal improvement your house is probably lighted with gas from attic to basement. On this head I have little to say. Remember, however, the proverb which illustrates the futility of seeking for anything in the dark. If, therefore, you smell gas, and are thus warned of an escape, go, or send one of your household, with a lighted candle, to discover the source of it.

3. If there be no Gas in your house, it is probable that you will use oil lamps. Paraffin will do for your dining and drawing-rooms. In the nursery, schoolroom, or wherever else there is likely to be romping, employ petroleum or kerosine. Consider the Cow of Chicago.

4. Never indulge in Fire-Guards. They intercept great part of the heat of the fire, which no prudent householder can afford at the present prices of coal. If, in your absence, a gassy coal explodes, and the fragments are projected into the room, how can you possibly be to blame?

5. Some housewives are of opinion that linen should be aired gradually. This is mere old-fashioned nonsense, unsuited to an age too rapid to permit of things being done slowly. Air your linen quickly; have a roaring fire, and bring your clothes-horses as near it as possible.

6. The medical profession strongly condemn chlorodyne or

THE PORTE AND THE VATICAN.

CONFOUND those European Powers,
A set of hogs and dogs and Giaours!
We knuckle down to their dictation?
We truckle to intimidation?
Submit to their conditions, *We*?
Concede our Slaves autonomy?
We of the Infidel afared?
No, never, by the Prophet's beard!
Like that old Brick on Peter's Throne,
Whose case is so much like Our own,—
If 'tis as pole resembles pole—
For whom *We* feel with all our soul,
Has one, and only one, reply,
When vexed with importunity,
So *We*, whenever pressed to do
The thing we are unwilling to,
Will let the Giaour get nought of Us,
But a serene, "*Non possumus*!"

HOSPITALITY AND PLUNDER.

INFORMED by telegram that "LORD DERBY had received an address signed by a numerous body of English traders, complaining of the Brigandage in Sicily, and requesting him to call in the most pressing manner the attention of the Italian Government to the subject," the Public, Parliament, and Press of Italy have been thrown into a fit of indignation at what they call "an egregious breach of the hospitality extended to British residents in the Island." Strange to say, what they mean by breach of hospitality appears not to have been the seizure of MR. ROSE by brigands, their detention of him in their mountain den, in constant danger of his life, and his release for a ransom of £2,400,—no; it seems that, from the Italian point of view, the hospitality extended to British residents in Sicily was broken by MR. ROSE's fellow-countrymen and fellow-residents in complaining of that and similar outrages to the British Government. Well, there's nothing like looking at things your own way!

AN Advertisement in a contemporary offers a select home to a few Ladies and Gentlemen who require rest. Among the first to avail themselves of this retreat will be found MACAULAY'S New Zealander and CÆSAR'S Wife.

chloral. Therefore, if you have wakeful nights, compose yourself by means of a book in small type, which will involve your keeping your bedside-candle close to the curtains, where, if left to itself, it may burn down quietly.

7. Nothing is more soothing than for a man with his head on his pillow to meditate over the affairs of the day with a cigar in his mouth.

8. While wages are so high, I would have you execute for yourself any little repairs that may become necessary on your premises. The cases of Canterbury Cathedral, and the Alexandra Palace, show what may be done by the skilful use of a glue-pot.

9. In the event of any article of wearing apparel or furniture igniting, remember at once to open a door, so as to admit a good current of air. All the above directions may be rendered useless by inattention to this hint.

10. Never insure your house. Think of the luxuries you can purchase with a few pounds, and hesitate before investing your money in what is too often nothing but a premium on carelessness.

11. And last. Take the foregoing directions to heart, and carry them out steadfastly and thoroughly. Verify the saying of THOMAS of Chelsea, that the twenty millions of these islands are mostly fools. Vex the souls of CAPTAIN SHAW and his gallant men, and by your ignorance, carelessness, laziness, and stupidity, continue to swell the fire-returns, and aggravate your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF RITUALISM.

(What with the Priests of Hatcham and Maidstone.)

IN Horsemonger Lane—Tooth-ache.

In the Court of Privy Council—Ear-ache.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Take care to choose a Lady Help, and not a Lady Encumbrance.

THE MASKED MONK;

OR, THE MAID! THE MANIAC!! AND THE MYSTERY!!!

A THRILLING ROMANCE, FOUNDED ON UNQUESTIONED FACTS. INVENTED
AND WRITTEN BY

GEO. H. WH—LL—Y, M.P.

CHAPTER I.—*The Jesuit Chief.*

In a spacious arched and vaulted chamber, whose stones could have told of the darkest and foulest deeds ever perpetrated in the history of mankind when under the shadow of the broad triple-crowned tiara, which was assumed by the persecuting pontiffs of the mediæval period in cutting, cruel, and deadly ridicule of the costume of the oppressed Hebrew race, which, at that time, still clung to the traditional head-gear of a happier past,—in, I say, an arched and vaulted chamber of the large building, about which there is something at once prisonly and palatial, at the corner of the *Piazza di Septetti Diali*,* were gathered some of the most remarkable persons

in the world, whose names would have struck terror into the very hearts of the sovereigns of the capitals and the capitalists of a blinded Europe, which sees the movements of the puppets, but is either unable or unwilling to rise *en masse* and detect the heartless, fiendish, wire-pullers hidden away in the recesses of such spider-like corners as that in which I am now about, for the first time, to throw a perfect lampful of the purest, truest, and most uncom- promising light. Gentlemen below the gangway may sneer and attempt to persuade the public that it is but waste of their precious moments to listen to the voice of Truth, but the time will come when—*But to my story.*†

The gloomy chamber was hung around with various instruments of torture, which, though superseded by modern improvements and inventions, still retain their terrible significance, and cause a tremor to pass through the stoutest frame that ever England can produce.

In different corners, for the apartment is all corners and angles, sat sombre-hooded figures at desks, watching with lynx-like eyes the complicated movements of the telegraphic-needles in front of them, while inferior servitors, each wearing a tight-fitting black suit, a tall, conical cap,—called in ecclesiastical Italian a *Cappa Magna*,‡—and black half-masks, like Mediæval headsmen, waited at

* *"Piazza di Septetti Diali."*—Is there such a Street in Rome? and are you quite sure of your spelling? In haste.—Yours, Ed.

† From G. W., M.P.—Sir, facts are facts, be they never so factitious. The Piazza in question, I learn on the very best authority, is "*a quarter*," not an entire street. But the part represents poetically the whole.—Yours ever.

‡ The break at this point, and the italics, are ours.—Ed.

§ "*Cappa Magna*."—On reference to Roman Catholic authorities, we find the "*Cappa Magna*" is a cope not a cap. Is this not a slip of yours, my dear Sir?—Ed.

Answer from G. W.—Slip? No. If you believe what those people tell

each hooded figure's elbow, ready to seize a missive, and dash away on some errand of the *Segretto Servizio*.* All are busy. Every second the little bells are ringing, and messages arriving from all quarters of the world. A special department is assigned to news from England; and during the Session the wires are constantly at work.

And where are we now? In the *Camera Obscura* of the head Department of the Secret Conclave's Office, whence issue orders for the conduct of the affairs, Ecclesiastical and Civil, of the entire globe, where all secrets are told; where all plots are known; where the Propaganda holds its monthly feasts, and the outwardly sedate Seminarists meet for their nightly revels.

At a table, listening to the low-murmured recital of a cowed figure, sat one towards whom, from time to time, all eyes furtively glanced. He was dressed in a long gown, called a "*biritta*,"† which entirely concealed the closely-woven coat of chain armour that protected him night and day from those whom alone, of all men, he feared, namely, the assassins in his pay. For him, bravos belonging to what is known as the "*claque*" were ever at his call, and their hands, ever ready for his bidding, might, when unemployed, find

means to send a dagger to the heart of the very man who had taught them to use it. His face could it have been discerned by the dim light of the chamber, was sallow, and of the Spanish type. His brows were heavy, and his eyes, bright and piercing, were restless as a snipe on the marshes, and as keen as the air on the Welsh mountains.‡ His head and face were closely shaven, the better to enable him to assume any disguises that the necessity of the moment or the urgency of the affair might suggest. On his head he wore what alone would have distinguished him from all the rest—the insignia of his office and rank in the Popish Ecclesi-

astical Camp. It was a cocked hat, surmounted by a feather.

Beneath his cloak, and entirely concealed by it, he wore his epaulettes, and by his side a rapier of the purest Toledo steel. He had two air-revolvers of the most recent American invention in his girdle, while in his long, thin, sinewy, bloodless hand, which a

you, you'll believe anything. Why, you'd believe that the unfortunate nobleman now languishing at Dartmoor is not the man he wasn't taken for. I know all about *Cappa Magna*. I've worn one to try it. It's like an extinguisher.

From the Editor to the Author.—Good. We shall not interfere again.

* In answer to your letter, Sir, in which you kindly propose to leave my production untouched by the editorial hand in its characteristic features, I am open to admit that I never have been in Rome (dare I venture there, Sir? Would you in my skin, which is not proof against the stiletto of the hired assassin), and never will learn a language, which, whatever may be its original beauties, is associated with the history of the debased, profligate [*** The asterisks are ours, Ed.]—Papal Misrule.—G. W.

† "*Biritta*."—We said we wouldn't interfere, but "*biritta*" is a cap.

From G. W. to the Editor.—I suppose CARDINAL M-N-N-XG told you this?

Bah!

‡ I call your attention, Sir, to the fact that I do not write about matters of which I am ignorant. Am I not a dweller among marshes and mountains? Very well, then: true in a tittle, true in a total.—G. W.





CULINARY CULTURE.

New Cook. "IF YOU'RE GOING UP-STAIRS, MR. RUGGLES, YOU MIGHT JUST TELL MY LADY THAT IF SHE CAN'T WRITE THE 'MENOO' IN FRENCH, I SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO DO IT FOR HER!"

Sir Joshua might have painted and a Sir Moses have bought, he held that most formidable of all his weapons, a *steel pen*. And who was this?

Gentlemen, this was the man before whom all Europe in reality quailed, to whom Princes bowed and diplomatists cajoled,—it was DOM VICHÉDUOMO SOVERICHINO, the General of The Jesuits!!

"*Emissario mio*," he said, suddenly, to a yellow-faced, high-cheek-boned Monk, whose general appearance bespoke the part of the world for which he was made up, "go to China. See the Emperor's Secretary, and give him this draught," and he held out a paper of the deepest black, with a few characters in white on it. "*Il drafto nigro*," he continued, "will settle the constitutional question that is to give us a new empire in an old and tottering world. Stay," he added, as the Emissary was about to withdraw, "let me look at you."

He eyed him narrowly from head to foot. Then, suddenly exhibiting tokens of dissatisfaction, he beckoned to a stout, pale-faced assistant, who had till this moment been seated in a dark corner with a box in his hand. This box he now opened. It was filled with paints, pigments, brushes, powders, pencils, Indian ink, and hares' feet.

"*Caro KARLARKZONE*," said the General of the Jesuits to the stout, pale monk, "*tu cimuppa bitto!*"

KARLARKZONE bowed, and, with a light hand and small brush, put a few lines here, a few lines there, rubbed a little more yellow into his face, and the man (in reality a native of Limerick) was transformed into a most perfect Chinaman. [Is it certain that this emissario is not one of those who hang on behind the Chinese Ambassador's coach as he drives about London? Let CARDINAL M-NN-G answer. *He knows, and if he will only*—
* * * * *]

Just at this moment a piercing scream rang through the apartment. A secret door was suddenly thrown open, and a beautiful nun, pale and dishevelled, rushed into the apartment and threw herself at the knees of the General.

† The break and asterisks are ours.—ED.

(To be continued.)

NOTES BY THE TALENTED AUTHOR.

Of course I limit myself entirely to *facts*, either within my own personal and peculiar knowledge, or sworn to by those in whom, from their position and exceptional opportunities of observation, I

have every confidence. I have already spent hundreds, I may say thousands, in unearthing the machinations of the Jesuits in this country—I have been content to bear the obloquy cast upon me by the satellites of the Roman Secret Monastic Societies—and, alas! I have actually been held up to suspicion (how baseless my conscience and constituents best know) of being myself a Popish Emissary!!—and this too by the once eminent Protestant Champion, MR. N-D-G-RE, who, I fear, is after all but an unconscious tool in the hands of astute Cardinals and wily Italian Prothonotaries. I defy DR. M-NN-G and all his works (not one of which I would ever read, nor even accept as a birthday present), and dare the whole Consistory and College of Bishops and Council of Seminarists to disprove in detail any one of the facts, or contradict any single one of the statements which I shall put before the public in this true and thrilling narrative, which should rouse all England from its torpor, and cause Parliament to send a *carefully-selected* body of firemen, with hose and hatchet, into the cellars of the house.

I would not employ a policeman or fireman if I had my way, unless he were previously examined by a competent Protestant Committee, and had received from the examiners a certificate of his thorough acquaintance with the Catechism, and had taken a good strong anti-Popish oath without evasion, reservation, or mental equivocation whatsoever. For *me*, I would go to the stake cheerfully for my opinions, and I should be very glad to see others go there too, and *remain there*. For my part, I do not think I should care to do more than go to the stake for my opinions, get my opinions, and come back again. For the sake of the Protestant cause I would give up almost anything except, perhaps, my pipe, which is a great comfort to me when I am stumping at Peterborough, and which I miss in the House.

I shall go on with this Novel as long as I can, in order to expose the system of tyranny and duplicity which keeps an excellent nobleman out of his property simply because he is a butcher, and, therefore, opposed to Lenten diet and fish on Fridays. But my time is fully occupied, and my leisure moments I devote to singing lessons. When next asked to sing I shall do so—and charge for it.—G. W.

CRYSTAL PALACE IMPROVEMENT.

Is the Crystal Palace worth preserving? This is a question not raised in a pamphlet by MR. GLADSTONE, but by the LORD MAYOR, at a meeting of public-spirited gentlemen, held the other afternoon at the Mansion House, to consider "the best means to maintain and preserve the Crystal Palace for the use of the people, in fulfilment of the objects for which it was originally founded." They ultimately resolved that, "in view of the great public advantage of the Crystal Palace, it is desirable that it should be maintained for the public," and appointed a Committee to confer with the Directors to that end. Thus the question before the meeting was answered in the affirmative, but not absolutely. They voted the Crystal Palace worth preserving to effect the objects for which it was founded, and not others.

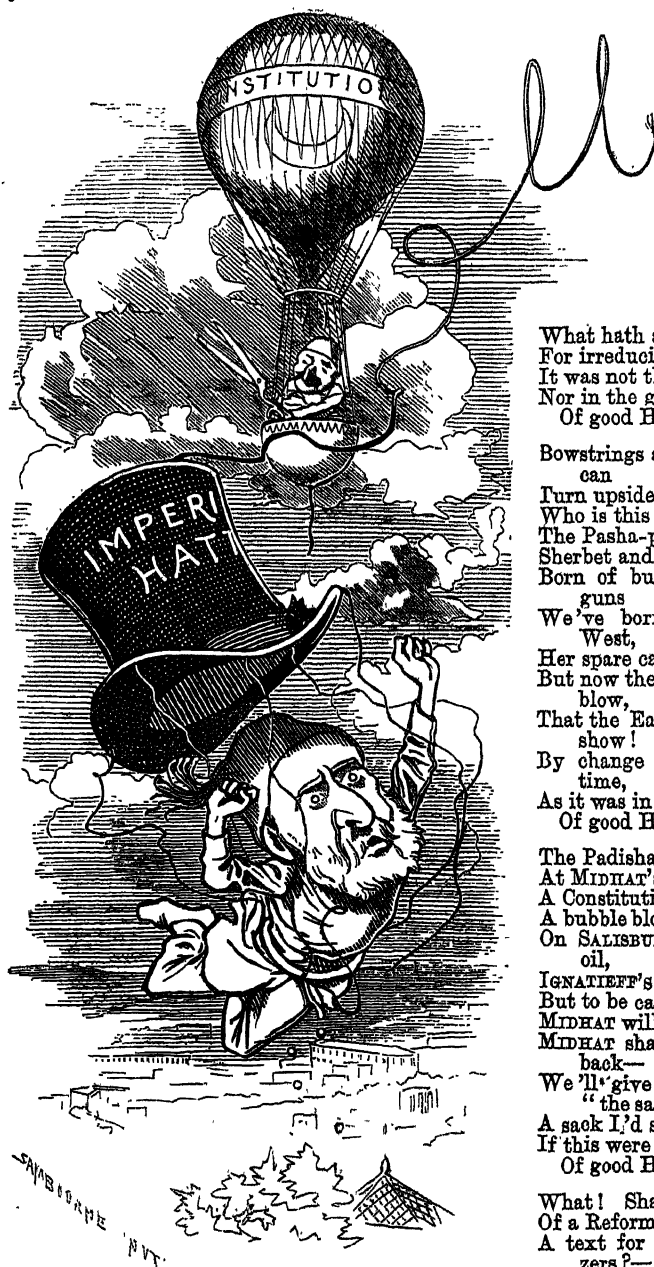
The former they contemplate promoting by a large and liberal scheme for "the cultivation of arts, sciences, and manufactures, and the providing of good and elevating recreation for the public," and for those who join in the undertaking, "a substantial return in the shape of valuable works of Art."

Among the objects for which the Palace was designed, rope-walking, circus-riding, and Cockney diversions in general were not included. So *Punch* heartily wishes, under new arrangements, better luck to the Crystal Palace, and a return to the original intentions.

MIDHAT AND HIS MASTER.

(A Growl from the Grand Turk.)

"A careful study of the *Arabian Nights* would be a better guide to the mysteries of Turkish policy than the scrutiny of protocols and despatches."—*Times*.



IDEHAT be blowed! That's
Giaour slang!
And let the Plenipos
go hang!
Conference? Consti-
tution? Foh!
Shall Padishahs be
muzzled so?
Still Bosphorus Seven
Towers doth lick,
Where Giaours of En-
voys once ate stick.
Ask guarantees from
the Grand Turk?—
A very pretty piece of
work!

What hath a Sultan but a "pshah"
For irreducible *minima*!
It was not thus in MAHMUD's time,
Nor in the glorious golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

Bowstrings and Bosh! Thinks he he
can

Turn upside down the Ottoman?
Who is this MIDHAT, to o'errule
The Pasha-power of Istamboul?
Sherbet and Sheitan! Are we sons
Born of burnt fathers? Ships and
guns

We've borrowed from the upstart
West,
Her spare cash helped her to invest;
But now these Giaours, by word and
blow,
That the East's still the East, we'll
show!
By change untouched, untaught by
time,
As it was in the golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

The Padishah, a paper-thrall,
At MIDHAT's whistle to sing small!
A Constitution one decrees—
A bubble blown the Giaour to please—
On SALISBURY's high waves to pour
oil,

IGNATIEFF's little game to spoil,
But to be carried out? Oh, no!
MIDHAT will find *that way's* no go.
MIDHAT shall quit, and ne'er come
back—

We'll give him what 'Giaours' call
"the sack"—
A sack I'd sink in Bosphorus slime,
If this were but the golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

What! Shall a Sultan live in fear
Of a Reforming Grand Vizier?
A text for quidnuncs and for quiz-
zers?—
Of Softas to say nought, or scissors.

A cup of coffee, spiced and strong,
Had been more Eastern, and less long.
But ours is a degenerate time;
Ah, how unlike the golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

Bowstring the dog! Or, stop a bit—
Hoist with his own petard—'twill fit!
Pull his own Constitution's trigger—
A hundred and thirteen's the figure—
And floor the rogue with his own gun;
So at least one thing 'twill have done.

A Passengers' Railway Question.

On the Metropolitan District Railway a driver, losing nerve, backs a train downhill against another train, smashing 120 passengers. In compensation for their injuries, they get £10,800. Against this sum the Company has to put only £1 2s. 6d., the amount of the sufferers' fares. The Directors consider the compensation excessive. Had they to pay no more than the amount they themselves thought reasonable, how many more accidents than at present would occur in a given time on the Metropolitan District Railway?

SIGNS OF SPRING.

PARISIAN Governesses are giving the last touch of French polish to their pupils.

Music-Masters are coaching fluttering *débutantes* in CHOPIN's Mazurkas.

Dancing-Mistresses are giving six lessons in the lately-revived kick-up—the Polka.

The Board of Works is carefully covering a fine layer of broken bricks and smashed bottles with finer gravel, and calling the mixture Rotten Row.

Young WILD OSES is growing *Gardenias* in pots in his bed-room, and has taken a Farce to three Managers without any other result than polite refusal.

CAPTAIN MONTE BRAG is practising several new tricks with the cards, with a view to simplifying *écarté* and piquet.

LADY HIGHFLYER has been closeted with MADAME RACHEL, who has had the impudence to crop up again.

The Bower of Beauty and the Fountain of Youth are besieged every day by Ladies who have faith in metallic dyes and arsenical lotions.

Several Screws, "the property of Gentlemen going abroad," are being highly groomed and carefully fed.

Sand-cracks are being filled up, scars painted over, and loose boxes prepared for the reception of the splendid Park Hacks, which "a well-known Lady of fashion has no further use for."

Dog Importers are busy picking up stray pets, and rendering them unrecognisable, with a view to ready sale.

Awful sacrifices are making room for Spring stocks in West End monster magazines.

The Snowdrops and Violets of London Ball-rooms are opening their modest eyes to an imaginary future of blissful waltzes and bewildered Baronets.

GUNTER is laying down Ice and crusty old Waiters.

And MR. GYE has found a Tenor who will make us forget MARIO, and a *débutante* up to her work.

ETON COPY-HEADS.

(From a set in the Possession of W. E. G.)

Accept anybody's advances.

Boys' bills should be big.

Cash connection combines classes.

Dukes are desirable.

Eton enforces expensive habits.

Family feeling is foolish.

Good money gives good graces.

Hard cash holds the highest.

Impecuniosity is ignominious.

Juvenile junketting is jolly.

Keep kicking down cash.

Lavishness leads to love.

Money makes many friends.

Needy niceness is nasty.

Own money is good: other people's better.

Procure plenty of pocket-money.

Question quarterly allowances.

Reward riches with respect.

Silence self-reproach with silver.

Treat titles tenderly.

Use upward opportunities.

Virtue is not its own reward.

Wealth is the wise man's worth.

X-pensive habits are to be x-tolled.

Youthful excesses are usual.

Zounds! how things have changed since my time!

NEW TITLE.—For Conference Protocols, read last edition of *Cecil's Remains*.

BOSOM SECRETS.



HEN a Lady of Mr. *Punch's* acquaintance was in Paris not very long ago, she ordered address at a famous *Modiste's*, but found, when she tried it on, that she could hardly breathe. On her complaining to the *Modiste* that the dress was too tight over the chest,

"*Que voulez-vous, Madame?*" exclaimed that faithful follower—if not framer—of the fashion. "*On ne porte plus de gorge*" ("Bosoms are not worn now").

"*Qu'est-ce qu'on fait donc?*" ("But how do Ladies manage?") asked her innocent English customer.

"*Mais, dame, on ôte la ouate*" ("Oh! they take out the wadding"), was the equally innocent answer.

Punch had never fully appreciated the bearings of this perfectly true story

till the other day when he came upon the following paragraph in one of the leading ladies' journals:—

"Buy a pair of Maitenon corsets, fitting your waist measure. The other parts of the corset will be proportioned as you ought to be. Put the corset on, and fill the vacant spaces with fine jewellers' wool, then tack on a piece of soft silk or cambric over the bust thus formed to keep the wool in place, renewing it as often as required. This is the most natural and effectual mode of improving the figure which I have heard of."

Now *Punch* sees how exactly the Parisian *Modiste's* plan came home to her own business and her customers' bosoms.

A CASE FOR CLERGYMAN-HELPS.

GIVEN occasion for Gentleman-Helps generally, does not a plea suggest itself in particular for Clergyman-Helps? To a certain extent every Curate is a Clergyman-Help, but to complete that character he should live in his Employer's Parsonage, or Palace, clean boots and shoes, knives and forks, wait at table, officiate in the stable, and work in the garden, being all the while as far as possible treated as one of the family. His wages of £100 a year or so would then supply him with some of the comforts of life, and perhaps enable him to put by a little provision, besides, for a season of being out of place, or a rainy day of disestablishment and disendowment.

As to married Curates, subsisting on their mere stipends, a Clergyman-Help of that sort might be employed as gardener and man-of-all-work, to milk, and feed the pigs, and so forth, whilst his wife could, in a genteel way, take in washing and keep a mangle. How such couples continue to make both ends meet without recourse to some such means, is a mystery suggesting that in the Established Church the Age of Miracles is not yet over.

THE "DREADNOUGHT" ASHORE.

BEAR a hand there, Ladies and Gentlemen with a shot in the locker for poor JACK! The publication of the last Report, read the other day at the Fifty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the Seamen's Hospital Society, will tend to correct a confusion of ideas, injurious to that charitable institution. When people are advertised that contributions and subscriptions thereunto are received by the Bankers, MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birch Lane, or by the Secretary, "Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich," they are apt to imagine themselves invited to contribute to the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital itself. Supposing Greenwich Hospital well enough endowed, and supported besides with public money, they are apt to decline that invitation.

The smaller Hospital has got to be confounded with the greater, especially among seamen of the Mercantile Marine, in consequence of the removal on shore of the Seamen's Hospital from on board the old *Dreadnought*, so long a conspicuous object in the Thames, suggestive of pleasing associations with whitebait. But the Report abovementioned now informs its readers that the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, receives no aid from Government whatsoever, except houseroom; the use of the Infirmary on their premises at Greenwich, instead of the loan of a ship, to the additional comfort of the patients indeed, but the proportionate increase of expenditure of quite fifteen per cent. for their maintenance, requiring to be met by voluntary contributions.

Now all this is explained, it may be hoped that the Seamen's Hospital will cease to suffer from a misconception precisely similar in its effect to the detriment sustained by MESSRS. SHADRACH'S establishment at the hands of MESSRS. MESHECH, through the dissemination of "the untradesman-like falsehood, 'it's the same concern.'"

So far from being the same concern with Greenwich Hospital, the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, is quite another concern. It is free to sick seamen of all nations. Within the scope of its cosmopolitan hospitality, come not only medicine and surgery for nautical sufferers, but also the provision, if possible, of employment for them when cured. It contains two hundred beds constantly occupied; and to keep charity going at this rate needs voluntary contributions yearly to the amount of £8,000, or, rather, according to a statement made in Cannon Street, of £10,000. It nearly paid its expenses last year, but not quite; and owes £1,539 6s. 0d. Every Briton, whose song is "*Raise, Britannia!*" must see that, as an institution subservient to the spirit of that chorus, the Seamen's Hospital (late *Dreadnought*) is a charity beyond all others for which the hat may justifiably be sent round. Its expenditure has much increased lately through the rise in provisions, amounting to £506

additional in the last year alone. A hospital, however, need not, like almost every individual member of the community except butchers, be the worse off for "Progress." Subscriptions, donations, and bequests in plenty, on the part of a generous Public, will doubtless enable the Seamen's Hospital Society to keep pace with the times, whilst all but the most economical housekeepers are out-running the constable. The *Dreadnought* (that was) should have nought to dread.

A page of the Society's Report is occupied with a table of Ports in the United Kingdom whence patients were sent them last year—so many from each; together with a list of annual subscriptions sent also by those Ports—some of them. For, in several instances, opposite to a considerable figure in the Patients' column, the Subscription column presents "*Nil*." We need only remind those who thus show their unremitting interest in the Hospital, that *ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Nothing can come of nothing"—in the long run; though they have made their own nothings, thus far, produce something considerable. Let them clap the omitted figure to the left of their round 0's, and give them their proper values.

THE EYE-OPENER FOR ENGLAND.

FROM the Blue Book on the Conference it appears that the SULTAN was persuaded, notwithstanding LORD SALISBURY'S assurances to the contrary, that "the alienation of a large portion of the English people" from the side of Turkey "was due rather to the repudiation of the Turkish debt than to the atrocities in Bulgaria." Not quite so, Padishah. No large portion of the English people is so very mercenary as all that. It was not the repudiation of the Turkish debt which principally alienated even the Turkish bondholders from you. It was those awful Bulgarian atrocities that did it. All that the repudiation of the Turkish debt did was to open the eyes of the British Public, and especially those of Turkey's Creditors, to the atrocity of the Bulgarian atrocities.

The Porte and the Powers.

It is whispered that a high Turkish Official, speaking of the six Governments represented at the late ineffectual Conference, observed, at a late Divan, that they might call themselves the six Powers, but he, for his part, called them the six Weaknesses.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO RECENTLY ADOPTED BY MR. GLADSTONE.

"I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility."

Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. s. 2.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PRELIMINARY.

THE Ghost of SAMUEL PEPPS, flattered by the admission of his report of the debate on the Address, and delighted to resume his habit, when in the flesh, of recording the day's news, has so pressed for permission to supply *Punch's* Parliamentary Essence once more at least, that *Mr. Punch* has consented, after a long interview with SAMUEL's spirit materialised, in the ghost of his purple camlet suit with silver buttons, to humour the social old spirit.

"And methinks," said the Ghost, after urging other reasons, "it should be pretty and profitable to your readers to see how the debates of my Lords and Commons do seem to one that remembers the Long Parliament, and the Rump and the Parliaments after the King's joyful Restoration, when money was so hard to come by for all, and Our Office especially, in such straits. Though, indeed, save in the matter of money, it do seem as if Our Office were still for the most part in as sore straits as when I was Clerk of the Acts, and as many mishaps among our ships, and the Board abused, on all hands, as roundly; but, Lord, to see how coolly they do take it, so as my Lord SANDWICH himself could not have borne the storm more easily."

Mr. Punch had some difficulty in stopping the mouth of the garrulous old Ghost, which he did at last with Admiralty Blue Books on the cases of the *Captain* and the *Vanguard*. We subjoin his report, just received. It is too long, but we print it as sent:—

*Monday, February 12 (Lords).—*Question by my LORD DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, touching the Officers of Her Majesty's Engineers sent out last autumn to Constantinople, to what end was their survey of the defences thereof, and what the Turk was like to have thought of the same, as promising them from us help in need. But my LORD CADOGAN answered roundly that these Officers had surveyed and reported for service of Her Majesty's Government, and not of the Turk, and as for what the Turk might argue thereof, they of the Government knew not, and had no need to trouble themselves, with which my Lord Duke was fain to be content; and methinks my LORD CADOGAN, for a young Lord, hath already well learnt the manner of answering, that we had in my time in Our Office, when saucy rogues would put questions easier to ask than to answer.

And then the Lords to mighty serious debate of the new roadway at Hyde Park Corner, which do much concern many of my Lords, their wives and daughters, that do drive oft that way, and are sore hindered by the great press of common coaches, and marvellous to see how all wheeled carriages be multiplied in this town since the first licensing of the hackney coaches which I remember. My LORD BEACONSFIELD did speak mighty solemnly on this grave matter; and methinks it is well their Lordships should give their minds to other questions than Eastern. But no new road yet, nor, methinks, like to be this long while, but much sedulous consideration



A POSER.

Sporting Gent. "I SAY, THERE'S A LOT O' YOUR 'OUNDS RUNNING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER!"

Huntsman. "THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL JUST POP OVER, AND GIVE 'EM A HOLLOO!"

[*Sporting Gent subsides.*]

by the Board of Works of the reasons against all that are proposed. And, indeed, it is no light matter for my Lords and their Ladies, and for the Board of Works, that may not fitly go to work but on full consideration.

(*Commons.*)—To question of MR. ASHLEY, MR. BOURKE, a brisk young man, and Under Secretary to my LORD DERBY, had a hard business in explaining of the steps taken by the Turk in compliance with my LORD DERBY'S sharp letter touching the punishment of those concerned in the Bulgarian atrocities, wherein many sentences have been passed, as I did gather, but could hear of neither sentences nor offenders executed as yet, but a Commission still examining and seeking for what the French call *Midi à quatorze heures*. Pleasant to hear how SHEEFKET PASHA, the leader of all the atrocities, is not under arrest, but under surveillance, which do seem to me mighty different. So the upshot of all do seem to be, much said but nothing done, as is usual with the Turk.

Then other replies to other questions touching these Turkish matters, as of the Loan, and the departure of SIR HENRY ELLIOT, and a certain despatch of my LORD DERBY'S; and I do see plainly there is like to be no lack of questions for my LORD DERBY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and I do wish them both well delivered of their answers. Then much other confused business, which I could not note.

At last the House to debate sharply of MR. SMYTH'S Bill for Closing of Irish Public-houses on Sunday, which the Government be of a mind to grant, as it were *experimentum in corpore vili*, though they will none of it here. But, Lord, to see how Irish Members do contradict each other flatly herein, as in other things; one O'SULLIVAN crying the Bill down as a wicked thing "to affect the interests of many thousand Irishmen, and to restrict the liberty and ancient privileges of Ireland," whereof, doubtless, the privilege of getting drunk on Sunday, as on other days, is one of the most ancient. And then to hear one SULLIVAN, without the "O," calling lustily for the Bill; and a gross, fat man, one MAJOR O'GORMAN, mighty loud against it, and methinks did bear him as like the fat knight in SHAKESPEARE'S play as ever I saw; and much laughter of the House, whether at his brogue or his belly I could not learn, but do believe the one did help the other. Among other things of this O'GORMAN'S

that moved the House to mirth, was this, that for an Irishman to get drunk on a Sunday anywhere save in a licensed public-house, though it were *sub Jove frigido*—the fat Major being one that can talk Latin, as indeed, most of your Irish be scholars, after some sort—was an insult to the Queen's Majesty, which puzzled me. But whether the Irish people be in truth for or against this Bill, I know not. For the biggest towns—Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick—the Secretary for Ireland did hold it wise to have inquiry made of the matter by Select Committee. And methinks if the public-houses cannot be shut on Sundays in these great towns, it is little that they should be shut in smaller places. But Irish reasons are, and have ever been since first I heard of them, hard to fathom. So I wish the Bill a good deliverance, and no more heads or windows broken than is needful.

Then a Bill moved for Valuation of Property for Rating, being a *remanet* from last year—like so many of the Bills this Session. But whether this Bill be better or worse than last year's, I know not. And methinks the House was no wiser than I, which comforts me. Only I am thankful there were no such Bills, and few such rates, in my time.

Also a Bill touching Patents brought in; the same that they have been trying to pass these two years. But whether this one will be got passed I could not learn. Yet methinks it is sore needed, for inventions do multiply strangely, beyond aught that was dreamed of in my time; and where they will stop, I see not. Lord grant it may all be for good. But am glad of one thing, that MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL do own that poor men have a right to profit by the work of their brains, whereto this Bill is meant to help; so I wish well to it.

Tuesday (Lords).—My LORD GRANVILLE to question of my LORD DERBY touching the treaty for mutual delivering up of law-breakers passing between this country and the United States of America, whither in my time they did deport rogues, but they now, it seems, being their own masters, do send their rogues to us, and we ours to them, as it were in the way of barter.

And my LORD DERBY to explain how herein matters are again as they were, before he did get into a quarrel with one FISH, the States' Secretary, last year; so I do find my Lord hath had to eat his words, but put it as if he had not, yet doth it with as good



SAWBATH RECREATION.

Gentleman from N. B. (he had sent his Presbyterian Butler to a service at Westminster Abbey). "WELL, DUGALD, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT?"

Dugald. "AWEE, SIR, IT WAS MAIR LIKE HEEV'N THAN AIRTH; BUT E-H, SIR, IT'S JUST AN AWFU' WAY O' SPENNIN' THE SAWBATH, YON!"

a grace as ever I saw, and much chuckling thereat among my Lords of the Opposition. Pleasant to see how friendly their Lordships be on both sides, and how smooth-spoken, and my LORD GRANVILLE one of the pleasantest, yet can give a smart rap with a smiling face. And after, the same Lord mighty curious to know why, in the papers touching the Eastern Question, was no word of my LORD SALISBURY's conversations with PRINCE BISMARCK, and PRESIDENT MACMAHON, and the Duc DECAZES, but did assume it was for convenience of the public service, to which my LORD DERBY did agree. So I could not see why my LORD GRANVILLE should ask the question.

My LORD DERBY did add, wisely, that some talk with foreign Ministers was of no account, and such it was good to publish: but some of grave account, and as to that sort the public were best kept in the dark. Which puzzled me.

(*Commons.*)—More questioning of Ministers: and one SAMUELSON, a brisk man, asking if my LORD BEAconsFIELD, when he spoke so warlike at Guildhall last December, had in his pocket the letter of His Majesty the CZAR OF MUSCOVY vouching his will for peace, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did answer him so shortly and roundly as moved the laughter of the House; meaning that my LORD BEAconsFIELD did look on the CZAR's letter as but a *canard*, or MUSCOVY Duck, which is the name they give now to flams on public matters. But how the CZAR would stomach his letter being so taken, I wonder.

Then Mr. FAWCETT, a mighty clear-spoken man in matters of Finance, and sharp-sighted for all he is blind, did move to reappoint the Select Committee, that has sat for three years inquiring into Indian Finance, but never yet got so far as reporting, so that I was reminded of the hen that laid so many eggs she could never come to the hatching of any. For their reappointment he did give mighty good reasons, and indeed when a man thinks over all he said, the one reason against such a Committee would seem to be that its work can only be well done in India; and asks rather for a great Minister of Finance than the best Committee that ever did hatch a Blue Book, which, as yet, this Committee hath not done, only taken more evidence than anybody will ever care to read.

And to this effect spoke one SMOLLETT, a rough-tongued man, but ready, and a hard hitter all round, and would have had the House vote to leave off all spending on public works in India, and cease to distinguish between ordinary and extraordinary expenses in its reckoning. Which methinks were a starving of the horse to save the cost of his feed. And was smartly rapped over the

knuckles by a mighty brisk young LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, of the Indian Secretary's Office, that it was a pleasure to hear how trippingly he spoke, and yet to the point; so that it was pretty to see how well he had learnt his lesson; and the House did cheer him mightily when he went into the Indian accounts, and showed a brave array of figures against Mr. FAWCETT, and made out things in India hopeful and thriving, save for this famine and fall in silver, and was for no Committee, so the House did say no to FAWCETT by 173 to 123, and to SMOLLETT without a division, all being against him save himself, and methinks he is one of that sort that do often find themselves in a minority of one.

Wednesday.—Being Ash Wednesday, the Lords sat not at all, and the Commons not till two, for which I was glad, being already wearied of my week's work, and knew not before they sat so late, and talked so much.

A Bill to guard the mouths of thrashing-machines—and might, methinks, be extended to the House of Commons, where be many machines with mouths that grind chaff, and so waste time.

One PARNELL moved a Bill to enable buyers of Irish Church lands to spread their payments over fifty-two years, and to pay nothing at first buying. Which methinks was cool, even for an Irish Member to ask; and the House would none of it, though the Irish Home-Rule Members of one mind for once. So the Bill was thrown out by 150 to 110.

A Bill, moved by one WILSON, to forbid the Sale of Drink on Sundays in England and Wales. The first child, methought, of Mr. SMYTH's Bill, and much debate whether leave should be given to bring it in or no, and, in the end, leave given, which I was sorry for.

Thursday (Lords).—Nought worth noting but my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL's notice of Question for next Tuesday on my LORD SALISBURY's instructions, and if the Government propose to do aught, and what, in furtherance thereof.

(*Commons.*)—More questions. MR. WARD HUNT did explain to SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL how HOBART PASTA, an English Captain, commanding the navy of the Turk, having been struck off the list and pay of his rank in 1868, was in 1874 restored to the same, but no reason given. And in Our Office methinks, in my time, we had not restored one of our Captains who had taken service with the Infidel. But now 'tis otherwise—only land-officers may not so serve without leave first given; which puzzles me, to find a reason why what is sauce for the land-bird should not be sauce also for the sea-fowl.

To SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did explain how SIR HENRY ELLIOT did leave Constantinople like the other Ambassadors—being ordered home to report, but not in disgrace, and was sick—whereat no wonder, with the sickening work he hath had.

Then one RYLANDS, a man of a rasping tongue, to move the rejection of the Prisons' Bill, for bringing of prisons under the control of Government; and much brave talk of Local Self-Government, which is, indeed a grand thing to talk of: and one CHAMBERLAIN, the stout and high-stomached member for Birmingham, and Mr. NEWDEGATE, a solemn-spoken gentleman of Warwickshire, and SIR WALTER BARTHELOT, a lusty Sussex Baronet, did follow on the same side; and pretty to see how the two country gentlemen did sleek and stroke down the Birmingham man, but all to no purpose, for the House, thinking the Bill needful, and no cheek to local self-government, however it might be to local jobbery, and like to bring better governing of prisons, did vote the Bill by 279 to 69.

Friday (Lords).—Mighty grave talk of business to be done hereafter, but none done yet. And sure, LORD BEAconsFIELD performs his new part as solemn as ever I see.

(*Commons.*)—The night's work begun by a question of SIR C. DILKE—and sure never was such a questioning as now a-nights, and methinks, little reason for Members to call "*Question! Question!*" as they do, seeing the questions do come without calling. And so Mr. BOURKE to his reply, that the Government do mean to answer the Muscovite despatch, when the time comes, and they know what to say, and what the other Powers are of a mind to say. And then to Committee of Supply, but first Mr. GLADSTONE to call attention to our treaties with the Turk and others, and to consider how we stand bound

thereby—and thereon as high and hot debate as ever I heard in the headiest days of the Long Parliament, in the course whereof one CHAPLIN, a Lincolnshire Squire, did make as if he would pluck MR. GLADSTONE by the beard, who did take it in snuff, and did give MASTER CHAPLIN, a young, brisk fellow, but one that is better known for a horse-courser than a politician, such a tongue-basting as did me good to hear, and methought I was at the handling of some rake-helly young Cavalier by a grave Precisian, as it might be MASTER PRYNNE or MASTER SELDEN, in the Protector's time.

For the rest, much wild and whirling talk of these treaties and their force, between MR. HARDY, the Secretary for War, and LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, another of your brisk gallants, and MR. GRANT DUFF, a weasel-faced man, and shrill-voiced, but of rare repute for knowing the minds and cities of many men, and wise beyond common men's measure, and one COURTNEY, new come into the House for Liskeard, and as I do hear a smart writer, and one that looks to rise, and indeed spoke more to the point than the rest, and one SMYTH, an Irishman, mighty flowery and flowing of discourse, that it was pretty to hear, and others, but I, sore weary of it all, and could pick nought out but many "An this be so, then that is so;" but what these treaties do in truth bind us to, or the other Powers party thereunto, or the Turk, or if indeed they bind either to aught, is more than I could learn.

Only, MR. GLADSTONE do speak marvellous well, and weightily, and, methought, glowed as with a white heat, that it was fine to listen to him, and pity of MASTER CHAPLIN under his chiding; but yet mighty silly of him to shoot at one that beareth too many guns for his tonnage.

And, so the debate adjourned till next Friday, and I home in a muddle. But I do see clearly that whatever these treaties be, nothing will come of them all. And so best. But methought, had the old Protector been here, things would scarce run all thus to jangle and tangle and talk as they do, and methinks will do for some while yet.

LENTEN PENANCES.



HE Prince of Wales.—To open a public Building, or preside at a public Meeting, once in each week.

The Lord Privy Seal.—To listen to the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY'S speeches.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—The preparation of his Budget.

The Earl of Derby.—To answer the Russian Note.

The First Lord of the Admiralty.—To spend a few days with MR. E. J. REED.

Mr. Gladstone.—To be debarred from the use of writing materials.

Mr. Lowe.—To make a voyage to Greece, and inspect DR. SCHLEMMAN'S treasures.

The Speaker.—To preside at the meeting of a Debating Society every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

The Lord Chamberlain.

—To visit all the London theatres in turn, and remain until the fall of the curtain.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—To go the round of the great Breweries.

Mr. Whalley.—To hear CARDINAL MANNING and MONSIGNOR CAPEL preach alternately.

The Poet Laureate.—To produce an Ode or Idyl on the Eastern Question.

Mr. Ruskin.—To take lodgings in the centre of Huddersfield or Wigan, or some other manufacturing town in Lancashire or Yorkshire.

Mr. Morris.—To dine out in rooms with outrageous wall-papers.

Major O'Gorman.—To give evidence against Irish Whiskey before the House of Lords Committee on Intemperance.

Rev. A. Tooth.—To pay the costs, and apologise to LORD PENZANCE.

His Congregation.—To attend service at the nearest Nonconformist chapel.

The Editors of the Ministerial Papers.—To read through the Blue Book on the Eastern Question.

The Pope.—To make it up with the KING OF ITALY.

The United States.—To pay back to England the unappropriated balance of the Alabama Award.

EXPERIENCES OF ETON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

KNOWING you are a bold defender of truth, I wish to offer a remark on MR. GLADSTONE'S statement at Marlborough the other day, that Eton boys are worshippers of Mammon. I wish to goodness they were. Then possibly I might have got into "Pop" by this time. ("Pop," you know, is our name for the School Debating Society, to which all the swells belong.) But they won't elect me, just because I can't row or play cricket well, and I'm not in the Sixth Form. I suppose I'm not what is called "popular" among the fellows. Why, my father could buy up any dozen of these fellows who swagger about here as if the place belonged to them. But they black-balled me when I tried to get into "Pop" last half, which shows that they don't understand the value of money, and are, therefore, even greater fools than MR. GLADSTONE imagines.

Yours faithfully,

CRESSUS MAJOR.

Eton College.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I KNOW you're a fast friend of the nobility, so perhaps you won't mind my making a remark. Some fellow here told me that GLADSTONE had been saying in a speech somewhere that Eton fellows worshipped rank. I don't find it so, I assure you. You know I belong to one of the oldest families in the peerage, and at home I can bully the servants as much as I please, and everyone bows and scrapes to me and calls me "My Lord!" Now, somehow or other, the fellows here don't see this. They all laughed when I tried it on. And that low brute, SMITH MAX, my fagmaster (I hope he won't see this, or he'll work me off as sure as a gun), actually makes me cook his beefsteak every morning, run up and down for him all day, and make his tea and toast at night, just as if I was a commoner. Confound his impudence! But they don't understand the value of rank at Eton, that's the plain truth of it.

Yours,

TOMNODDY.

Eton College.

GATES AJAR.

MR. PUNCH, respecting the cloth, is always sorry when the British clerk in orders—out of the pulpit, of course—sinks to what may be mildly described as "twaddle." But when twaddle takes the shape of impertinence and ignorance combined, MR. PUNCH feels himself in duty bound to bring his *déton* heavily over the delinquent's fingers. What rap could be too heavy for a certain REVEREND MR. GATES, who, at a recent meeting of sympathisers with MR. TOOTH, at Warrington, said (alluding to LORD PENZANCE) "that a man who had spent all his life in adjusting the relationship of adulterers and adulteresses was little fit to decide doctrines of the Church?"

Now, what LORD PENZANCE has to decide is, not what are the doctrines of the Church, but what are the laws of the realm; and what is, and is not, in accordance with them; and his intimate acquaintance with one branch of legal learning does not in any way affect his qualifications in another. MR. PUNCH is irresistibly reminded of certain Pharisees who found fault with the Founder of the Church for being seen in company with publicans and sinners. But even they would scarce have cast stones at the Great Judge before whom the sinning woman was brought for the "adjustment of her relationship" with harshly-judging and erring mankind; yet here is this Reverend Gentleman who, as *Master Page* says, "belike having received wrongs by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience," indulging in a most offensive insinuation against one of the shining lights of the English Bench!

MR. PUNCH replies in the anything but shallow words of SHAKESPEARE—"I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning so wide of his own respect;" and sincerely hopes, though gentlemen with such ideas are generally as obstinate as they are foolish, that MR. GATES is, before this, heartily ashamed of himself.

TO AN ANAGRAMMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

WHERE'S the error? The EARL OF BEACONSFIELD "is the real face of Old Ben." Who dares say he isn't?

WHY is Saturday the best day to make inquiries at the General Post Office?

Because it's ten to one you'll find the Clerks there, and on other days it's ten to four.



SEEN FROM A RAILWAY DURING THE LATE FLOODS.

BETSY PRIG TO A CERTAIN PARTY.

What, part with my Party? No fear! It is nothing but spite as suggests it.
If there's love for true Liberal ways 'tis B. PRIG's faithful buzzum as nests it.
 But that party's gone awfully wrong under leadership blind and contrairy,
 And rounds on its own blessed BETSY, and goes and confounds her with SAIREY.
 Which matters are getting most awkward, and werry much mixed up and muddled.
 Those Blue Books do bother me dreadful, and make me feel flurried and fuddled,
 While DERBY and SALISBURY somehow my counsels appear to be mocking:
 The way as they've talked to the Turk on the quiet is regular shocking!
 Why WILLIAM could hardly hit harder. And here has B. PRIG been a-praising
 Bland BENJAMIN's much milder ways. Such a right-about turn is quite crazing.
 My MIDHAT, too, mizzled! It's awful! And then that there sweet Constitution!
 Will nobody say a good word for it? Gracious! This is retribution!
 And here have I been a performin' the patriot superior to party, And sticking sly pins into GLADSTONE, and artfully touching up HARRY;
 Coming down on that greedy old Bear every day with a reg'lar good teaser,
 But to find the Conservative POMPEY so much like the Liberal CÆSAR!
 What, what has become of my Watchwords? Traditional policy?—fled!
 The Treaty of Paris?—the dust of the Pharaohs ain't hardly more dead;

And as for the Turk's independence, integrity, pride, and all that, Why the Gov'ment has served 'em like so many nine-pins, and knocked 'em all flat.

Yet stay, there's one hope. No Coercion! My conjuring terms ain't all gone.
 Though there isn't much left to be fighting for, here is a sort of a bone: The Turk has met scolding and snubbing, and wolumes of wicked aspersion,
 But let us stand out hard and fast against even "contingent" coercion.

And ye Liberal lambs who so long loved the lead of my crook and my flute,
 Come rally once more round your BETSY, nor fear that her pipe will be mute.
 Don't, BETSY conjures you, go dallying with Russia. It's jest ruination,
 From GORTSCHAKOFF, GLADSTONE & Co. let B. PRIG be your shield and salvation!

A PLEA FOR A PORTICO.

THE Board of Works, as part of its plan for a new thoroughfare from Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross, proposes to sweep away the platform of the famous portico of St. Martin's Church, and, instead, to stilt up the pillars on pedestals, and to limit the steps to a break-neck staircase from the church-doors to the face of the portico.
 The Vicar writes to protest in the name of the parish—and he might have added, of *Punch*. We have not so many good examples of Palladian architecture in England that we can afford to mutilate about the best of them.

If St. Martin divided his cloak with the beggar, that is no good reason for the Saint dividing his portico—which may be symbolised as his "dickey"—with the Board of Works, who are not beggars, but choosers. In this case let Parliament say, "We don't choose." The refusal may lead to some alteration in the plans, even to some deviation from the proposed line of street. But what though? *St. Martin de Tours* will but be *St. Martin de Détours*! And the portico is well worth a circumbendibus.



THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

(See Blue Book.)

SERGEANT. "ON YOUR EASTERN QUESTION—RIGHT-ABOUT-TURN!" COMPANY OFFICER (*aside*). "AH, THEY ALWAYS WERE SLOW AT THEIR 'FACINGS!'"

SERGEANT (*to himself*). "MUST GET 'EM ROUND SOMEHOW!"

POST-CARD OPINIONS.



ONSCIENTIOUS MR. GLADSTONE! No wonder that he takes to writing upon Post-Cards, when he is pestered every day by a myriad of busy-bodies, who plague him with an endless variety of questions, which he is too polite to pitch into his wastebasket, unanswered. What celerity of penmanship, and what abounding store of patience a Statesman must command, when his morning's work consists in furnishing succinct and publishable answers to such queries as the following!—

Are you a believer in the Tomb of Agamemnon, as recently discovered, and how do you account for the number of buttons found in it? And do you uphold the theory

that HOMER was a man, and not a noun of multitude signifying many?

What are your opinions on the Great Eastern Question? And would you advise a jobber to bull or bear in Turks and Egyptians for speculative purposes?

Do you consider it consistent in a Vivisectionist to open half-a-score of oysters for his supper, and, if so, is it worse in him to pepper and vinegar them?

What are your ideas as to the present whereabouts and chances of discovery of the missing Gainsborough?

Oblige me, confidentially, with your views upon the Tooth case?

If you were the driver of an Ass averse to speed, would you consider yourself justified in inflicting corporal punishment, and if so on what grounds?

Have you tried Australian tinned meats? And what dodges do you recommend to make them go down with the servants?

Please to state, from your own personal experience, what you have ascertained, since leaving school, as to the use of the Digamma.

What arguments would you adduce to show that 'Bus Conductors should be exempt from Income-tax?

The Churchwardens of Slobberton have quarrelled with their Curate, because he *will* eat muffins and red herrings upon fast-days. What course would you suggest to bring about the wished-for reconciliation?

Do you ever drink cheap Claret? If so, what would you prescribe as an efficacious antidote?

State concisely your opinions on the practice of announcing "No Cards" in matrimonial advertisements.

If you wished to learn Chinese, how would you set about it?

When you cut a Tree down, do you take your coat off and discard your braces?

To help a ragged Schoolmaster, please give a sketch of Grecian politics in the time of ARISTOTLE.

What Tobacco do you smoke? and do you approve of Rinking?

What are your private views upon DESCARTES' Atomic Theory, and do you recommend the use of Marmalade at breakfast?

State, as briefly as you can, what you think of things in general?

A Vulgarian Atrocity.

Pro Nono loquitur.

INFALLIBLE, while erring man

Insists "You shall," I say "I shan't."

As "*possumus*" is "Vat-I-can,"

"*Non possumus*" is "Vat-I-can't."

SPELLING REFORM.

LAST night, at the usual meeting of the Jolly Codgers, Blue Lion, Seven Dials, the proposed Spelling Reform was discussed. MR. WILLIAM SIKES presided, and among those present were COSTERMONGER ROBERT, FAKEMENT JOE, RORRY WILLIAM, SAILOR TOM, &c. The Chairman, in opening the discussion, said, that the nation demanded Reformed Spelling. ("Ear, ear!") The present system was most vexatious to a gentleman whose time for schooling was limited. When he was a ploughman—which he was proud to say he had whistled at the plough, and precious hard work it was, and soon took the whistle out of a chap worse than the crank-some meddlesome fellow had the cheek to say in an argument that cough and plough were spelt the same way. ("Shame!") He did, though. But what did he (the Chairman) do? He knocked the cove down, and the beaks gave him three months for it. ("Oh, oh!") Wasn't reform needed. (Cheers.)

SAILOR TOM entirely concurred with the remarks of the last speaker, although, from experience, he was bound to say he did not believe a single word of 'em. ("Ear, ear!") Reform was needed. His own plan was the best. He'd tell 'em what it was. He was called SAILOR, although he had been christened THOMAS CORAM, arter the street where he was found on a doorstep and conveyed to the Foundlins Orspital. And when he signed his name to articles he put down a cross, and there was no bother about spelling. He warn't much of a scholar, but shiver his timbers if he could see why some of the big wigs could not adapt his system to everything.

FAKEMENT JOE had been convinced of the iniquitousness of our spelling ever since that great and glorious martyr SIR ROGER CHARLES DOUGHTY TICHBORNE had been sent to prison for not spelling his words according to harbitrary rules.

The meeting here paused to give three cheers for DR. KENEALY. On resuming business it was discovered that FAKEMENT JOE had gone. It was also discovered that he had gone without paying his share of the reckoning. It was further discovered that one or two little articles belonging to various gentlemen had gone with him.

COSTERMONGER ROBERT said that all he wanted was that words should be spelt as pronounced. Notwithstanding the accident to the Chairman (Cheers) he would knock anyone down who said that d-o-n-k-e-y spelt moke. He had been eddicated in his youth, and found out that all this spelling was the fault of DR. JOHNSON. (Groans.) Who was this JOHNSON? Why he was a noosepaper man in

the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. Fleet Street was one of his many pitches. There was a deal of noosepaper men thereabouts still, and he did not think much of 'em. They talked about the history of the language. That be blowed. They said if you altered the spelling they used now to the new way, you wouldn't be able to read books printed the old way. Bother books! They warn't no good as ever he see. Give a cove a barrer, and let him 'arn his own grub. Ready money and no accounts was his motter, and on that a cove could get along werry well without readin and writin. He'd fight any man there for half-a-crown. (Cheers.)

RORRY WILLIAM thought the School-Board was at the bottom of it all. He was a cat's-meat man. (Laughter.) They might laugh, but it was a noble calling. The School-Board did it. His little boy was at school, and only last night home he comes, and he says, "Father, what's written on your basket is wrong. 'Katsmete' is incorrect."—So I says, "Is it, my shaver? How do you spell that?" And I gives him a tidy dusting. The meeting might depend upon it, School-Boards was aggerawating.

Somebody then asked whether the Chairman was going to stand anything. The Chairman said he wasn't. Somebody else threw a pewter pot at the Chairman. The Chairman put out the gas. A smart interchange of opinions then ensued. Finally, the whole meeting, escorted by five constables (placed at their disposal through the courtesy of MR. INSPECTOR X 1), proceeded to Bow Street, where they passed the night.

On Seeing Mr. Clayton in "All for Her," and afterwards in "The Danischeffs."

THE Heroes in both plays have this in common—

They're far too good for our self-seeking life:

One his head loses for a charming woman,

And t'other to another gives his wife.

Who'll the first follow in such abnegation?

What modern lover for his love would die?

But is the other act past imitation?

"Oh no!"—a crowd of henpecked husbands cry.

MRS. MALAPROP RIGHT FOR ONCE.—When she called the bright moment between two showers an Interregnum.

OUR NOVEL SERIES.*

This week we have the pleasure of placing before the public the first Chapter of an entirely original Novel, entitled

THE HELLENIC PHAKTOR.

A KHOKAND-BOUL STORY.

WRITTEN BY

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GL--ST--E, M.P.

CHAPTER I.—*The Pnyx and the Gnomon.*†

BETWEEN the rivers of the Zupp Untein and the Aurnum Untul Vortar of the Garrene Parrukh, which, it is believed by such high authorities as BOBLÔT and ERETUN (*vide Metrop. Imp. Vol. ii. p. 210*), to have been the Matchtaxartes and Stattsphairon of the ancients, bounded on the north by the Tural Ural Mountains, and on the south by the Great Kittjenn Range, lies the fertile region of

tion of the community is the long nose, with which the stranger meets at every turn of the conversation, at once making abortive all serious reply to earnest inquiry, and producing feelings akin to distrust and repugnance on the part of the impressionable traveller.

The central and most civilised division of this district, called Kapul Kaut, is situated within a few hours' march of Kaunil, and is inhabited by various Mahomedan, Christian, Persian, Jewish, and other nomad races—the *Stirpes Noninsane* of the ancients, modelled on the manner of the traditional Sitti communities, herding together for common protection from the wild Bulls and savage Bears, and only collecting their means of existence from the considerable admixture, and daily extended sprinkling, of foreign Stocks.

It is a region through which have passed, from time to time, the Hems, the Hahs, the Guls, the Noguls, the Svindlahs, the Dûhs, the Shamms, and the Hums. These last, compelled, in their westward course, to flee from the vicinity of the Bug, from causes analogous to those which have forced more civilised races to retire from continental *caravanserai*, and to quit furnished apartments on the various sea-boards, have finally settled on the Tartaric basin. Here

despotic Tyranny, under the guise of lawful Government, displayed its most hideous terrors.

RETSCHID PASHA and AVATAR KHAN were consummate scoundrels, who thought nothing of wantonly impaling the several members of their own families, under the diplomatic pretext of "establishing fixed relations." They were, however, completely upset by the personal bravery and fearlessness of GENERAL TCHORIZTOESOFF, who took the citadel, overturned AVATAR KHAN, and then crowned his victory by taking a bath.

RETSCHID PASHA, unable to face the Muscovite guns, chose rather to end his life of sensuality and bloodshed by the ingenious method employed for the destruction of Deioneus.

On a certain Black Friday, still devoutly kept as a festival in his subjects' calendar, RETSCHID PASHA stepped on to a few light branches which barely concealed the furnace of live coals



the Beevur Kappz, now inhabited by the Volgrest people—"Qui cultros in faucibus suis manducantes ponebant." (*Mores Barbarorum. Opusc. Lib. ii.*)

This forms the Brym, Boundary, or head-quarters of the Zschap-pau Maykurs, living under the iron presidency of a Hatti Scheriff.† Here the native races are as rude and uncultivated as the soil they vainly try to utilise. The distinctive feature of the younger por-

* *To the Public.*—In pursuance of our plan, and in the unfettered exercise of our Editorial discretion, we were compelled to return the remainder of the MS. romance commenced in our last week's issue by MR. GEO. H. WH-LL-Y. Of course after this we must expect to be stigmatised by the Member for Peterborough as Jesuits and Anti-Claimantists. We have no doubt that *The Masked Monk* will prove a most thrilling and exciting romance, if restricted to about half an ordinary-sized novel volume; but we regret that in its present form it is unsuited to the tone of this journal. We have returned it to MR. GEO. H. WH-LL-Y, at Peterborough, reminding him that compression is the better part of authorship. In this present number we give a chance to an eminent Hand, whose first instalment will be welcomed with pleasure, and, we hope, read with interest.—ED.

† This was divided in the form of five numbered headings, subdivided into a, b, c, &c. As this occupied too much space, we have extracted the essence (as we think) in this simplified superscription.—ED.

‡ *Knapp and Tyler's Reports, folio.*

that awaited his descent. Thus, as HOMER sings, he

Φελλιν τὸ Θέωλον ἀρρεῖδα.

But no mere extirpation can be permanently successful which is not directed *ad radices*. The axe rusts while the Upas tree grows. "*Incrementum—accessit.*" (*Ludi Harvardiani Lib. Jocularis, Vol. I.*)

Thus the Russians, to as much of their credit as remains, be it said, have scratched the match of civilisation on the sand-paper of the Desert. Not theirs the blame, if what would have been the light of other days is not to be kindled by a process that can only be described as a system at once arbitrary, ambiguous, and non-progressive; for the Match of Civilisation (and here I may refer to the evidence of BOBLÔT, an unimpeachable witness experienced in such questions) is wanting in the one touch of universal sympathy, and, whether rubbed the right or the wrong way, will not exhibit itself as a mere product of a Trades Union, but will obstinately prefer to leave a whole generation in obscurity, rather than afford immediate illumination by submitting to be ignited anywhere, save and except on its own private and peculiar box.

CHAPTER II.—*The Sporadic Transmarines in Progression.*

SUCH as I have briefly sketched was the state of society under MUDDER ALI KHAN, when the hundred Argus eyes of the Vatican



A PORE SUFFERER.

Lady. "JUST OUT-OF THE INFIRMARY, ARE YOU? YOU SEEM A COMPLETE CURE!"

Robust Beggar. "AH, BUT IT'S ALL IN THE INNARDS, MARM!"

and the hundred hands of the Curia were directed towards the East, in the hopes of profiting by one false Steppe of Tartary: but in vain. TRIBAKI PIPOF, the Greek Patriarch, "*conjuratiorem fumigavit*," and regarding it from his "*avis oculus*" point of view, declined the tempting offer. "*Non é vero.*" (*Op. Max. di Ben Trovato*, Cap. vi.)

At the time of the commencement of my story the advanced intelligence of the people was casting off for ever the vile slough of servitude, and was preparing to offer a desperate and patriotic resistance to the cruel and treacherous Mussulman.

The Secret Societies were sitting and hatching, but the revolutionary fledgling had not yet shown its pecker through the thin superficial shell, nor, as yet, had any effort been made to get rid of the heavy yoke. To one of these secret societies belonged the young HUPSILON, Hellenic chieftain, who had been solemnly and ecclesiastically united to the fair IOTA by PHILAKUPOLDOS, the celebrated Greek Participle of Constantinople. These Uniates would have lived happily, but for a sudden note from OPHEKLEIDOS, the leader of the Insurgent Band, who, however, was only an instrument, though a powerful one, in the hands of others. This latter, namely OPHEKLEIDOS, was by profession the editor of a daily AntHellenic journal called the *Pellmellos Gazettos*, which from time to time startled the world by the loudness, and not infrequently by the falseness, of its occasional notes, which it is said were for the most part inspired by one BLASTOS, the King's Chamberlain.

I do not undervalue the services of a free Press in a free State, as I have before now proved to those who once knew how to conduct a penny diurnal, nor am I blind to the advantages of printer's ink, the more than fifty-four thousand copies of one of my sensational pamphlets being an *argumentum ad pocketum* that no mere human testimony to the contrary can withstand; but I can never sufficiently estimate the flattery of which the *Pellmellos Gazettos* made me the object, when its talented Editor, quoting from certain books about the "*Bulgarian Horrors*," paid me the unprecedented compliment of adopting the method, which I had previously employed when writing on *Catholic Allegiance*, that is, of garbling authorities wherever it was possible, though the same gentleman fell short of

his model in not attempting to translate what he did not understand, and in not mistranslating the text wherever it made strongly against his own case. The *Pellmellos Gazettos*, edited by OPHEKLEIDOS, is written "*hominibus ad homines*"—I should say "*Dominis ad dominos*" (*vide Class. Dict., Art. "Bal de l'Opéra," No. 1 Le Domino*), and I can only characterise the articles to which I refer as a stupendous effort to whitewash the heroes of Bulgarian Horrors, for the sake of the holders of Belgravian Houses.†

* * * * *
† It was when we arrived at this point in the Novel (?) that we, in our Editorial capacity, ventured to send to the illustrious Author, to inquire, in the politest manner possible, "when the story was going to begin?" In reply to this, we received what the eminent writer was pleased to term "a letter," but which was in reality a small pamphlet, explaining to us—*firstly*, how the present work had ever come to be written; *secondly*, giving us a sketch of the literature of the world up to the present time; *thirdly*, a review of LORD BEACONSFIELD'S policy, as traceable in his romances; *fourthly*, showing us what would be his (W. E. G.'s) answer to certain probable questions concerning the work in hand; *fifthly*, explaining to us that his strongest situation in the Fiftieth Chapter was founded on an episode in the Bulgarian Horrors; *sixthly*, giving us a valuable and learned disquisition on the American interest in the discovery of Agamemnon's tomb; *seventhly*, impressing upon us the local colouring which he intended to give in his Fifth Volume, where the scene would be laid in Wales, when he would treat us to a graphic account of the disestablishment of the Early British Church by AUGUSTINE; *eighthly*, telling us how an entire volume, at present uncertain, would be devoted to the History of the Axe in the Forests of England and Wales, illustrated with woodcuts; and, *ninthly*, pointing out, emphatically, the end, aim, and general scope of the Novel, as bearing upon the political progress and the liberal development of the Human Race.

Honoured, as we are, by this exhaustive and exhausting reply, we regret our inability to devote all our pages for the next six months to the publication of this full and laborious answer to our simple question; nor, we add, also with regret, can we proceed with this most interesting work of fiction, which, however, we can confidently recommend to any large publishing firm, as likely to command the immediate attention of the trade and the public.—ED.

JOINT ACCOUNT.—A Butcher's bill.



A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

Fascinating, but frivolous Fair One. "WHAT A PITY YOUR HUSBAND DOESN'T HAVE PLATE-GLASS PUT ON HIS PICTURES, AS SOME PEOPLE DO!"

Hostess. "YOU THINK IT MAKES THE PICTURES RICHER IN TONE?"

Fascinating Fair One. "I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT ONE CAN SEE ONE'S-SELF IN THEM, AT LEAST!"

PLANS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S.—Close all the Public-Houses, and prohibit all Spirits, but the good spirits produced by my speeches, or the perusal of *Joe Miller*.

Major O'Gorman's.—Soberise the Great Babylon, and don't allow HER MAJESTY to be insulted by the sale of Scotch whiskey in licensed public, while there is Irish whiskey for the importing.

Mr. Whalley's.—Make it penal in the butchers to sell any legs of mutton with the Pope's-eyes in them.

Dr. Richardson's.—Pull down all the houses, and re-build them upside down.

West-End Tradesmen's.—Abolish the Civil Service Stores, and banish Mr. WHITELEY.

The Theatrical Managers'.—Shut up all the Music-Halls.

The Music-Hall Proprietors'.—Close all the Theatres.

Materfamilias's.—Open dépôts in every parish for the sale of American beef at importers' prices.

The Butchers'.—Prohibit the importation of dead meat from beyond sea.

Paterfamilias's.—Suppress the Vestries, and get rid of Rates and Taxes.

Mr. William Sikes's.—Reduce the number of the Police.

Jemima's, Sarah's, and Mary Anne's.—Build a lot more barracks, and double the force of Guards in London.

Metropolitan Asylum Board's.—Open a Small-Pox Hospital everywhere.

Everybody's.—Open a Small-Pox Hospital anywhere else.

BROWNRIGG ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

SINCE the time—now above a hundred years ago—when MOTHER BROWNRIGG

"Whipped two female prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole!"—

so purchasing for herself an immortality of infamy, and making her name a synonym for infliction of lingering death by torture on the weak and unresisting—we have seldom read of a series of more diabolical cruelties than those inflicted by a couple of brutes, a "gentleman" farmer and his wife, at Iwer-heath, near Slough, on a wretched little nurse-girl of sixteen, hired by them from the Princess Louise's Home at Wanstead.

But the horror of the case alone would not have led us to harrow our readers' feelings even by allusion to the disgusting ill-usage by this well-matched pair of the wretched girl, on whom they were allowed for a while to wreak their devilish lust of tormenting. The remarkable point, which prompts *Punch's* comment, is that when MRS. MORRIS, the female tormentor, hired the girl at the Home, she expressed to the Matron her regret that she was not better-looking, as she wished her child from the first "to look only on what was beautiful!"

MRS. MORRIS must evidently have been a person of the most delicate æsthetic sensibilities. Who knows but that she ill-used CAROLINE CARTER out of sheer disgust with her plain face. Just as "a thing of beauty" would have been "a joy for ever," the thing of homeliness was a constant aggravation, and was made to pay for her plain face by proddings from forks, lashings from horse-whips, kickings up and down stairs from Mr. MORRIS's new boots, pinchings of pieces of flesh from her bare body, pluckings out of her hair by handfuls, and breakings of her head and arm with the kitchen-poker. "Serve her right!" What business had she to be so provokingly plain, with a Mistress possessed by such a strong sense of The Beautiful?

And what an instructive light does the case thus regarded throw on the profound truth, so earnestly of late inculcated by a certain school of critics and artists amongst us, of the absolute independence of Ethics and Æsthetics, and the entire absence of correlation between Art and Morals.

ALARMING STATE OF THE JOKE MARKET.

WHAT will our Yankee cousins say if they read "Yesterday's Markets" in the English papers?—

"American Spirits dull, quotations weak."

THE BEST COVERING FOR A RIVER-BED.—Sheets of rain.

The Upper Ten's.—Make a new road at Hyde Park Corner, and another from Piccadilly, through St. James's Park, to Westminster, and keep the West-End roads and streets well-watered.

The Lower Millions'.—Keep open all the open spaces within a holiday-trip distance of London, and make those we have in London available. See that suburban and East-End streets are paved and scavenged. Make it penal to build houses without foundations, ventilation, water-tight walls, and means of cleanliness and decency. Find us better places of amusement than the penny-gaff and the public-house, and better dwellings than the back slums. Double the Board Schools and halve the Gin-Shops.

SHORT WAY WITH THE SULTAN.

You, by the Prophet's beard who swear,
The Porte and Vatican compare!
MAHOMET's heir to the Successor
Of PETER, Pontiff and Confessor?
You imitate the Papal way
Of saying Powers and Princes nay?
With you, at least, when you refuse
To treat, such roundness they might use,
As some would e'en presume to give
His Holiness's negative.
To you, when likewise you deny
The claims of reason, and reply
"Non possumus" to their request,
Their words should be "Necesse est."



A SHARP BOY.

Little Sweeper. "R'MEMBER THE POOR SWEEPER, MY NOBLE CAPTAIN!"

Old General (to himself). "EGAD! I MUST BE LOOKING UNCOMMONLY YOUNG TO BE TAKEN FOR A CAPTAIN!"

[*Flings the Boy a Shilling.*]

A VISION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS.

SCENE—Interior of the Dolmabahatche Palace, Constantinople.
TIME—Morning. SULTAN ABDUL-HAMID seated on a Sofa, his face bound up.

Sultan. Sheitan take this tooth! Yet for one thing Allah be praised! MIDHAT has departed. Show in EDHEM PASHA.

Enter EDHEM PASHA, who salaams.

Sultan. The traitor, MIDHAT, may think himself lucky to have been spared the sack! What capst thou for us do, O new Grand Vizier?

Edhem. On my eyes be it, Commander of the Faithful! But EDHEM has rheumatic pains, which scarcely fit him to work a new Constitution.

Sultan. I accept thy resignation. Send to me MAHMOUD PASHA, my new Grand Vizier.

Edhem. Let me tell my Lord that MAHMOUD knows no tongue but that of the Osmanli.

Sultan. Allah be thanked! Then can he not conspire with the Franks, Russki, Prusski, or Englishi. My curses on the triple-tongued! Go! [*EDHEM retires.*]

Enter MAHMOUD DAMAD PASHA, who salaams.

Sultan. MIDHAT is of the Past, and EDHEM, who succeeded him, is no more of the Present. I have selected thee, O MAHMOUD DAMAD, to execute my wishes, and to tell me what they are.

Mahmoud (who has a twitch in his left eye). O Commander of the Faithful, your devoted slave is Turk to the backbone. [*Twitches.*]

Sultan. Don't wink!

Mahmoud. Know, O Light of the Faithful, my eye has twitched from my birth up.

Sultan. I can't have a Grand Vizier who winks. If these Giaours came conferring here again, your wink might be mistaken for a sign of intelligence by that pig IGNATIEFF or that sour SALISBURY PASHA. Go!

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

(With MR. PUNCH's Compliments to MR. WHISTLER upon the Peacock Room at Princes Gate.)

Master. RUGGLES, where has your Mistress put her Mamma?

Ruggles. In the Stormy Petrel Room, Sir.

Master. And the young Ladies?

Ruggles. Miss LOUISA and Miss ALICE are in the Bird of Paradise Room, Sir.

Master. And MASTER GEORGE?

Ruggles. MASTER GEORGE is cleaning his gun in the Grouse Room, and MASTER HARRY is studying in the Owl Room.

Master. Good. Then we shall not be interrupted. Have you got the list from your Mistress of the other Visitors we expect?

Ruggles. Yes, Sir. There's LORD and LADY TOMNODDY.

Master. Ah! heavy upper-crust swells. Put them in the Golden Eagle Room.

Ruggles. Yes, Sir. And where is MAJOR SCART to go?

Master. Let me see—famous traveller, and excellent appetite. Yes. You may put him in the Swallow Room.

Ruggles. And MR. and MRS. WHITE?

Master. H'm! the people who give the good dinners. The Cormorant Room.

Ruggles. Certainly, Sir. And MR. TODDLES?

Master. The Dramatic Author. Oh, in the Goose Room. Help to remind him of his first nights.

Ruggles. That's all, Sir—Oh, no, I forgot MR. and MRS. HUMDRUM.

Master. You may give them the Common Barn-Door Fowl Room. Quite good enough for such a Darby and Joan. Come along, while I write the tickets for the room-doors. [*Exeunt.*]

"Quem Jocus circumvolat et Cupido."

(To a famous and ancient Home of Supper and Song.)

Ah, vocal nest of singing-boys,
Around thee floats a glamour.
Thou once wert EVANS's late Joy's,
And now art kept by AMOR!

From Joy to Love, how sweet to fly,
With PADDY GREEN's ghost smiling by!
Still with his courteous snuff-box seen,
A ghost in ever-greenest Green!

Mahmoud. Let not the Commander of the Faithful—

Sultan. Go! I say. And send BLAQUE PASHA hither. He at least doth not wink; or if he doth, he means it. [*Exit MAHMOUD.*]

Sultan. May Eblis be the end of this tooth of mine! [*Enter BLAQUE PASHA.*] Ha! my new Vizier! I know no slave so trusty as thou art. Tell me what to do with this accursed Constitution.

Blague Pasha. Padishah, I will. [*Takes out an English pencil-case and memorandum-book.*] If your Highness will give me one minute's attention—

Sultan. Attention from me! What is that instrument? A Feringhee pencil-case! There! Take thy dismissal! Send me VEETIK PASHA at once!

Blague Pasha. O Commander of the Faithful—

Sultan. Be thou commanded! Send me another Vizier, I say! Hot!

[*Exit BLAQUE PASHA. Viziers appear and disappear, at intervals of five minutes, through the day. Eventually, there are no more Viziers to call up, and the SULTAN is forced to recall MIDHAT PASHA, who, if he is wise, will stay where he is, and do nothing.*]

A Voice from Wild Wales.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Exeter College, Oxford.

In reference to a funny picture which appeared in your number a fortnight ago, allow me to state, for your own private information and edification, that nine Welshmen out of ten have never seen a leek, much less eaten one. With the profoundest respect for your erudition in all matters which do not concern Wales and Welshmen, I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours very sincerely,

CYMRICUS.

MR. PUNCH sits corrected, and eats his leek. He had always associated the leek with Wales as religiously as the thistle with Scotland. "CYMRICUS" should pick a quarrel with *Fhruellen*. Is not the leek worn on St. David's Day?—and if so, why?



TOO GOOD-LOOKING BY HALF!

ENTER GENTLEMAN-HELP IN ANSWER TO ADVERTISEMENT. THE GIRLS SEE THAT HE WILL DO, AT A GLANCE. IT TAKES MATERNALITIES EXACTLY THE SAME TIME TO ARRIVE AT THE PRECISELY OPPOSITE CONCLUSION, AND, WITH COMMENDABLE PRUDENCE, SHE EVENTUALLY SELECTS ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WHO MAY BE DIMLY DESCRIBED WAITING IN THE HALL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PERHAPS "PEPYS' Essence" would be fairer.

Punch has been strongly urged by many of his correspondents to let the worthy old Clerk of the Acts continue to report for him for a while longer, and is well-disposed to do so. But see, MR. EDLIN, the effects of your late encouragement of Spiritualism by that unfortunate judgment of yours upsetting the Slade conviction, which we are glad to see not less energetically repudiated by an overwhelming majority of your brother Magistrates of the Middlesex Bench—why did they allow you to misrepresent them?—than by the Higher Court, which has granted a mandamus for a hearing of the Slade case on the merits.

Since he admitted SAM PEPPY'S Ghost to a hearing, *Punch's* sanctum has been the nightly resort of spirits, unbottled. Pity that MESSRS. DAY & Co., the agents of the Customs Bill of Entry Office, and those who invented the patent capsule that secures pure Cognac against tampering with by retailing *media*, have not as yet been able to extend their operations from distilled spirits to disembodied ones! A whole train of ghosts, who in the flesh frequented the Houses of Parliament, and reported the debates, even while it was against law to convey Essence of Parliament beyond the doors of St. Stephen's—the ghost of ANDREW MARVELL, of SWIFT, of ADDISON, of DICK STEELE, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, nay, of BOZZY himself, and the gentle GOLDSMITH—have been bombarding *Punch* for leave to share the labours of SAMUEL PEPPY, his ghost, and to be allowed to aid in expressing the essence of the Collective Wisdom for *Mr. Punch*. We have in fact a ghostly reporter's staff ready to our hand, and may, as we see occasion, use it. Meanwhile we allow dear old SAMUEL PEPPY his fairly-earned precedence. He reports:

Monday, February 19.—My Lords up betimes, there being nothing for their Lordships to do but to adjourn, which they did, mighty merry.

(*Commons*).—MR. GLADSTONE was fain to know who were "the important personages" that SIR H. ELLIOT did write of as wishing to drive the Turk out of Europe, to whom SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did make answer he was sorry he could not be in SIR H. ELLIOT'S mind—methought he is better in his own—but did think that perchance SIR HENRY did include MR. GLADSTONE himself among the said "important personages," wherein, indeed, SIR HENRY would but have been blundering with some that should have known better.

But methinks this ripping up of old sores, and old dispatches, is poor work, and so the House and the country do seem to hold it, and I do see there will be no more of it, which I am glad of, the House having other and more pressing business in hand, and, indeed, your Englishman loves not crying over spilt milk.

So MR. HARDY to his Universities Bill, and did show how he had strengthened the Oxford Commission, and shortened its duration, whereof general approval. Only MR. LOWE, that I had longed mightily to hear, he being a man of marvellous quick wit, and a biting tongue, though he hath somewhat too much affected the sharpening of it on such as he deems fools, and chiefly the sort of fellows who must needs come a-pestering our Offices on Deputations—a thing we knew not in my time, and therein were the more favoured, but yet, if we had had Deputations to Our Office, e'en at our hardest lack for money and captains and good guidance, I warrant me we would have found a LOWE of our own to answer them—did speak mighty sharp, but not so wisely methought, against the Bill, as one for giving over the Universities to be inquired of and regulated by Commissioners, which he would have had done rather by Parliament as wishing, methinks, his own finger in the pie. But on the whole the Bill approved, and methinks will pass.

And one HOPE, a facetious Dutchman, mighty pleasant on the change of parts betwixt the Conservative Government that hath turned Reformer, and the Reformers that be turned Conservatives. But "In and out, makes change about," as the old saw hath it; and for my part, so the Universities be made more profitable for sound learning and religious education, it seems small matter who shall make them. And I did bethink me much of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in my time, and how much liquor we did suck in there,

and how little learning, and how I and one HIND, my chamber-fellow, were solemnly admonished in MR. HILL's chamber by DR. JOHN WOOD, and MR. HILL, in presence of the assembled fellows, for having been scandalously overerved with drink, as may be read in the College Register Book to this day.

But I thank my stars I did leave Cambridge and married my wife early, poor, pretty wretch, and did well, thanks to my Lord and Our Office. So I home, and thinking of the many strange changes of the times—only Our Office less changed than most things.

Tuesday.—In the Lords a mighty press of strangers, and many of the Commons House crowding in at the bar, even to sitting on the floor, to hear his Grace my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL fire off his big gun on the Eastern matter, which they do indeed well name the Eastern Question, for methinks, here at least, 'tis all question and no answer, and did call attention to the instructions given to my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, wherein were two great ends set forth, the better governing of the Turk, and the securing the peace of Europe, of which ends by the Duke's showing as yet was not even a beginning. And so to his indictment, and spoke mighty well and fiery for an hour and a half, and well listened to; but when all was done methought there was nothing to answer, his gun being, as it were, shot with blank cartridge; as in truth my Lords DERBY and SALISBURY and BEACONSFIELD were quick to see and to say, and took as much time in the saying of their nothing as my LORD DUKE in the saying of his, which was pretty to note, and indeed the speakers in the Parliaments of this time do show much more art and grace in the saying of nothing than they did in my time, only my LORD DERBY did hint at the reforms promised by the Turk, and how it was but reasonable to give them time to try to do better, and, Lord, to see how drowning men will catch at straws when they have nought better to catch at, for the House did cheer this mightily.

And methought of all I best liked my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY when he showed how in Turkey you had nothing to hold to but the SULTAN, that was afraid to reform matters, and the old Turks, that were too pig-headed to understand why any reform was wanted, which methought did go far to dispose of my LORD DERBY's hope: and for my part I see nothing for it but the strong hand of the Muscovite, that, at least, knoweth his own mind, and putteth his trust in his "Bog," as he calls his god, and keepeth his powder dry, as the Old Protector was wont to do, and had he been here methinks England had known her own mind too, better than she doth, or at least they that speak for her.

And so I home, with little contentment, save of the brave speaking about nothing; for there was nothing in the Commons House but talk of a Small-pox Hospital, built in a scurvy and foul neighbourhood Limehouse way, where yet I do remember worshipful folk living in my time. But indeed most things do move westward now-a-days strangely, save only the Turk, who will not, and as yet I do see small will to force him, if the Muscovite do not.

Wednesday.—A good Bill of one COWPER TEMPLE, for the cutting down of Officers and Fees in the Ecclesiastical Courts, not, methinks, before 'tis needed, for, indeed, I do remember these Courts and fees much cried out upon in my time, when they first grew up again after the Old Protector's lusty lopping—that I did think then they never would grow again, and lo they are even now as thriving and thievish, it seems, as ever. But, at last, it doth seem as if all were come to be ashamed of them, and MR. CROSS did move the referring of the Bill to a Select Committee, not, as Select Committees are often used, for the shelving of the same—but for the making it work to better purpose. And in such matters all do agree CROSS doth well and to good purpose. Which pleases me.

Then a Bill for the enabling of Scotch tenants to deal with game that vexeth them, as hares and rabbits—and doth sore consume their crops, and no wonder they seek to have leave to shoot them, and methinks will get it, sooner than the same sort in England, your Scotch being apter to put their heads together, and their heads being harder, and sending to Parliament men who will work their will—and seeing the wickedness that comes of poaching—whereof in my time we heard little or nothing—in these hard and crowding times, it did seem to me strange to learn that the Game Laws in this country had grown rather stricter than softer, and methinks should not be so, if all did their part.

Thursday.—In the Lords, my LORD BEACONSFIELD, mighty solemn after his wont, explaining of things loosely said by him on Tuesday, and strange to see how, while seeming to admit his looseness of speech, he did yet seem to make it out that his loose-speaking was more to the purpose than other men's closeness. But it appears that we have been to blame in taking away our consuls from Turkey, who might have kept our Ambassador informed, and so done something, if not much, to keep the Turk to better behaviour; and, indeed, without consuls to serve an ambassador as eyes, how is he to see what passes in a wide and waste country like Turkey, with no roads, and no journals or news-writers?

I sore grieved to hear that the Cattle Plague had got in amongst us once more; and now the steed is stolen, mighty active they all

are in shutting of the stable-door. To-morrow had been fixed for the adjourned talking about the Eastern Question, but the Commons did very wisely, as I thought, resolve, to-night, they would have no more of such idle talking, that serves to no purpose, only to breed bickering. And I do hope we shall have no more light young fellows girding at MR. GLADSTONE, for methinks young MASTER CHAPLIN did look mighty foolish to-night, and all thinking of the tongue-basting he had last week, and had but his deserts, if ever saucy young Jackanapes had.

I glad to hear that in the carrying out of the great new street about to be made from Tottenham Court Road (that was indeed a wide road in my time) to the corner of Charing Cross, the portico of St. Martin's Church be not to be touched, as the Metropolitan Board were minded. And indeed though it was built since my time, I do think it a mighty pretty portico, and one SIR CHRISTOPHER would have admired, and methinks pity to lose it in this town, where so few things pretty.

FROM NILE TO THAMES.

"To offer a present of this sort is to illustrate the romance of riches . . . To distribute wealth in a poetical way a man must have a born genius for the occupation, and it is as difficult to suggest any work of what ARISTOTLE might have called the 'art of expenditure,' as it is impossible to withhold admiration where a great stroke is done. The gift of Cleopatra's needle is such a stroke, and deserves æsthetic approval as well as gratitude."—*The Saturday Review* on MR. ERASMUS WILSON's proposal to remove the Alexandria Obelisk to England.



R. PUNCH was in his sanctum reading his *Saturday Review*.

A dreamy feeling came over the Sage, *Toby* fidgetted, the lamp burned dim, and looking up, *Mr. Punch* beheld a Presence! So "the dull cold-blooded CÆSAR" in *GEROME's* picture, lifting his gaze from desk and scroll, meets with amaze the "bold black eyes," which had witch'd world-conquerors of softer mould than he, and helped so considerably to rid him of a formidable rival. *Mr. Punch* is neither dull nor cold-blooded, and he always bows in courtesy to Beauty! He did so now.

"Must I introduce myself in form?" murmured that miraculous voice musically.

"Beauty," responded the Sage, "needs no other introduction than itself; and as for form,"—*Mr. Punch's* admiring regard completed the sentence.

"You know me then?" queried his visitor, with a glow, which on cheeks less brown and bold, would have been a blush.

"And acquit MARK ANTONY of madness," responded *Mr. Punch*, with subtle courtesy.

"Since TENNYSON met me in that mysterious wood, I have not shown myself to mortal," continued CLEOPATRA. But I do admire Men, and have long had a desire to look on you."

"I will never henceforth be hard on feminine curiosity," said

Mr. Punch. "It has served me too well in the present instance. *Judy—Mrs. Punch,* is at home. May I have—"

"My curiosity does not extend to *her*," quoth the Egyptian Enchantress, drily. "Besides, I have business with you."

"My pages," said *Mr. Punch*, apprehensively, "are well supplied; but any contribution from your Majesty would—"

"Find its way *thither*," interrupted his guest, good-naturedly, pointing to *Mr. Punch's* capacious, but yet overflowing, waste-paper basket. "Its proper destination, doubtless. No; such women as I care no more for the pen than for the needle. Leave the one to the Lydians, the other to the Dorcas; we work with other weapons. And that is why I object to that obelisk, which I hear you are about to have transferred hither, being called by so inappropriate a name. 'Cleopatra's Needle,' indeed! Fancy my fame being associated with the housewife's humble implement!"

"A Cockneyism, doubtless," replied the Sage. "But nicknames are the Nemesis of greatness; and slang, like a sapper, respects nothing and nobody."

"Precisely," replied the Serpent of Old Nile. "Yet I look to you to discountenance, as much as may be, the Cockneyising of this relic of my rule. Why it should be removed from the vicinity of Caesar's temple—"

"As in your Majesty's time it was removed from the temple of the god Tum," interpolated *Mr. Punch*, politely.

"Ah, yes!" sighed the Queen, sadly. "Who can contend with Time and Change? From Heliopolis to the Thames Embankment is a far cry. Tum was the god of the Setting Sun, and the sun of Old Egypt has long since set. What destiny JOUBERT, GOSCHEN, & Co. and the Engineers will make for New Egypt you shall say?"

"At least it is not likely to have another CLEOPATRA," said *Mr. Punch*.

"The prudens and the political economists would say, 'So much the better!' Eh?" queried the Queen.

"Well—they might," admitted *Mr. Punch*.

"O my life

In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife!"

murmured CLEOPATRA, as if to herself.

"Well," said the Sage, reflectively, "GORDON PASHA is not exactly a 'mailed Bacchus,' perhaps, and Egyptian Bonds are now suggestive of something other than the imprisoning arms of CLEOPATRA, though to many a modern ANTONY they may have proved almost as fatal."

"Contented there to die," quoted the Queen, for sole response to this subtle insinuation. "Well, well, times change, ERASMUS WILSON doubtless means well, and even the unromantic *Saturday Review* seems to see poetry in his project. I confess I do not. But at any rate, *dear Mr. Punch*—the Sage bowed and blushed—"let us hope that all the poetry will not evaporate in the process of carrying it out. You islanders are so Boetian, and so blundering, in monumental matters especially." The Sage blushed again, but from quite another emotion. "Don't let Cockney Edilism wholly vulgarise my obelisk, and pray reserve your 'aesthetic approval' until it is proved to be deserved, lest CLEOPATRA's curse be as potent as Minerva's, and ERASMUS—"

"With ERATOSTRATUS and ELGIN shine,
In many a branding page, and burning line."

"Well, the cases are perhaps somewhat different," quoth *Mr. Punch*, "but your Majesty may trust me to keep my eyes on the Monolith—if ever I have the good fortune to set them there,—and if I see any signs of a good gift being badly disposed of, be sure *Mr. Punch* will play the part of BYRON's minatory Pallas, and probably with more practical effect than even angered divinity produced."

"Ah, ten thousand thanks!" ejaculated the Queen, in a gush of maddening melody, and making play with her "piercing orbs," in a fashion which so startled that most prudent of *preux chevaliers*, *Mr. Punch*, that he—awoke, and found the fire out, and *Judy* in elegant *deshabillé*, standing before him, evidently primed with an eloquent Jeremiad.

The Ministerial Fix.

THE *cruz*, when Turk and Tartar quarrel,
And Turk seeks succour ministerial,
Is that material aid's immoral,
And moral aid is immaterial.

A Questionable Title.

WHEN we read in the *Athenæum* that it was the Poet Laureate who gave *MR. KNOWLES* the title of his new periodical, *The Nineteenth Century*—to which *Punch* wishes all success—one can't help remembering how the Poet Laureate has characterised that century, in *Maud*, as the

"Wretchedest age since the world began."

BISHOPS ON THE STAGE.

(A Suggestion to the Worthy and Liberal DR. FRASER.)



WE have lately seen a real live Bishop on the Stage, speaking to the best purpose, and most in the spirit of the character, as a mouth-piece of good sense, sound morals, and Christian charity. Among various other objections to the Ballet but too well-founded, the Lawn-Lord of Manchester animadverted on the brevity of the Ballet Girls' skirts, "which," had he wanted an illustration, he might have said, "were no longer than a Bishop's apron."

If the word of a Bishop goes far, how far would a Bishop's act go? As one Bishop has ventured on the Stage, why shouldn't a dozen, why shouldn't the entire hierarchical strength of the Establishment

step out and give us a Ballet of Bishops, with their aprons properly licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN? There's a novelty for any enterprising Manager! The Alhambra Company might go in for it, or MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD might find an opening for them. The scene would be simple, representing the exterior of an old Cathedral and the entrances to the cloisters, something like what one knows in *Roberto* or *Favorita*. A bench on which Bishops are discovered, seated. In the centre a view of some lawn, with Bishops playing at bowls, described in the programme as "a bowl of Bishop." Some are playing lawn-tennis. To them enter archly an Archbishop, playing a pastoral on his pipe, and followed by a crowd of Colonial Bishops dancing gaily. The Colonial Bishops woo the other Bishops, who are seated coyly on the Bench. To these enter Rural Deans, with ribands, pipe and tabor: they start on seeing their rivals the Colonials.

The Home-brewed Bishops rise from the Bench, and implore the opposing parties to keep the peace.

The Rural Deans defy their rivals, and, after several futile charges on the part of the Colonial Bishops, the latter are defeated, and, flying in confusion, trip up on the peel of an organ which has been carelessly left about, and leap from various heights of imagination into the See of Canterbury, when the scene changes, discovering a Perpetual Curate seated in a car drawn by Prebendaries, while Precentors, as outriders, and young Vergers, crowned and playing on timbrels, are passing under a Triumphal Arch-deacon.

There might be a Collection for some charitable object at the doors of the theatre, and on the play-bill might be printed a copy of what a Bishop *would* have said, had there been a sermon. "The whole to conclude" with a Grand Archidiaconal Function; and (for this occasion only) a

MOST BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF ROCKETS!!!

YOUTH AND AGE.

"YOUTH will be served." A sporting maxim sage,
Sweeter to adolescence than to age.

Yet CHAPLIN must have known of many a case
Where aged clippers, famous once for pace,
On their own ground whipped weedy youngsters hollow,
Leading where Screws who challenged dared not follow.
If Youth *could*, as Youth *fain would*, be severe,
Old age, indeed, might have fair cause to fear;
But Youth that's raw as rash, unsinewed, slow,
May find with Age the pace it cannot go.

The gods love generous Greenness, but scarce smile
On impotence because 'tis puerile;
Or cheek because 'tis callow. Fine, in truth,
To hear glib HAMILTON, in verdant youth,
Gird at ripe Age, that's game to give it weight,
And a bad beating. Tipsters, too elate

When Youth and Age contend, before you wage,
'Twere well to know *what* Youth, and *whose* the Age!
"Youth will be served!" Why, yes, when Youth is stout;
But feeble Youth may chance to be—served out!



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Genuine Enthusiast (to his Betrothed). "WHEN WE WED, SACCHARISSA, WE WILL SHUN THE VULGAR WEST-END, AND DWELL IN SOME OLD, OLD WAINSCOTED HOUSE IN THE HEART OF SOHO; WE WILL HAVE NO FRIENDS THAT ARE NOT FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME; NO BOOKS THAT HAVE NOT GOT NICE LONG "ESSSES" LIKE "EFS"; OUR ONLY NEWSPAPERS SHALL BE THOSE OF THE PAST CENTURY, AND WE WILL LAUGH AT NO JOKES THAT ARE NOT AT LEAST OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WHEN THE GLOAMING COMES, WE WILL CAROL QUAIN OLD CANZONETS, IN EARLY FRENCH, TO AN OLD SPINET THAT I HAVE MY EYE UPON (QUITE A BARGAIN, IN WARDOUR STREET). AND SEE HERE, SACCHARISSA! WHEN THE CANDLES ARE LIT, WE WILL SNUFF THEM WITH THIS EXQUISITE PAIR OF OLD SILVER-GILT SNUFFERS WHICH I PICKED UP TO-DAY, FOR HALF-A-CROWN, IN A SMALL COURT NEAR SAINT MARTIN'S LANE! DOST THOU LIKE THE PICTURE?"

Saccharissa (whose real name is "Sarah"—doubtfully). "YE—E—E—S!"

CAXTON.

(1477-1877.)

"I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once; for all the books of this story here emprinted, as ye see, were begun in one day and also finished in one day."—CAXTON'S Preface to his first printed work, the "*Tales of Troy*."

"I have always regarded the connection of CAXTON with Westminster Abbey as a kind of type and emblem of the relation which ought to stand, as many times it has stood, between the Church and the general diffusion of light and knowledge throughout the world."—THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, on the proposed Caxton Celebration, at the Jerusalem Chamber, on Feb. 17, 1877.

FOUR hundred years! Slow Cycles of Cathay
Might compass less of wondrous growth and change,
Than those four centuries, since that fateful day
When COLARD MANSION'S pupil brought away
From ancient Bruges his book-work new and strange.

Father of English Printing! 'Tis a name
To front the Ages with, and ask their meed.
What fitter title to enduring fame,
Midst the uncounted myriads he may claim,
As gathering fruit of which he sowed the seed?

The sturdy Kentish man, whose solid sense
Shaped us the tool which built us half our glory,
Better deserves our age's recompense

Of praise and anniversary eloquence,
Than half the heroes who yet live in story.

If GUTENBERG, FUST, SCHÖEffer, famous band,
Record of stone and bronze in Metz may share,
Our English CAXTON, in the native land
Whose tongue he loved, and helped to shape, should stand
In monumental image sculptured fair.

The Mercer's son, who reared his "red pole" sign
In Margaret's Almonry so long ago,
Who praised, and printed, CHAUCER's spring-tide line,
Finds fitting spokesman in the brave divine
Who knows those precincts as few else may know.

"On, STANLEY, on!" The task is one that fits
Thy liberal soul. To him you'd celebrate,
Poets and Politicians, Saints and Cits,
Philosophers and Princes, Traders, Wits,
Alike are debtors for their power and state.

Churchmen there may be whom brave CAXTON's press,
In its late products, fills with fretful fright.
But Westminster's wise Dean may do no less
Than wish, with *Punch*, the Printer's Art success:
Endorsing Strasburg's text, "Let there be light."*

* The inscription on the statue of the first printer at Strasburg.

TO ALL IN QUEST OF ELABORATE HOUSE DECORATION—If you
want to pay dearly for your whistle, send for the Whistler!

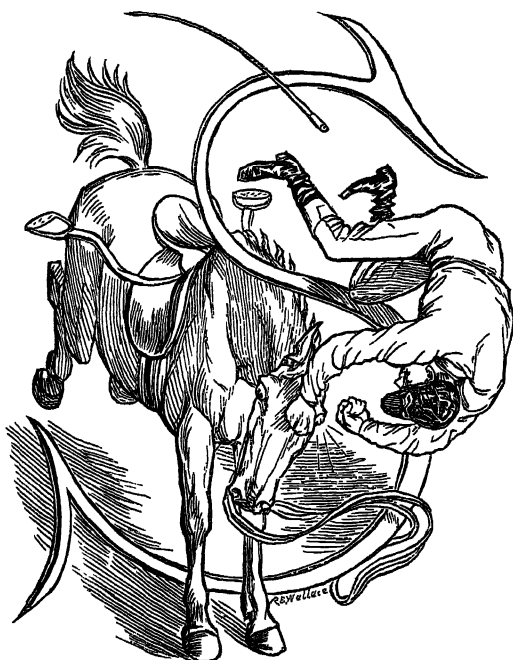


“MUCH OF A MUCHNESS.”

FIRST TAPSTER. “TRY OUR HALF-AND-HALF, MR. BULL!” SECOND TAPSTER. “BETTER TRY OURS, SIR!”
MR. BULL. “SURE YOU HAVEN’T BEEN MIXING ‘EM? ANYWAY, THEY’RE POOR TAPS BOTH—AND MIGHTY LITTLE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN ‘EM!”

A FAIR OFFER, AND AN AMENDE HONORABLE.

MY GOOD COMRADE PUNCH,



EE, I hold out the hand of friendship across the terrible sea. The "perfect gentleman's-ridere" of France solicits "lesport-mans" of England. Paris greets London. The Sport of the British Islands is acknowledged by *le sport* of the great French nation. This will be historical.

You will ask why do I, a perfect Parisian, a *flâneur*, a frequenter of *cafés*, a reader of journals—why do I

write to you? Is it because I love London with its "Leicester Squarr," its "Vauxhall-bridge Road," its "Newe Cut" (you see, I know my London to the bottom); is it because I love London? No, a thousand times, no. Is it because I love you English, "with your 'roast-beefs,' your 'plum-puddings,' your 'Sundays,' your 'London-fogge'? No. The sun cannot love the mud. *Bel esprit* cannot from the heart embrace barbarism. Then if I do not love either you or your country, why do I write? Because there is one bond of union between us—*le sport*.

Yes, *Punch*, my good friend, it is because we both love to follow the artful rabbit with knives of the chase, both love to shoot the fox, both love to watch the artful partridge in his stand, that we fraternise. It is this grand passion, absorbing, absolute, irrepressible, that binds us one to the other. In its presence, we have ceased to be two Europeans, a Frenchman and an Englishman, a leader of art, thought, and culture, and a shopkeeper, and we have become "perfect gentlemen's-rideres." *Le sport* has given us relations of liberty, fraternity, and—strongest of all—equality. As the Americans would say,—"we stand on the same platform."

It is because this Brotherhood of *le sport* is threatened, that I now write to you. Your Jockey Club would put restraints on the horses of France running in your Epsom-Derby. Why? Because, they say it is not just to call a five-year-old a three-year-old. How! It seems that the honour of the greatest nation in the world is questioned. Were it not that Alsace and Lorraine are thirsting to be liberated, were it not that the Rhine has yet to be rescued, were it not that we are patiently waiting to be avenged by our grandchildren, this insult should be washed out in blood! But no, for a time we bear all. And thus we will send our matured three-year-olds to your race-courses until you stop us. Let it be clearly understood a Frenchman's word is doubted when he is told that his horse that has won this three-year-old stake counts five years. To doubt a man's word is to insult him. And yet the Frenchman, in spite of insults, doubts and equivokes, will still retain the nomenclature of the race-horse, will still win with what you call five-year-old horses what you call three-year-old races. Why? Because France is the greatest nation in the world, because everything must be sacrificed for France! The grand thought that lies at the bottom of our triumphs of *le sport* can only be appreciated by a leader of civilisation, by a philosopher, by a poet—in one word, by a Frenchman!

With this idea in my mind, *Punch*, then I make my proposal to you. Instead of refusing to allow Frenchmen to win your horse-races by certificates, which you dare to question, open to them a new field of honour on the Tide as well as on the Turf. Your ADMIRAL ROUS is not only a "perfect-Gentleman's-ridere," he is also (by his profession) a "Yachtsman." Let him arrange a regatta between England and France. In a week or so the great Oxfor-

Cambrig-Boating-Race will be rowed at Putne. Why should not France be represented? You ask for the conditions. They are soon suggested. Here they are:—

1. A Prize of 200,000,000 francs to be given to the winning crew.
2. The money for this purpose to be found entirely by England.
3. The English crews to consist (as heretofore) of eight men per boat.
4. The French crew to consist of sixteen men per boat.
5. The English crews to row in ordinary outriggers.
6. The French crew to row in a steam-launch, propelled by the most powerful engines.
7. The French crew to have ten minutes' start.
8. The umpire, and all the other officials in the race, to be Frenchmen.

There, *Punch*, my excellent comrade, agree to these terms, and you will find fair France as triumphant on the River, as she is already victorious on the Race Course.

Receive my considerations, the most distinguished.

JULES LE BLAQUE.

Le Cercle de Canotiers et Carottiers, Paris.

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS;

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL M.P.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE no idea of writing a Novel. I don't know how to do it; and fear I could not succeed in telling a story if I tried: the idea, therefore, is very formidable to me.*

I will suppose myself to be narrating facts to an individual, and to be saying *all I could think of*† to induce him to lend his utmost aid in remedying the great evil which we all deplore; and I will write, *so far as I can*,‡ just as I would speak to you, Sir (the Editor, for example, or the gentle Reader§), if you were now sitting by my side.¶ If you, or he, were so sitting, while he was sitting I would lay¶ sundry papers before him, or you, Sir, in confirmation of my opinions and statements, so that you or he might know for himself how absolutely true they are.

Herewith I send you photographs of maps, ships, charts, tables of wrecks, models of vessels, working models of shipwrecks, plans of the coasts, statistical tables, and photographs of entries in LLOYD'S books. You have only got to refer to these from time to time, and hand them over to the Artist who may undertake to illustrate my Novel.**

Now, Sir, I sound the last bell, and all for shore must leave the vessel, as one must draw the load-line somewhere. Those who remain will be careful not to speak to the man who has at his heart the common weal of our Seamen, while all his hands are engaged on the present thrilling work. Heave ahead, my brave boys! Now we sail with the gale to the Bay of Biscay, oh! and we meet after the voyage. Steam up, and away! S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

CHAPTER I.—The Right of Challenging the Stevedore.

THOSE who are acquainted with the maritime town of the ancient Cinque Port of Newport-Pagnell, will not need me to remind them of its coasts white with gulls, its sands crowded with tourists, its gay quay thronged with sailors of all nations, with mariners from the four quarters of the Old World and from various parts of the New; its host of Jew-pedlars, with their wares, decoying maidens

* The esteemed Member for Derby said much the same at the commencement of a pamphlet. But the pamphlet was a very powerful one nevertheless. A good augury for the Novel.—Ed.

† This clearly includes Fiction—founded on Fact. Another good augury for the Novel.—Ed.

‡ Good enough. We'll edit it. This dependence on our editorial judgment augurs extremely well for the Novel.—Ed.

§ Yes, we have a Reader, of course. He is tolerably patient, but not gentle. This intention on the part of Author augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

¶ Mr. PL-MS-LL seems to be thinking of the old Ethiopian song of *Lucy Neale*—
"Were you sitting by my side,
How happy I should feel!"

Poetic quotation augurs well for Novel.—Ed.
¶ For one to "sit" and another to "lay" is a confusion of metaphor. Probably unintentional. Augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

** We have done so. We sent them all off in a cart this morning to the Artist's house. They arrived on his birthday, at breakfast time, and he cheerfully paid the carriage. We have not heard from him since.—Ed.

to "Buy, buy, buy!" while bewitching, bright-eyed girls are enticing their admirers, fresh from sea, with pockets full of gold, to bestow on them the shining trinkets and gorgeous gewgaws brought by the travelling hucksters from the stalls of the Lowther Arcade.

Bands of music were playing at intervals on the jetty; excursion steamers were departing and arriving; church bells were ringing for sailors' marriages; church bells were tolling for sailors' funerals; flags were flying in honour of the Port-Admiral's birthday; and the guns of the harbour were firing salutes to celebrate the coming of age of the youngest Brother of the Elder Brethren.

Gay and animated was the scene, as the good merchant ship, the *Albert Ross* (owners GROGBLOSSOM & Co., East Sheen), lay alongside in the basin, taking in its cargo for Nova Dizzembla and the Pharo Islands on the Coast of Egypt.

The pier was absolutely hidden from sight, partly by the enormous sacks of wheat, each marked with the words "Corney Grain," in bold relief, and partly by huge cases containing German reeds.

A number of men, under the command of a Captain, who was only seventeen years old,* were rapidly cutting the vessel above-

Ross should carry all the cargo brought down to that pier, he had ordered all hands to add fifty feet amidships, but positively refused to give the vessel the requisite number of knees. Of course, as every one knows, there should be a knee to each foot, and this was omitted, so that whatever result chance might ordain for the vessel, its going out of port must be but a very lame affair, after all.

One man alone, as we shall see presently, knew of the all but certainly fatal consequences of this recklessness, and he kept it to himself. If ever there was a villain on this earth and its neighbourhood, it was this man, to whom the reader (with this prefatory apology for bringing him into such execrable company) will be presently introduced.

It had been found utterly impossible to accommodate such a cargo either in the *Aula di San Giorgio* (owners JONATHAN WYLDE & Co.), or on board the Danish trading vessel called *The Saucy Polly Teknik*, which had just discharged its freight of Pepper, and was now bound for the Dizolvon Vuzen Isles.

Standing on the edge of the quay, the rude breeze freely passing through her locks without paying any toll, stood MARY MAYBUD,

the lovely daughter of the Junior Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Behind her stood her father, the Junior Warden himself, as thorough a specimen of the bluff wicked old sea-dog as ever spliced a maindeck or hauled a keel athwartships, on a dirty night in the Bay of Biscay.

He was looking earnestly through a telescope, which his daughter supported over her left shoulder, while her right hand was placed in front of the glass, thus to a certain extent obscuring the view.

"I can't make out the rig of that vessel in the offing!" exclaimed the rough old Salt, as he closed one eye and shut the other, and then applied both in turn to the small end of the telescope.

"Perhaps he is on board!" she murmured to herself.

"He! Who?" asked the Junior Warden, rapping out an oath.

"WILLIAM TAILLEUR," she replied, calmly.

The Junior Warden threw down the telescope violently, then dashed his wig violently down on the stones.

"Never!" he exclaimed, furiously; "never!"

"Papa," implored his daughter, "do not speak thus! See, you are attracting a crowd."

But the old man was not to be pacified. He had a magnificent match for his daughter in his eye, and he would not hear of her marrying WILLIAM TAILLEUR, a mere eighteen-pence-an-hour boatman.

A crowd was indeed approaching from the town, cheering lustily. A brass band walked in front, and several people carried flags.

"See!" cried the Junior Warden, "your affianced husband, my Co-owner, the man of my choice, has already arrived. Belay! he comes!"

MARY shuddered, and the tears rose to her eyes as a dark and far from unhandsome man, whose eagle nose and piercing black eyes, peering from under his well-defined brows, bespoke, even if his dress had not, the Spanish Don, advanced from among his enthusiastic followers and gracefully knelt on one knee before her.

A round black cap was set jauntily on the short-cropped dark hair, which, with short mutton-chop whiskers, formed an artistic set off to his sallow skin, purple lips, and shaven face.

He wore a short, richly spangled and embroidered jacket, a scarf wound round him like a belt, knee-breeches highly ornamented with



named in two, so as to lengthen her fore and aft, and thus enable her to carry more grain than she was ever intended to carry, and so enrich the coffers of her proprietors. It should be *Coffers* v. *Coffins*. By the evening the *Albert Ross* would be ready to carry that enormous freight that I have described as lying on the pier, but would she be seaworthy? And if unseaworthy, was there a law or a lawyer in England to prevent her sailing out of Newport-Pagnell harbour?

As an inducement to men to volunteer for service on the *Albert Ross*, a large placard was affixed to the mast, on which was written

NOTICE.—THE FREE-BOARD on this vessel includes double rations of grog at six bells, and the usual meals and berth accommodation GRATIS, that is, FREE-BOARD-AND-LODGING on the ALBERT ROSS.

(Signed) { GROGBLOSSOM, Junior Warden.
Chief Co-Owners { DON JOSÉ DI SALAMANCA.

By Order of the Free Board.

N.B.—Peace and harmony insured on board, as NO BOXING THE COMPASS is permitted on the SPAR-DECK.

CAPTAIN BULKHEAD, although only seventeen, had seen some service, and was not to be trifled with. Determined that the *Albert*

* A fact. I expect him to come to grief next month, as his name is down in my list of *delendi sunt Carthagines*.



ALL ABROAD.

Mrs. Pewsey Brown. "Oh, GEORGE, DEAR! GOOD HEAVENS! THAT THE CHURCH? I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO IN THERE!"

George (grimly). "WELL, MY DEAR, IT CERTAINLY DOES LOOK RATHER 'LOW,' JUDGING BY THE OUTSIDE; BUT IF THE SERVICE AT ST. SPIRIDION'S WAS A NECESSITY OF YOUR EXISTENCE, WHY DID YOU INSIST ON OUR SPENDING THE WINTER IN FRANCE?"

gold, bright silk stockings, lace ruffles, and brilliant pumps with diamond buckles. His fingers were covered with precious rings; his lithesome, graceful form bent before the English maiden, and his highly-arched nose seemed to curve itself downward, as though acknowledging her presence with a bow.

Then went up an English hoorah from the open-mouthed and open-hearted populace of Newport-Pagnell as they cried—

"Long live Don José de Nosté, the Stevedore of Salamanca!"

It was indeed the celebrated Stevedore who had sought the hand of the fair MARY MAYBUD, daughter of Old GREGORY GROGBLOSSOM, the Junior Warden of the Cinque Ports.* At this moment a splashing of oars attracted the attention of those on the quay; a boat was rapidly approaching. It touched the quay. A gay young fellow, full of mirth and full of spree, leapt on shore, splashing the people in the boat with an oar, and roaring with laughter.

"Tis he!" exclaimed MARY MAYBUD, "my WILLIAM TAILLEUR!"

The Stevedore arose from his knees, scowling.

WILLIAM touched his hat gaily to the Junior Warden, who however returned his salute with a severe look and a direct question.

"Where have you been?"

"Taking a charter-party out for a row," was the ready answer. Then he continued, "You promised me the hand of MARY MAYBUD when I was earning my own livelihood. I am doing so now. I claim the fulfilment of your word."

The Junior Warden turned almost purple with suppressed rage. "Never! Never!!" he exclaimed, as he turned on his heel.

"Ho y dôs hé gohon so?" exclaimed the Stevedore, bitterly.

WILLIAM approached the Spaniard, with his hand outstretched.

MARY interposed, beseechingly.

It was too late. WILLIAM TAILLEUR would be heard, and the crowd shouted for him, loudly, "BILLY! BILLY!"

* If you please, Sir, if GREGORY GROGBLOSSOM was MARY's father, why was her name MAYBUD?—Ed.

Dear Sir, this story is founded on Fact. Let that suffice. MAYBUD was her mother's name, and her daughter resumed it, not caring to be called GROGBLOSSOM. Very simple.—S. P.

"Hold!" cried WILLIAM TAILLEUR, in a loud and firm voice, which caused even the Junior Warden to turn and listen. "I claim an Englishman's undoubted right in any sea-port of the British dominions."

"What right do you claim?" demanded the Warden.

WILLIAM's answer came back in a clear, ringing voice,

"The Right of challenging the Stevedore!"

(To be continued.)

Correspondence between the EDITOR and MR. S. PL-MS-LL, M.P., which must, in justice to both parties, be placed before the Public.

DEAR SIR,—You select Newport-Pagnell as the scene of your story. You describe it (admirably, we admit) as a "maritime town." Surely, Sir—though you ought, of course, to have a far more intimate acquaintance with such matters than we can boast—isn't Newport-Pagnell an inland town, and in Bedfordshire? We may be wrong, from not being well up in the coast towns or in the Cinque Ports; but if so, please put us right, and oblige yours, THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I've not coasted for nothing, nor served my time before the mast without being able to spin you a yarn to some purpose. Belay and avast, my hearty! as my friend, CAPTAIN BEDFORD P.M. would say—and does, occasionally, when not otherwise engaged in abstruse calculations—who cares where or what Newport-Pagnell may be? What is my line of business? The maritime. What do my constituents credit me with knowing all about? Maritime matters generally. Where do my constituents live? At Derby. Is Derby a sea-port town? Avast heaving!—not a bit of it. What do my Derby-ites know about "larboard" or "starboard," or "beam-end," or "long-shore," or "short-shore," beyond what I tell 'em? If I say Newport-Pagnell's a sea-port, sea-port it is. If I don't know what I'm talking about, who does? I shall give you what I profess to give you—a Romance founded on fact. Work this out by all the points of the compass, and you'll find that Newport-Pagnell ain't to be beaten as a romantic sea-port founded on fact—"Pagnell" is the romance, "New-port" is the fact. Can't waste any more time in correspondence, as I must heave a-head. O reservoir!—S. P., M.P.

[We are not prepared to deny the force of much that Mr. S. P. puts forward, but we are still of opinion that even the inhabitants of Derby ought to be informed that Newport-Pagnell is not a sea-port town de facto.—Ed.]



"WICKED WASTE."

(Reflection at the Westminster Aquarium.)

SLEEP; ITS CAUSES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT shall be done to the driver found sleeping on his seat? This question came before the Uxbridge Police Court one day last week, when—

"CHARLES CASTLE, 15, in the employ of Mr. TIMMS, hay-dealer, Iver-heath, Bucks, was sued for riding asleep while in charge of a horse and cart at Hillingdon Hill, at a quarter past two on the morning of the 10th inst. A fortnight ago the defendant was summoned before the Slough Magistrates for a similar offence, and, as was mentioned in the 'Times,' he pleaded that he had been on the road twenty-four hours. On the present occasion he stated that he went to London with a horse and cart three nights in the week. When stopped he was thoroughly exhausted."

Whose fault was that? The Uxbridge Magistrate seems to have been not quite sure. A little uncertainty on this point apparently influenced him in dealing with the culprit, CHARLES CASTLE.

"The Magistrate fined him ten shillings—five shillings less than usual at this court, and allowed him a week for payment, in the hope that his master would give him the money."

Thus lightly was let down not exactly an old offender, being a lad of fifteen, but one whose offence was a second conviction, following only a fortnight after the first, with six days out of the fourteen, however, spent on the road. The Magistrate's hope that in these circumstances CASTLE's master would give him the money to pay a mitigated fine, may appear to imply an idea that he was not himself to blame for exhaustion from overwork, and consequent sleep. His master, now that he is aware of the possibility of such a collapse, will of course take care that it does not occur again; for if it do, the over-worked driver may not merely tumble in his sleep, and break his neck, but he may have the misfortune to run over and kill somebody else; and then there may be not merely a fine of ten shillings, but the dickens to pay.

"AH! CHE LA MORTE!"

PERHAPS one source of the alarming increase of the Cattle Plague, particularly among the older beasts, may be traced to the Music Publishers. When such a lot of tunes appear every week, is it any wonder that old cows should die off so rapidly?

PARALYSIS IN THE PEAS.

BEWARE how you try the effect of strychnine, prussic acid, or any other poison, on a rabbit, or a guinea-pig. Have the fear of the Anti-Vivisection Act before your eyes. If you want to try experiments with poisons on a living animal try them on yourself. Should you kill yourself, unintentionally, the law will acquit you of suicide, as it does not forbid any donkey to experiment on a donkey.

Suppose, for instance, you want to know what is the effect of repeated small doses of copper upon the human system, take a fraction of a grain of the sulphate or acetate of that metal once a day continually till you discover. Ultimately you will find it produce paralysis. You will lose the use of your hands or legs, or one side, or more, of your body. Salts of copper will paralyse you sooner than even salts of mercury. But you must take them in minute quantities. In large doses they mostly rid you of themselves—copper acting like antimony.

In order to take your copper pleasantly, your best plan will be to swallow it at dinner-time, daily, along with green peas. This you can do all the year round, as peas are always to be had preserved in tins. You can mix your copper with your peas if necessary. If the peas are of a dull, greyish, faded, ugly colour, there is probably no copper in them, and you may have to put some. But when their tint is a beautiful bright green, then you may suspect that there is plenty of copper in them to cause paralysis if persevered with sufficiently long. The copper is mingled with the peas to make them look pretty; and few people seem to be deterred by the fear of poison from preferring pretty-looking peas to plain ones.

It is possible, however, that it may become rather less easy than it has been heretofore to procure tinned peas, which besides being tinned are also coppered. Several foreign provision-dealers

have lately been summoned before MR. KNOX, and, on medical evidence, fined for selling tinned peas containing copper in dangerous quantities. As they sold them in ignorance, they have been let off with nominal fines, but in future vendors of coppered peas may expect to incur a penalty of fifty pounds for each offence—and have to pay.

Of course the multitude ignorantly eating peas greened with copper must be, all of them, greener than any peas. Bright green tinned peas may always be suspected of containing copper. If there is any question on that point, it may be summarily settled by pouring on the peas a little strong liquid ammonia, which, if copper is present, will make them turn bluer than even their seller will look when he is fined fifty pounds. So also with pickles; only the vinegar of the pickles will require a large excess of ammonia. In case there is no ammonia or other means at hand of determining whether the greenness of peas or pickles is owing to copper or no, a philosopher would give copper the credit of the colour, and himself the benefit of the doubt.

Hard Enough "Either" Way.

OUR Turcophiles, than Turks who more Turk oft are,
Say EDHEM is too soft—lacks Moslem ardour:
But Stamboul's rule were harder with a Softa,
And scarcely would be softer with a harder.

MORE CLERICAL ERRORS THAN ONE.

WITH apologies to an "OLD SUBSCRIBER," and to his Maidstone readers *en masse*, *Punch* begs to explain that, in a paragraph headed the "Pains and Penalties of Ritualism," "*Maidstone*" was, by a clerical error, printed for "*Folkestone*."



SIMPLE ADDITION.

Miss Rose (who has kindly taken in hand an illiterate Housemaid). "‘FIVE AND ONE MAKE SIX.’ THAT’S RIGHT. NOW, WHAT DO ONE AND SIX MAKE?”

Jane (promptly). "EIGHT’N PENCE, MISS!”

THE VALHALLA OF WAX.

THE *Post* presents its readers with the subjoined notification concerning—

"THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.—The citizens of Portsmouth having wished to erect a statue to the late CHARLES DICKENS, found themselves met by the passage in his will to the effect that it was his wish that no statue should be set up to him after his death. Those, therefore, who wish to see a counterfeit presentment of the great author, must resort to the galleries of MADAME TUSSAUD, where his effigy will be found, modelled with that truth to nature which characterises the whole of the numerous figures in the great galleries in Baker Street."

In vain do men of genius and greatness desire to deny themselves posthumous glorification. The illustrious fellow-townsmen of the Portsmouth people could succeed in preventing them from adorning their city with a statue in honour of him, and also in hindering the erection of any such memorial in Westminster Abbey. The public at large have felt respect for his will to be the best tribute to his memory. But let nobody who has made himself illustrious in literature, or any other line of excellence, expect to keep his image out of MADAME TUSSAUD’S. That Valhalla, or Pantheon, is inevitable for him at any rate; thither, in effigy, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that. All he can hope for is a pedestal decently remote from the Chamber of Horrors, and from such personages of distinction as the "Claimant;" for "in the great galleries in Baker Street" celebrity makes a man acquainted with strange companions.

"All my Eye!"

"It is hardly necessary to say that GENERAL IGNATIEFF’S journey is not, as announced, on account of an affection of the eyes."—*Paris Correspondent of the Times*.

Much more likely—say the Russophobes—that the formidable General is coming to operate on the eyes of Europe—by throwing dust in ’em.

WIPING MOTHER SHIPTON’S EYE.

MOTHER SHIPTON’S extraordinary prophecy, set up in type before the invention of printing, seems to have exercised small minds almost as much as the Eastern Question. But if it comes to astonishing the public with the marvellous gifts of second-sight attributed to the respectable Mrs. S., what will the tribe of *gobe-mouches* say when they read the following "Prophecie" from the Father of that name?

PROPHECIE FOR APRILE DE
FVKSTC, MCCCLXXVH.

Fife hundredth yeres shall passe awaie;
Foolles shall be frowarde as to-daie.
A Wyse Manne shall unethe be mette;
Beacons in fieldes shall be sette
For shyntinge lighte to Hebreu menne,
And comforte of ye Saracenne.
Ye Turke shall to the dogges fare,
In truste of Bulle and mocke of Beare.
Young Chaplinne that grey-herde attackes
Shall of a Gladde stone winne sore thwackes.
Steel tubes shall be pelepit gonnes,
And hurlen bolles, lxx tonnes:
Steel gonnes shall with steel armours striben,
And neither abauntage deriben.
John Bulle shall of soche strife be lothe,
Seeing that he moste paie for both.
Shippes shall be built and eftsoons burste,
Ye laste and dearest still ye worste.
And though of pronne, sterne to bowe,
Shall sinke as woodden shippes done now.
Dames shall goe cladde from top to toe
As tighte as they use now, or moe.
Maidennes shall skate where ice is none;
Cracked heddes upon cracked pottes shall runne.
Another Church shall sore frette for ruf.
But no remede of an ill Coothe.
So rede I sothe the sterres of Heben
For xliii hondrethe lxx seven.

Father Shipton his Prophecie.

MUSIC MADE VISIBLE.

To the wonders of the Deep, at the Westminster Aquarium, another wonder has been added, which may rather be described as a wonder of the Shallow, or at least the Superficial. This new wonder is announced as "A Vision of Music;" and the wonder of it is that any one should fancy that music can be visible. A concert among fish-tanks seems a trifle out of place. The sweetest sounds one might expect there would be, perhaps the sounds of cod-fish. But what would be the utterance of the Spirit of BEETHOVEN, on hearing one of his finest Symphonies—the lovely, ever-living "Pastoral"—performed in an Aquarium, to the accompaniment of a Panorama!

Suppose the "Vision" is successful, will imitators copy it? If pictures may be shown to accompany a symphony, why may not music be performed to accompany a picture? If panoramas can be painted to illustrate BEETHOVEN, why should not tunes be introduced to give a tone to a VANDYKE, or a RUBENS, or a RAFFAELLE? What a happy thought for the R. A.’s at their next winter Exhibition! Let a German Band be hired to attend each batch of visitors, and play appropriate music in their progress round the rooms. Or let a barrel-organ stand in front of each Old Master, whom the Council may think suited for musical illustration, and grind appropriate airs while the connoisseurs look on.

"That's Flat!"

In the *Daily News* we observe an advertiser announces this want:

A FLAT WANTED (where there are other Flats) in a good part of London, &c.

My dear Sir, in the very best parts of town you may readily meet with any number of Flats. But perhaps it is a Widow who makes the announcement. One at a time, Madam, or some of the Flats might become too sharp!

VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



Il était un gendarme, à Nanteuil,
Qui n'avait qu'une dent et qu'un oeil ;
Mais cet oeil solitaire
Était plein de mystère ;
Cette dent, d'importance et d'orgueil.



UNE vieille (elle était blanchisseuse)
Consultait un docteur à Chevreuse,
Qui, pour calmer ses maux,
Suggéra des bains chauds
D'Elixir de la Grande-Chartreuse.



J'ai pour voisin d'en face un vieux Juif
Romanesque, inodore et naïf,
Dont les seules délices
Sont les belles saucisses
Du pays dont BISMARCK est natif.



BEAU, sans peur, sans reproche, et sans taches,
Chez lui tout—dents, gants, linge, moustaches,
Et lorgnon, sont parfaits :
Mais il perd tous ses frais,
Parcequ'il—laisse tomber ses aches !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FTER prostration from bad air and late hours having already put the Ghost of SAM PERYS *hors de combat*, at least for the moment, the ponderous Spirit of SAMUEL JOHNSON, eager to resume,

under the pleasanter auspices of *Punch*, the work he used to do in the flesh for CAVE, has taken his place. But *Punch* sees already the Doctor won't do. He *will* not stoop to trifles. The Nasmyth Hammer of that weighty style, good for welding thirty-ton cranks of politics and philosophy, is out of place in cracking the nuts, which now fill up so much of the time and attention of Parliament. However, we gave the Doctor a chance on *Monday, Feb. 26*, when, in the Lords, as he reports:—

My LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL rose to call attention to the correspondence on Turkey, and to move an Address, praying HER MAJESTY, in effect, to support and maintain the Treaties of 1856. That a Nobleman, whose devotion to his duties is evidently conscientious, and whose sense of the gravity of his mission is almost overwhelming, should have been able to reduce to more than normal emptiness benches, which, as a rule, are sparsely occupied, may be in some degree owing to the subject he treats, but may, with more confidence, be attributed to his manner of treating it.

If anything could make the Turks more odious in the eyes of England, if not of Europe, it would be the untoward circumstance that their cause should have fallen into the hands of a nobleman, in whom conscientiousness cannot excuse prolixity, nor good intentions atone for tediousness.

That in EARL GREY the Ministry should have found an indulgent critic, and those on what may be called—by some extension of language—his own side of the House, a candid friend, whose freedom in saying disagreeable things exceeds even that which candid friendship has always asserted, was a result for which our experience of that nobleman's course had prepared us. But we rarely remember wrong-headedness so ingenious, and crotchettiness so persistent, as those revealed in EARL GREY's views upon the Eastern Question.

The EARL OF DERBY, however, glad of toleration however tedious, and support however eccentric, expressed himself sensible of the candour of LORD CAMPBELL, and grateful for the dispassionateness of EARL GREY. He did his best to add to the weight of dulness under which the House of Lords had already succumbed.

The Celtic vivacity of the DUKE OF ABERDEEN, with which I am more prepared than most to sympathise, was insufficient to relieve the weight which had settled upon the little that was left of this august assemblage, when, at half-past eight o'clock, the House divided, leaving my LORD CAMPBELL AND STRATHEDEN, the solitary supporter of his own Motion, in an assemblage of four.

England may with reason be grateful to its Peerage, which gives this grave lesson to wordiness without wisdom, and crotchettiness without consistency. For any other Essence to be extracted from the incidents of this evening's debate in the Lords I seek in vain.

Nor do I find it more easy to reduce, within the limits to which I am, for the present, confined, the desultory conversation which to-night occupied the House of Commons, till the order of the day was read for going into Committee of Supply.

Some may find in this brief and often futile interchange of remarks, on a vast variety of topics, evidence of the ubiquitous vigilance of the Commons. I see in it, rather, an obliviousness of the limits which separate a Parish Vestry from a Parliament, and of the bounds within which that Legislature should confine itself,

which admits the finality of Man's strength and Member's energy. Yet I am bound to recognise the politeness of Ministers in answering questions, not seldom indiscreet, and in most cases superfluous; while I admire the skill with which such questions, when inconvenient, may be evaded, under the pretext of answering them.

Before the discussion of the Civil Service Estimates, for the introduction of which thus early in the Session much credit must be assigned to Ministers, or rather the Departments over which they nominally preside, MR. GOLDSMID called attention to the want of a proper explanation of an expenditure for pacific purposes, the rise of which from £1,000,000 in 1852, to close upon £22,000,000 in the present year, is calculated to arrest the attention of even the most unthinking. MR. W. H. SMITH, than whom no one can better know the importance of a good system of account-keeping, admitted the desirableness, while he seemed to doubt the practicability, of such an explanation. The House then proceeded to its desultory criticism of Estimates, which it is idle to assail without study, and hopeless to diminish by independent objection.

Tuesday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the Second Reading of a Bill which, in my time, would have been unnecessary, to enable the MASTER OF THE ROLLS to make provision for the destruction of public documents. Such provision was then made by the means taken for the nominal preservation of such documents. But the reign of rats over records, so long uncontested, is now, I learn, at an end for ever. The present Bill provides all needful precautions that no documents should be destroyed whose preservation can either interest the public or enlighten the historian.

(Commons).—The same desultory multifariousness, to which my yesterday's report directed attention, was the characteristic of the earlier part of this evening's misemployment. But an interest was at length given to discussion, by the attempt of MR. C. LEWIS, an active member of the inferior branch of the legal profession, to transfer from English to Irish hands the management of the income and property of the Irish Society, which now administers estates in Londonderry producing a net rental of £12,700 a year.

That this property is held by the Irish Society for public purposes must be admitted; that the expenditure of £4,500 a year, under the head of "Management and refreshment," by a body drawn from the Corporation of the City of London, is expenditure for a public purpose, may be open to question; particularly when the sum spent on refreshment is not distinguished from that spent on management. But a large and liberal hospitality has ever been the characteristic of our Metropolitan Municipality, and I am free to own that I feel satisfaction in thinking that this characteristic, so far from declining, has gathered intensity with the advancing years of the Corporation; that their dinners are now more sumptuous and succulent than they were in my own time, and their wines not inferior in quality. I have yet to learn why hospitalities, so gracefully and liberally dispensed by the managers of the Irish Society of London, should be transferred to a body of Irish entertainers, who, if not less liberal, would certainly be less cultivated in the arts of the table; nor has our experience of Irish local administration been of a character to plead for its extension. Not that I feel much sympathy with the worthy member for Peterborough, who sees in the Irish Society the one effective bulwark in Ireland against the invasions of Papal authority, which in his eyes are as ubiquitous as malignant. I fail, however, to find in MR. LEWIS's indictment of the Society that force which alone would justify such a large transfer of the duties of administration combined with entertainment to an Irish body, even of those Northern counties, in which an infusion of the penuriousness of the Scot has checked the natural open-handedness of the Celtic race. Much stress was laid on the good works of the Society; much, too, on the part they had taken in resisting the rights of their lawful Sovereign during the siege of Derry, a page of our annals in which I, for one, find but little satisfaction. I cannot regret that the Motion was rejected by 108 to 53.

It was with more gratification that I listened to the discussion on MR. SAMUELSON's Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the system of apprenticeship of pupil-teachers in elementary schools, and of training colleges for elementary teachers. Having myself kept an academy for the instruction of youth, this is a subject on which I feel entitled, however reluctantly, to assert myself as an authority. LORD SANDON defended, MR. FAWCETT assailed, the existing system, both with plausible arguments. That there are *prima facie* grounds of inquiry, however, MR. W. E. FORSTER, a candid and well-informed judge on this subject, admitted, and the facts, as stated, seem to me to show. The refusal of the House to sanction the Motion, by 46 to 104, must be taken rather as a proof of power in the Government than of cogency in the reasoning of its organs.

Wednesday.—The desire of husbands to marry their deceased wives' sisters I have always regarded as a compliment to the deceased wives, and the result of a natural desire to escape at least one mother-in-law. I do not admit the argument against such unions founded on the Old Testament. That the law in England and its

Colonies should differ on this point, is a blot I should not regret to see removed. But it is one of many such blots; and I doubt the wisdom of doing it away by a side-wind; all the more as any inconvenience with respect to the transmission of landed property—its sole practical inconvenience—can be avoided by the simple precaution of making a will. I cannot, therefore, feel satisfaction in even the temporary triumph of MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN's Motion, declaring valid in the Mother Country marriages with deceased wives' sisters, contracted by domiciled Colonists, in Colonies where such marriages have been legalised. Nor can I regret that to-night's triumph will be neither of long duration nor of practical effect.

Thursday (Lords).—I rejoiced to learn, from the conversation between my Lords BELMORE and CARNARVON, that the disgraceful practice of kidnapping natives of the South Sea Islands—whose discovery we owe to my excellent and humane friend, CAPTAIN COOK—has been reduced to the narrowest limits by the watchfulness of our cruisers in the Southern seas. Slavery, while it existed, may have enlisted in its behalf much reason as well as some philanthropy. But in defence of this abominable practice of kidnapping the reasoner is as silent, as the philanthropist is loud in its condemnation.

(Commons).—After a more warm than well-informed philological discussion between SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL and LORD GEORGE HAMILTON on the etymology of HER MAJESTY's Indian Title, in which I longed to raise a lexicographical and authoritative voice, I confess to having sought the natural relief of slumber, under the influence of a tedious discussion of the Prisons Bill. To this I yielded with the less reluctance, when I had once satisfied myself that the excellent provisions of the Bill are in no real danger, either from the obstinacy of bucolic prejudice, the claims of parochial self-importance, or the penetrating insidiousness of local jobbery.

GO-AHEAD SPELLING REFORM.



LONDON School-Board have been favoured by the advice of MR. EPAMINONDAS EZRA SPRY on the question, now under their consideration, of "Spellin Reform." There, he says, is an instance of that Reform to begin with—"spellin" for "spelling." He recommends that orthographical reform

should be based upon popular pronunciation. It is only the "Upper Ten," who affect to talk fine, that say "spelling." The masses on both sides of the Atlantic drop the "g" from that word, and pronounce it "spellin." He thinks it may be a question whether the aspirates which the million commonly also drop, at least in this country, should be omitted also: "ham," for instance, being reduced to "am," and "hand" to "and." But this rule,

he fears, would breed some confusion of meaning and of parts of speech. As to certain aspirates, too, there is, he remarks, a diversity of usage. By some of the People "horse" is pronounced "oss," by others "hoss." He would not himself say "old oss," but "old hoss," in addressing a Prince, for example, or a Peer, or a Bishop. And this illustration leads him to a further development of his notion of "Spellin Reform," which ought, he contends, to include all the improvements of "spellin" effected by American writers, of late years, in the literature of the United States.

Accordingly, MR. SPRY proposes that in the "spellin" of all such words as "defence," "offence," and "pretence," the "c" should be replaced with "s," as it is by the most remarkable writers in his own country, who agree in "spellin" those words "offense," "pretense," and "defense," on etymological grounds, because "s" occurs instead of "c" in the roots they are derived from as printed in all "dictionaries" and books whatsoever in the Latin "langwidge." On derivative grounds, also, he would have the superfluous "u" ejected from all such nouns as "honour" and "colour," those words to be spelt "honor" and "color;" and "neighbour," for conformity's sake, "neighbor," or, better still, "nabor."

The difficulty of effecting these reforms of "spellin" will be,

MR. SPRY fears, "considerable some." He knows how averse English writers of any authority are to adopt American ameliorations and enrichments of English. He is highly indignant that all the higher portion of the British Press eschew that expressive and elegant adjective, "reliable," and persist in using that obsolete verb "to lend" instead of its modern American synonym, "to loan." He expects that an aristocratic fastidiousness will set them as obstinately against every attempt at advancement in the path of "Spellin Reform," and especially of "goin ahead" under the Star-Spangled Banner. His only hope for English "Spellin Reform" lies in the creation of a demand for it among the People, who, if they wanted it, could, by means of intimidation meetings, such as Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park demonstrations, [pretty soon succeed in forcing it upon an unwilling Legislature.

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE BOIL.

OH, *Mr. Punch!* The thin end of another wedge in! The Colonial Marriages Bill! But it must soon be out again. Or else we shall shortly have marriage with deceased wives' sisters legalised altogether. Shocking!

How can people argue that what is lawful in the Australian Colonies, ought to be lawful here! Are not the Australians the Antipodes? And does not common sense show that things in England are the reverse of those on the opposite side of the globe? So that what is very wrong here, is perfectly right there, with a few exceptions, such as robbery, murder, &c.

And then how stupid to say, that because Australian laws have been assented to by the Crown, the Royal assent might just as well be given to the same laws for England! The contrary stands to reason. And what an absurd question to ask—"Suppose the Australian Marriage Acts wrong, the Crown having sanctioned them because they are Colonial, and suppose the Australians were to turn Mormonites, and legalise plurality of wives, would not the Crown be equally bound to sanction polygamy?" Of course not.

Logic is a gem, Sir, and fair-play a jewel, and hypocrisy a particular detestation to your ever moral, conscientious, and sincere

MARTHA GRUNDY.

P.S.—I am nobody's deceased wife's sister; but I scorn the

insinuation that I uphold restrictions on marriage as well as everything else which affects other people only, and not myself.

Canine Devotion.

WE read, in a recent number of the *Times*, an advertisement—

A RETRIEVER DOG STRAYED into the Chancery Pay-Office, Chancery Lane, on Saturday, the 17th inst., &c.

Was this the dog of some luckless party to a Chancery suit, who had gone in to retrieve his master's fortune? The word "strayed" seems superfluous. As if any intelligent man, much less any sagacious animal, who knew where he was going, ever went into Chancery!

Sumptuary Echoes.

WHAT will Tailors do to frock coats, if Fashion wears a cutaway?—Cut away!

Where will Hatters go to, if Fashion discards the chimney-pot?—Pot!

What will the Ladies do if Fashion continues tightening the bust?—Bust!

What is the only thing left for *La Mode* to do, if she is determined to outstrip herself?—Strip herself!

Additional Lenten Penances.

DR. KENEALY.—To see himself as others see him.

MR. CHAPLIN.—To "do it again" to MR. GLADSTONE.

MESSRS. SWINBURNE and ROBERT BUCHANAN.—To praise each other's verses.

MR. BROWNING.—To restore all his missing articles.

LORD JUSTICE CHRISTIAN.—To be sat upon by a Vice-Chancellor.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL.—To eat a daily slice of humble-pie.

To INVALIDS.—Before dinner first have out your bark. Then take your bite. You will fare poorly indeed if even your dearest friends do not admit your bark is worse than your bite.

NEWS OF THE CREWS.

By Our Special Reporter. (Oxford and Cambridge, Saturday night.)



THE Crew to-day, after a preliminary tubbing in the High Street, where a considerable crowd of University men, touts, and tradesmen, were assembled to witness the stripping of the athletes, started to the Spinning House for their usual afternoon spin.

At three o'clock the Eight was launched on a strong stream, and the Crew rowed through Abingdon

Lock to Ditton Corner, halting for an hour at the "Plough," opposite Nuneham House, where hot egg-flip was brought creaming out in glasses, and partaken of by the Coaches, which had been driven down by the Proctors on duty. Great as was the temptation offered to the Crew, the seductive drink was nobly refused by all except an "odd man," whose stamina could not be guaranteed since he had rowed at the bow thwart.

A game of billiards was started, to improve the finish of the stroke, and the lookers-on were much struck by the feather of No. Seven.

The rowing to-day might have been more satisfactory. Most of the men put their backs well into the boat, but persist in leaving their legs outside.

No. Eight has a good swinging lurch forward, and comes well over his toes, but his hair is not parted down the middle, and, consequently, there is a tendency to heel over.

No. Six is brisk, and catches the water in his hat when Seven throws it well up, but he is too much occupied with his eye-glass, which must add weight, and would be better left in his rooms.

No. Five displays perhaps the best form, his muscles standing out like loaves upon a baker's tray. We should recommend him still to take a little more fat down. This he might readily manage by eating bacon for breakfast.

No. Four, not to be outdone by the dashing stroke of the Captain of the boat, has started a powerful stroke of his own, which caresses No. Five's back in a manner more remarkable as a sensation than sensational as an improvement on his old style. However, he probably imagines that, by getting over this style, he has discovered a new field for invention.

No. Three is much to be complimented on the graceful turn of the wrist he has adopted, which produces the maximum of style with the minimum of work. Nothing can be more elegant or less useful.

No. Two sticks to his work, though he appears to quarrel with his sliding-seat—a continuation of which uneasiness may cause his work to stick to him. The only fault we find is that he works out of the boat, which probably accounts for his sewing-machine action when rowing.

Bow has every right to the title, for no one of the crew bends his head more assiduously than No. One. If there is an objection to his performances, it is a tendency to catch the water, which occasionally sends him back with his legs in the air. But this is a weakness he will soon get over.

At Baitsbite Lasher the Coaches, who happened to be close, took the Eight in tow, and, putting on a spurt, they paddled home at the rate of sixty-four to the minute, breaking three oars and losing an outrigger, but without turning a hair.

In the evening the Crew dined at the "Scout and Bedmaker," where the repast consisted of the various crustaceans caught by No. One, washed down with tawny old University Port at twenty-seven shillings the dozen. The pace was everything that could be desired.

We have said enough for any one with half an eye (unless the diminished optic is of glass), to detect the winner; and, as the Boat Race of '77 is to be rowed at half-past five in the morning, by gas-light and the Limes at Mortlake, there is no doubt that the crowd assembled will be one of the gayest and most cheerful of the coming season, and only too ready to accept any suggestions which may lead to prospective pools or impending dozens of kid gloves.



COMPLIMENTS IN FANCY DRESS.

Mrs. Wilkins. } (together) { "Mrs. PERKINS!" How CHARMING YOU LOOK! I HARDLY KNEW YOU!"
Mrs. Perkins. } "Mrs. WILKINS!"

THE DREAM OF THE BRITISH BUTCHER.

ELATE at the state of his trade and his tills,
The Butcher mused on a batch of long bills
In a mood that may well be described as Elysian,
For prices ranged high, and thermometers low,
So the Butcher droused, and in Dreamland's glow

Beheld an astonishing vision:

A Bull of a breed that was utterly new
To that Butcher's experience, burst on his view.
It was starred, it was striped, it was dotted and lined
In a fashion fantastic, which brought to the mind
The sketches for carvers in Cookery Books,
Or sartorial aids to self-measurement. "Oh!"
Cried that Butcherman crossly, "this certainly looks

Like playing it down *very* low!"

(For that Bull was priced over in numerals plain,
And, turtle-like, ticketed ere it was slain)—

"This practice is perfectly odious!"

"What! Sixpence a pound? 'Tis too much for my brain."

(Here the Bull gave a bellow melodious.)

"Who the dickens are you?" snarled the Butcher, "who come
With preposterous prices to puzzle and pain us?"

Said the Bull, with a wink, "Wall, I'm known, when to-hum,
As *Bos Americanus*."

"Oho!" yelled the Butcher, "that much-talked-of Yankee
That's coming to cut down our profits? No, thankee.

I'm boss of this business, and mean, if I can,

To keep up traditional prices."

Quoth the Bull, through his nose—"I don't doubt you, old
man,

But you're hardly awake to this Crisis of Crises.
Smart trick of those canny Scotch fleshers!—Dare say
You'd a pot in that pile. But the game's had its day.

My advent is fast getting known to the town;

Like the Coon to our Colonel—you'll have to come down!"

"Come down!" yelled the Butcher. "A jolly fine joke!"

I'll come down on you hot, as you'll presently feel!"
And he went for that Bos with his knife and his steel;

But, hoist like a football—awoke,

And found he had dropped all his bills in his fright;—
An omen which spoiled his repose for the night.

THE LEEK REVINDICATED.

THE information imparted to *Mr. Punch* by his correspondent
"CYMRICUS," that "nine Welshmen out of ten have never seen a
leek," was seasonably illustrated last week on St. David's Day, when
the members of the Most Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient
Britons, under the presidency of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord
DYNEVOR, celebrated their one hundred and sixty-second festival at
Willis's Rooms, and, as the *Times* reports, after playings, and
singings, and graces, and grubblings, and bubbings, look you, and
loyal and national toasts and sentiments, and a history of the Society
and its schools delivered from the chair:—

"The band struck up the *March of the Men of Harlech*, and boys and girls
of the schools, decorated with the national leek, paraded through the room."

After that the least amends that "CYMRICUS" could make would
be eating *his* leek, and eating it raw!

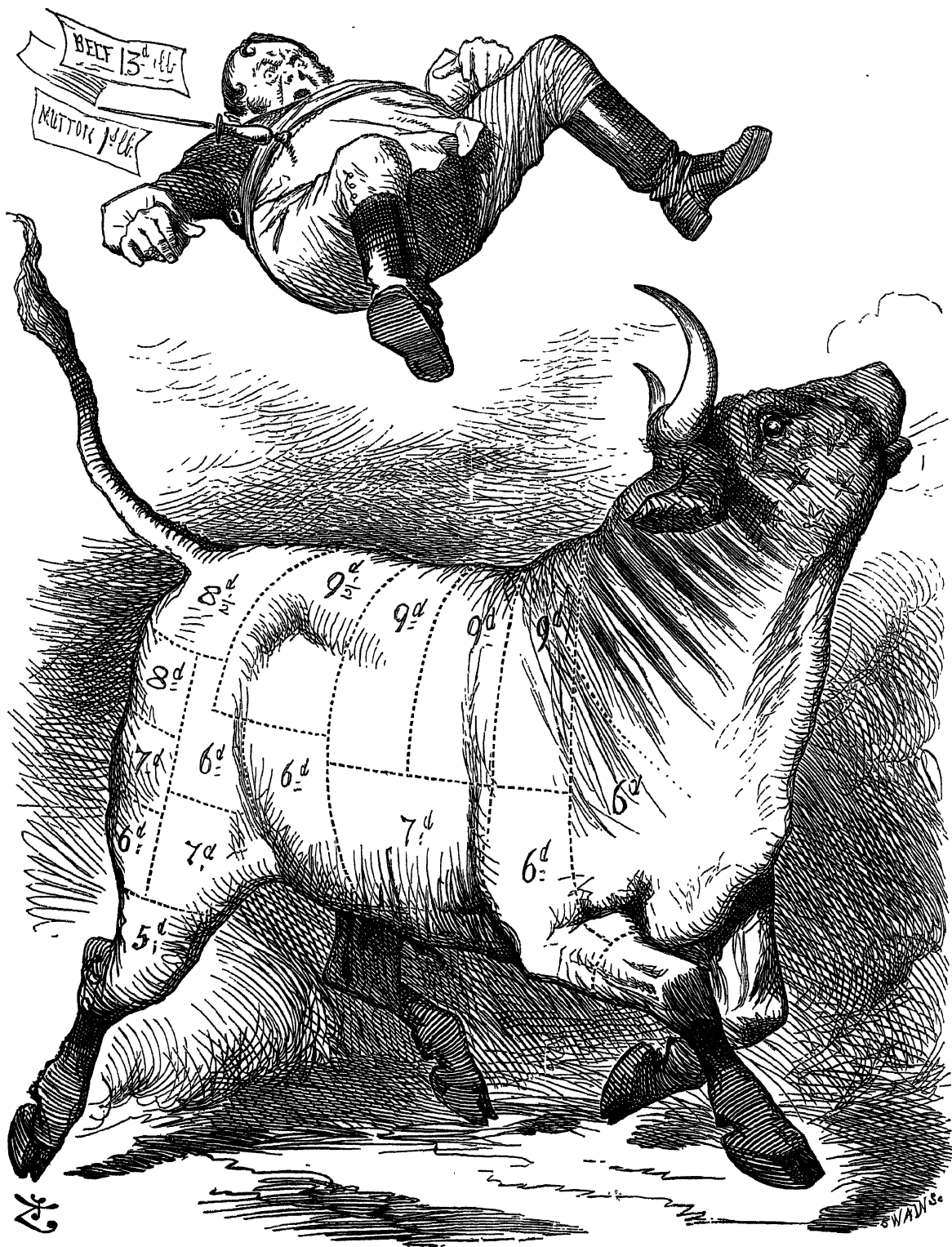
A Knock-Under.

SIR,—See what we have at last brought these proud masters
down to! Here is one of their cries of distress from the *Bury Free
Press*:—

WANTED, a very PLAIN COOK; no matter how old or ill-favoured
so long as she would prove useful; very little work; extraordinary
wages; good living; lots of holidays; followers encouraged.—Address, &c.

Ha! ha! ha!

Yours, *Mr. Punch*, who have so often vented your insolent sneer
at our oppressed order, "SERVICE NO INHERITANCE."



"BOS AMERICANUS ;"

OR, YANKEE BEEF AND BRITISH BUTCHER.

RECONSTITUTION OF THE IRISH SOCIETY.

(By and for the Irish.)



THE following scheme for a new Organisation of the Irish Society has been dropped into *Mr. Punch's* letter-box. *Mr. P.* has no clue to the authorship, unless such a clue may be afforded by a torn card, containing only the words, "MAJOR O'G—," and a much soiled paper, apparently a portion of a provision merchant's little account, which seemed to have found their way by oversight into the envelope. The rules are written in two very irregular hands, with great variety of orthography, some-

times the phonetic method, and sometimes the established rule being followed. We have restored the conventional spelling throughout, except in the case of a few Irishisms.

I. The Society, known as the Irish Society, elected out of the London Livery Companies, shall and do from the date of these presents renounce and surrender, freely, voluntarily, absolutely, and of their own consent, or it will be worse for them, all their right, property, and claims in the estates, lands, demesnes, and their appurtenances, heretofore known as the estates of the Irish Society in Derry, and Coleraine, or elsewhere, wheresoever and whatsoever, as hereinafter provided.

II. All base, brutal, and Saxon use of the humiliating word "livery," in connection with the Trustees of the said Society, shall cease henceforth and for ever, and any use of the word in connection with such Trustees, shall from the date of these presents be punishable as a felony by fine and imprisonment, without benefit of clergy.

III. Three hundred and sixty-five Trustees of the said property and estates, whatsoever and whensoever, shall be elected, by universal suffrage, at a date to be fixed by the Act confirming the present Constitution, by the Irish people, from the people of Ireland.

IV. For the purpose of such election, every voter entitled to vote shall have one vote for himself and one or more for everybody else, but shall be at liberty to lump either vote upon both, or all on either.

V. The said three hundred and sixty-five Irishmen so elected, irrespective of faith or faction, creed, country, or colour of their hair, to be the sole Executive of the New Irish Society, and to enter on the administration thereof, for the benefit of the people of Ireland, such benefit to be distributed and apportioned in proportions to be hereafter determined according to the creeds and populations of counties. The farmers' clubs in the said several counties to fix the said proportions.

VI. Any dispute that may arise during the said elections, or in fixing the said proportions, to be settled by arbitration with the ancient national weapon of the Milesian people, the blackthorn, or shillelagh.

VII. All such weapons to be cut and trimmed to a scale and weight, to be approved by the Irish Society, as hereby reconstituted, and after a standard, to be kept in the archives of the Society, under three locks, to be retained always by the Master of the Society for the time being, and his predecessor and successor.

VIII. Every Trustee of the Society to have been born and to live in Ireland for the term of his natural life, and in the event of his being elected to serve in the Parliament of Great Britain, to bind himself by oath to vote with the Irish Home Rule party for the time being, as required by its recognised leader, and if there be two or more such leaders, by the one he likes best.

IX. No Lord Mayor or Alderman of London to be eligible as Trustee of the said Society, unless he is an Irishman by birth and nationality, and if any such should be chosen, he shall abjure his

allegiance to the Municipality of London before entering on his duties as a Trustee of the Society.

X. No tenant of the said lands or estates to be liable to eviction for any cause whatsoever, except in the event next hereinafter provided. All such tenants to be treated aisy in regard to their rents, and quarter-days to be shifted to suit their convenience.

XI. Any tenant on the said lands and estates to be liable to summary eviction if he be found calling for any drink other than native Irish whiskey, or for drink that has paid duty, when there is any other to be had.

XII. The charge for "management and refreshment" to be a fixed charge on the rental of the said lands and estates, and to stand as in the present accounts of the said Society, at £4,500 per annum, with a margin for extras. The item "Management," to include among such extras arms and ammunition required by tenants and trustees of the said estates for attack and defence; and the item "Refreshment," to include among such extras doctors' bills, funeral expenses, and other necessary appurtenances and appliances of social enjoyment.

XIII. All Trustees attending the meetings of the Society to be required to leave their bits of twigs outside the door of the place of meeting.

XIV. Three Trustees to be a quorum, unless more are present within three hours of the time fixed for any meeting.

XV. In the event of the Trustees being reduced by any difference of opinion, arbitration, or argument, or the consequences thereof, within the next three years below a quorum, as hereinbefore constituted, the management of the said land and estates to pass to a Gentleman who has long been known as the truest Friend of Ireland, not meaning MR. BUTT, Q.C., as to whom the present scheme desires to express no opinion, beyant remarking that it is a pity if he's the best that can be got to spake up for ould Ireland.

XVI. In the event of the said Friend of Ireland coming into the management of the said lands and estates, he shall be required to add to his name the definite article of Milesian tribal chieftainship, and the vowel of Milesian patronymic significance, and be known as The O'Punch, meaning thereby the Irish whiskey Punch, and he will be further required to bind himself, before the Six Masters in Chancery and Irish History, to drink nothing but that same for the rest of his natural life.

[The last page is written in a hand that keeps growing more and more difficult to decipher, till at last it becomes utterly unintelligible, and the last page is suddenly torn across, as if in a struggle for its possession.]

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS;

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

CHAPTER II.—*Flot Sam and Jet Sam.*

THE Stevedore grasped his knife.

"You shall hear from me!" he muttered.

BILLY heeded him not.

"I have heard of you already," he replied. "You don't suppose I've wormed in Brazilian Waters for nothing!"*

The Spaniard grew livid.

"Do not provoke him any further!" entreated MARY.

"Leave him to me!" said the Junior Warden, pushing the others aside—"to me and the Law!"

WILLIAM started, but he was rooted to the spot by the apparition of a short man, in a suit of rusty black, with a set of papers under his arm.

"Now," said the Junior Warden, "answer me! You took out a charter-party?"

"Aye, aye, yer Honour, for a row, and brought 'em back safely."

"But you ran into a sheer hulk, without speaking with her!" said the Warden.

"Avast there, your Honour!" answered WILLIAM. "We couldn't speak with her, 'cos she was a Dumb Barge."

"And," returned the Junior Warden, sternly, "she couldn't see you, as the unfortunate creature had no lights, and only dead eyes. You are charged with incalculable damage."

"By whom?" asked WILLIAM, boldly.

"By this gentleman," replied the Warden, pointing to the person in black. "He is the Average Stater, and never overshoots his mark. Your boat was confiscated for these damages, this day at twelve o'clock. It is now five minutes past."

* What does "wormed" mean?—*Note Ed.*
Vide Nautical Dictionary.—Ans. S. P.

"I am ruined!" exclaimed WILLIAM.
 MARY wept on her father's shoulder, and the crowd was visibly moved.
 The Stevedore smiled grimly.
 "You cannot pay?" inquired the Warden.
 "I cannot!" answered WILLIAM, despairingly.
 "Then," said the Warden, raising his voice, and beckoning to a couple of men whose blue coats, cocked hats, and short cutlasses, betokened their official capacity, "Water-Bailiffs, do your duty!"
 "Sorry for it, MISTER BILL," said the two men; "but duty is duty!"
 "Do it, you two SAMUELS!" returned WILLIAM.
 The two Water-Bailiffs, who were two brothers of the name of SAMUELS (abbreviated into "SAM," and known as FLOT SAM and JET SAM), produced a warrant and a pair of handcuffs.
 "Never!" cried MARY, as, quitting her father, she threw her arms about WILLIAM.
 "Stay!" said the Warden, bestowing a glance of intelligence on the Stevedore. "WILLIAM can either go to prison, or,—take his

The Water-Bailiffs advanced, each armed with the necessary dock-warrant.

"The *Albert Ross* is not fit to leave the dock!" cried the unhappy WILLIAM, as the minions of an unjust and cruel law—which I hope everyone will help me to abolish—approached.

"Not leave the dock!" exclaimed the first Water-Bailiff.

"What dock?"

"This!" replied WILLIAM, stoutly, pointing to the dock where they were standing. "This is the dock I mean."

"Nay!" answered the Bailiff, producing a dock-warrant for his arrest. "This is the dock-you-meant!"

The jest was cruel, but not so cruel as the Law which occasioned it.

So WILLIAM was led away to gaol by his captors.

Whoever you are who read this, help the poor Sailors, and don't let them be sent to sea unless they like! Oh, ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon the dangers of the seas when the stormy winds do blow-ow-ow, when the stormy winds do blo-ow-ow-ow! But I, the spinner of this

yarn, know all about it; I haven't nearly met my death on board a merchant ship at sea, and got a berth in a model lodging-house on shore, for nothing. But, my lads, I have a tale to tell, and I must heave a-head!

CHAPTER IV.

A Scene at Lloyd's.

WHILE WILLIAM was cooling his heels and his heated brain in a prison-cell, the Spanish Stevedore had gone up to town.

He drove to Cornhill, and, after a short parley with a gentleman in official costume (of whom more anon), he entered the Long Room at LLOYD'S Coffee House, where the Writers, Insurers, Shippers, and Skippers do congregate. The business, as conducted here, is,

in general, fair and honest enough. But LLOYD'S profit is not altogether unalloyed with risk. Now, "risk" means "speculation," and speculation *must* involve dishonesty.

It will be as well at this point, in order to thoroughly interest my reader (or readers—for I trust I have more than one, and, if I have not, I'll send copies, *gratis*, all over the world), that I should give a clear and exact account of the constitution of LLOYD'S.

The first question naturally is—Who is LLOYD?

I give the answer. Here it is:—

The gentleman in the official costume above alluded to, who, for the sake of respectability, and to impress visitors with an idea of the high character of the business, is *dressed in the same style as is the beadle in a church*. This is MR. LLOYD himself, or one of the family!!! He it is who takes an enormous per-centage on all the profits, while incurring no risk. He it is into whose pockets fall all the profits accruing from the coffee consumed in LLOYD'S Coffee-House. He it is who receives the entrance-fees from the new members, and accepts the immense sums which are paid by Tidewaiters wishing to serve the customers in the Coffee-House. And, finally, he it is who has the sole right to admit, alter, and arrange the charts and maps kept in the establishment, and he it is who alone receives the gratuities daily—nay, hourly—presented by the members to the custodian of their hats, coats, umbrellas, and sticks,



passage, as Purser, aboard the *Albert Ross*, which sails to-night. Choose at once!" MARY looked up in his face beseechingly. The Water-Bailiffs paused.

CHAPTER III.—How the Bait is offered to our poor Sailors.

WILLIAM TAILLEUR eyed the good ship *Albert Ross*.

A clerk stepped forward with pen and ink.

"If you like to sail on board this craft," said the Junior Warden of the Sink Port, who was, privately part-owner with the Stevedore, trading under the name of the firm before mentioned, "you shall marry my daughter *when my ship comes home*."

MARY turned her beautiful eyes up toward the skies, and then kissed her parent.

WILL TAILLEUR could no longer hesitate.

"Give me the pen!" he cried. And, taking the quill and paper from the clerk, he signed the Articles.

A smile of triumph passed over the faces of the Junior Warden and the Stevedore.

MARY bade WILLIAM a tender farewell, and withdrew.

Five minutes after WILLIAM had gone aboard, he returned.

"I will not sail in the *Albert Ross*!" he protested, firmly. "*She is unseaworthy!*"

"To gaol then with him!" cried the Warden, furiously.



A DECIDED OPINION.

Proprietor of Shootings ("in the course of Conversation"). "YES, BUT YOU KNOW, SANDY, IT'S DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THE SCYLLA OF A SHY TENANT, AND THE CHARYBDIS OF——"
Sandy (promptly). "AWHEEL! GIE ME THE SILLER, AN' ANYBUDDY THAT LIKES MAY HAE THE TITHER!"

for which tickets of non-admission are given on their being deposited in the hall!! Is it conceivable that here in England, in the very heart of our big trading city, one man should be possessed of so enormous, so unlimited a power!!!! Yet so it is. A captain who has a ship to insure which is likely to be knocked about by the Breakers, goes to the Brokers. The Official LLOYD gives him an introduction, for which he pays handsomely.

The business is divided between the Underwriters (who won't insure for anything like the amount, and who are, more or less, safe and comparatively honest) and the Overwriters (who will insure to any amount, on receiving a bonus as encouragement-money). And these are speculators, and unseaworthy to the last degree.

It was to a firm of Overwriters that DON JOSÉ DI SALAMANCA, the Spanish Stevedore, and Co-owner of the *Albert Ross*, applied.

"What's she laden with?" inquired MR. HICKORY, of the firm of HICKORY, DICKORY, AND DOCKUE.

"Grain," replied DON JOSÉ. "Will you take her?"

"We will take her," replied the other, slyly winking at his companion. "*Cum grano salis.*"

"How much?" inquired MR. DOCKUE.

"Five hundred thousand pounds," replied the Stevedore, firmly. A thrill went round the entire room, and several timid Underwriters lost their assurance for the moment.

"How much to do it?" asked MR. WALKER, junior partner in the same firm.

"Fifty thousand pounds," replied the Don.

The Overwriters regarded one another suspiciously. It was not DON JOSÉ's first transaction. The Overwriters paused. The Underwriters trembled; and even LLOYD himself felt a shudder pass through the gold lace of his hat-band.

(To be continued.)

THE CZAR is said to be longing for a "golden bridge." We thought it was a Golden Horn on which his wishes were fixed.

TO MARCH.

(A Snarl in Season.)

THE "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus."
 So sings our Laureate—How these bards provoke us
 With their periphrasis and hocus-pocus!
 Roaring? That's true; with dusty blasts that choke us;
 But while to wrath your mad March airs provoke us,
 Your flowery fancies seem a bitter focus,
 And snow-drops chilly sarcasms! Wherefore poke us
 With spring flowers, while 'gainst Winterfrosts we stoke us?
 The floral charms of March who cares to focus,
 Except in Covent-Garden?—charming locus,
 Where alone Spring-time does not freeze or soak us;
 In Mackintosh where we've no need to cloak us,
 From "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus!"

Taking the Consequences.

MR. J. READ, of Rose Cottage, Ipswich, sends to the *Anglian Times* an indignant letter, complaining of the fines imposed on him by the Ipswich Magistrates for refusing to vaccinate his children. The gist of his letter is in the following sentence:—

"The amount I am unjustly ordered by the Great Unpaid to pay to the borough of Ipswich, I will gladly pay, and thank God I am free from the dogs of vaccination. I have been hunted about like a madman would be chased, but henceforth I can rest with my family in Ipswich, for every one of my unvaccinated children have had the small pox, and therefore by law free, all six of them."

This is indeed, as the Editor remarks, paying such a price for freedom as few parents would care to pay.

USEFUL MILITARY EXERCISE FOR CABMEN (suggested by a Victim).
 —Judging distances.



THE WAY OF ALL FISH.

Customer. "NOT MUCH CHOICE TO-DAY!"

Fishwife. "WEE, YE SEE, MANCHESTER TAKS A LOT, AN' THE NOO A WHEEN GANG TAE ANITHER PLACE THEY CA' LENT."

RIP VAN WINKLE ON HIS ROUNDS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It is not often I venture out of my quiet nest in the country, where I fell asleep many, many, years ago. But when I do wake up it is usually for a week in Town, and a round of the Theatres. Once I used to dread, while I craved, the excitement of this sudden transition from long sleep into sudden life. The rush of novelty was too much for me. But now how different my experience!

In nine out of ten of the Theatres, if the managers had planned their entertainment to suit my nerves and consult my feelings, they would have put forth just the bills I see. A hazy halo of antiquity hovers round these programmes, and takes off all sharp shock of newness. The first theatre I visited after my last waking was the Haymarket. I rather doubted the wisdom of beginning with that dear little, ugly, inconvenient, old home of legitimate comedy. BUCKSTONE used to be such a fellow for novelty in his pieces, if not his performers. He never fell back on the stock old comedies, while there was a lively new one to be tempted on to the boards. "Here," I thought to myself, "I shall be sure to see a picture of life as it is, fresh, sparkling, and above all, English to the backbone. But shall I ever be able to stand the shock?" Judge of my amazement to find as the *pièce de résistance* of the evening's entertainment a classical comedy in blank verse, which I remember to have seen produced many years ago. As it was very fairly acted by some of the men—not all, though, by any means—and admirably by two of the ladies, in particular, the actress who played *Pygmalion's* jealous wife, and the charming *ingénue* who gave a new grace to the heroine—the freshest thing by far I have seen in my rounds—I was not disappointed with my evening, and, on the whole, felt thankful for the interposition of an old play between my slumberous country existence and the new histrionic experiences, which must, I felt, be awaiting me in my future adventures. But lo! the further I fared, the staler grew the pieces. Original or adapted, it was all the same. If the English dress was new, the French original was safe to be old; while, if the English was original, it was of an antiquity more or less venerable.

Thus, at the Prince of Wales's, that delightful drawing-room house, which I have always associated with drawing-room plays of home growth, instead of a charming comedy of ROBERTSON'S, I found myself assisting at the performance—an admirable one, I am bound to say—of an adaptation from

SARDOU'S comedy of *Les Intimes*, an old acquaintance in its original garb, and adapted more than once already; in which the French figure showed through the English dress like a *Mossoo* masquerading as a *Milord*.

At the Court, the Strand, and the Folly, I found myself equally safe from the shock of novelty. Here the staple of the entertainment was furnished by old friends, two Haymarket comedies, and one Olympic comedietta, which I had first enjoyed—I won't say how many years ago—long before I sank into my country slumber. True, if good acting can freshen old parts, there was a great deal of it employed in *New Men and Old Acres*; while MR. CLARKE'S breadth of grotesqueness in *Beetle*, MISS LYDIA THOMPSON'S grace in *Mrs. Smylie*, and MR. LIONEL BROUGH'S unexaggerated truth in the north country manufacturer, *Ironstone*, gave much effect to the characters. But they couldn't make old plays new.

At the Adelphi and the Princess's, still in my fearful search for novelty, I had to face nothing newer than two venerable melodramas, which have survived the shocks of repeated revivals.

Hurrying thence to the Vaudeville, where some years ago I had seen a most amusing comedy of MR. BYRON'S most excellently acted, you may guess my relief to find the very amusing comedy still in the bills, and to learn that no change in the programme was expected for many years to come.

At the Globe I was let down as easily by an old burlesque of my evergreen friend PLANCHÉ'S, which I remember to have laughed at when I was a little boy.

At the Saint James's I was treated to a very well acted version of a French piece, which had had the gloss of novelty well taken off here and in Paris, by long runs in both capitals in its original French.

Even at the Olympic, where the piece was new, it was the dramatised version of a novel that certainly was not.

My last venture was at the Gaiety, and here, strange to say, I *did* find novelty, though in the experienced hands of an old, old, friend—the TOOLE that never seems to lose point or edge, for all its hard work, in the long intervals between my naps, but looks always, each time I come upon it at work, as bright and sharp as ever. Here I saw, in *Artful Cards*, an English piece, built up out of an idea suggested by a French one, but English in the cast of its fun, its jokes, dialogue, and treatment of incident; English, above all, in its avoidance of impurity and impropriety. The shock to my nerves was sharp, but not insalubrious. I laughed till I cried at *Artful Cards*, and since then my sleep has been haunted by visions of TOOLE, struggling with a Trombone. There, too, I saw a BISHOP on the stage, who really did almost as much credit to the Bench, by his excellent performance on the Boards, as my liberal and large-minded friend, DR. FRAZER, of Manchester, by his appearance at the leading Manchester theatres the other day. This was the only performance that put my nerves to a severe trial, and showed me there was still something new to be seen in a London Theatre, a fact which, but for this, I might have doubted, and gone back to my repose in the comfortable conviction that on the boards at least all was as I left it when I fell asleep, I won't say how many years ago.

Yours sincerely, RIP REDIVIVUS.

Worse and Worse!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

KNOWING your wise horror of Ritualism, I beg to direct your attention to a startling novelty in vestments at St. James's, Hatcham, which I cull from this day's *Standard*. After the usual free fight, the offertory alms, says the reporter, "were collected by six of the Choirmen in red bags"! Such is the growth of the seed sown by MR. TOOTH! No wonder the congregation, like the bulls in Spain, get excited, when they see the Choirmen walking about in *red bags*! I certainly think the Bishop should write to MR. DALE. Surely he can be no party to such proceedings?

Yours, A PLAINTIVE PROTESTANT.

NOT WANTED.

WE regret to see by the evening papers that Oysters are up again. The Natives have risen at Tangiers!



"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

Mistress. "I REALLY MUST INQUIRE, TIMMINS, WHY THE TEA COMES UP SO WEAKE OF AN AFTERNOON?"

Parlour-Maid. "WELL, IT SHOULD NOT, M'UM! COOK, SHE PUTS IN A SPOONFUL FOR 'ERSELF, A SPOONFUL FOR MYSELF, AND A SPOONFUL FOR THE PARLOUR; AND AS YOU RINGS AS WE FINISHES, I FILLS UP THE TEAPOT MYSELF WITH BILIN' WATER!"

THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND FIRST."

"BEEN round the Studios?" Why, of course. Have not notes of invitation been pouring in by every post?—"Dear old man, give us your opinion."—"Mon cher vieux, your judgment is worth thousands. Come, then!"—"Dear P., picture's nearly ready. Do pop in as you pass!"—"Best of wags, come and chaff my canvas next Monday!"—&c., &c., &c. And so on by the dozen.

Of course we are only mortal, and we have been tempted by the voice of the charmer to advance snacks in oils, marble, or terra-cotta, of the banquet to be offered on the first Monday in May to the Art-loving Public.

Mr. Punch publishes his impressions as copied from his note-book the following day, to the best of his belief,—though, by the way, he has no distinct recollection of what day it was on which he made the tour,—but he is certain, if he has made any mistakes in his report, or appears to have got things mixed in any way, that it has nothing to do with the odd nips of Chartreuse, hospitable bumpers of Roederer, or passing thimblefuls of Imperial Tokay which kind and hospitable artists forced down his unwilling throat with a lavish *bonhomie* altogether irresistible.

"To MILLAIN'S new Studio. Extraordinary state. Sumptuous arrangement of apartments. Serving-men in Moya-Age liveries. Studio 150 by 70 feet. Priceless furniture. Unapproachable tapestries. Treasures of *bric-à-brac*. New pictures. Landscape, *The Rustling of the Rushes*—Caledonia with the chill on. 'Rushes bending low' as far as the eye can reach. What a rush there will be to see it! Portrait—life-likeness of a British Beef-Eater. At the present prices of meat how long will there be such a thing left? This old hero might be the last of his race, and is worthy to bring up its rear! (*Chamberlain*.)

"Thence to LEIGHTON'S Italian palace. Velvet-skinned *Signorine* in Venetian costumes, and Greek maidens in *pepla*—mustn't say 'ums'—take my hat and coat. A small black page appropriates, temporarily, my umbrella. Ushered into the presence. Entirely absorbed in the grand statue of *The Acrobat and the Trombone*. (An officious friend persists in saying it is *The Athlete and the Serpent*. We know better.) Models are posing, in the most

lovely attitudes, in all corners of the luxurious *atelier*. (*Tokay*.)

"Close by, to VAL PRINSEP'S, to see how the Delhi picture is getting on. The artist has had daily sittings from the crossing-sweeper in St. James's Square and the elephants from SANGER'S, and, with the aid of regular lessons in Hindostanee from PROFESSOR MONIER WILLIAMS, is rapidly getting into his canvas the genuine *couleur locale*. (*Tiffin*.)

"On again, like *Wandering Jew*, to MARCUS STONE'S. Was it MARCUS STONE or H. S. MARKS? Well—never mind! Capital picture, whichever it was. 'Getting over the Old Style' was it? Costume of end of last century, I remember. No—by Jove! That must have been at Miss THOMPSON'S studio—of course—I remember now—'End of the Last Sentry.' Expiring in the snow outside of Buckingham Palace. That's it. MARCUS STONE'S picture was 'Burning Shame,' and MARKS'S 'Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three.' Capital Testimonial to the late Director of the South Kensington Museum. Splendid composition. Miss ELIZABETH T. must be making no end of money. Just engaged Butler. 'Heavy Charge'—Balaclava, not Butler. (*Military port*.)

"Perfect nest of studios. Fulham Avenue full of 'em. Suggestion to Board of Works for change of name. Call in on G. H. WILLS, Author-Artist, or Artist-Author—forget which. Another palace. *Simplex munditiis*. Not much furniture, but, what there is of it, sumptuous. Silks and satins everywhere—one scarcely likes to put one's foot down for fear of treading on things. Grand subject—'Cooking King Charles the First's Last Chop.' (*Bitter beer in the native pewter*.)

"After Fulham, Chelsea, of course! Down to WHISTLER'S—'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!' Another artistic palace. Superb decorations. Japanese Octopi on a silver ground pervading the dining-room—the arms embracing cornice, and the suckers studding ceiling. Am I here, or in Japan—or China—Chelsea China? Received with open arms, a war-whoop, and a mint-julep. By Jupiter, what a sketch! Beg ten thousand pardons!—what a finished picture! I mean that Fugue in blue-major, with pizzicato background. One delicious tone predominating in thirds through the entire composition. Whichever way the picture is hung, it comes right. It is undeniably a Whistler. (*Saki out of a six-mark jar*.)

"Here, Cabby! To the other Studios. 'Where?' Why, what was the name of the gentleman who painted 'Noah laying in American Beef for the Ark'? Well, never mind. There's lots of Studios in St. John's Wood. No, not GEORGE LESLIE'S—not yet, nor ARMITAGE'S—Let's see? Go to—Is it CALDERON'S, LONG'S, or —? 'Tis so! Exactly. Drive to TISSOT'S. More next week. Here, Cabby! 'Which picture did I like the best?' 'Oh! You leave it to me?' Well, here's five shillings. Go round the rest to-morrow—or why should I go to expense of another cab—s'pose I stay here, I shall have the rest going round now—"

Chinese Greek Fire.

IN once more reconstructing the British Navy, our Government will probably have to follow the Chinese. The Celestials have begun naval reconstruction at the beginning, and are already masters of the Greek alphabet, or at least its *Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta*, in the shape of as many gun-boats of a better quality, both for fighting and sailing, than any in our own navy. It seems clear that little boats with big guns are to be the fighting ships of the future; and JOHN BULL, if BRITANNIA is still to rule the waves, must get the start of JOHN CHINAMAN, and not let JOHN CHINAMAN learn his letters—especially his Greek letters—before JOHN BULL.

A NEW ROUGHS' GUIDE, and Companion to the Blue Book, the Red Book, or the Upper Ten Thousand (designed to complete the Set). THE BLACK BOOK and POLICE COURT GUIDE, giving a full account of the origin, family history, and achievements of the Lower Twelve Thousand.*

* [The Register of Habitual Criminals in England and Wales for the years 1869 to 1876 has just been printed in the printing works of Her Majesty's prison, Brixton. The ponderous volume is bound in black, and contains the names of 12,164 criminals, with all their aliases.—*Times*, March 7.]

VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.
(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



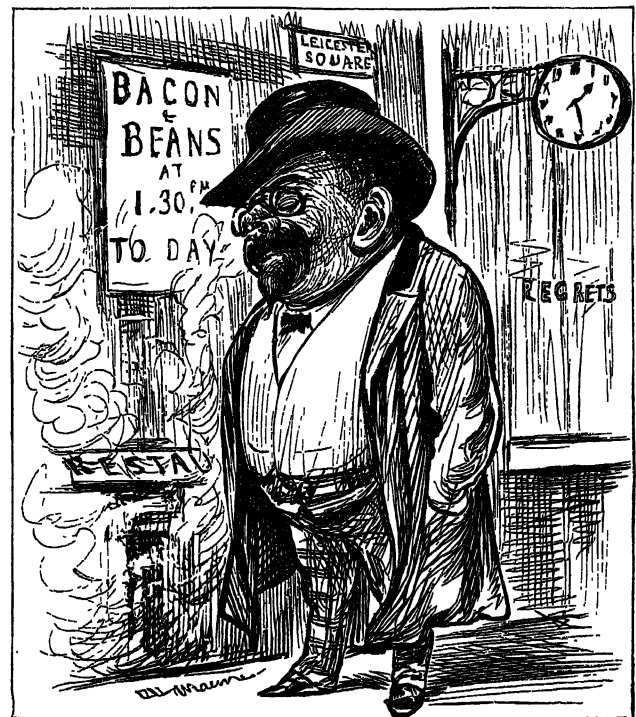
Je voudrais être un beau berger blond
Qui jouât du cornet à piston,
Répondit au sonore
Et doux nom d'ISIDORE,
Et connût son subjonctif à fond !



À COLOGNE est un maître d'hôtel
Hors du centre du ventre duquel
Se projette une sorte
De tiroir qui supporte
La moutarde, et le poivre, et le sel.

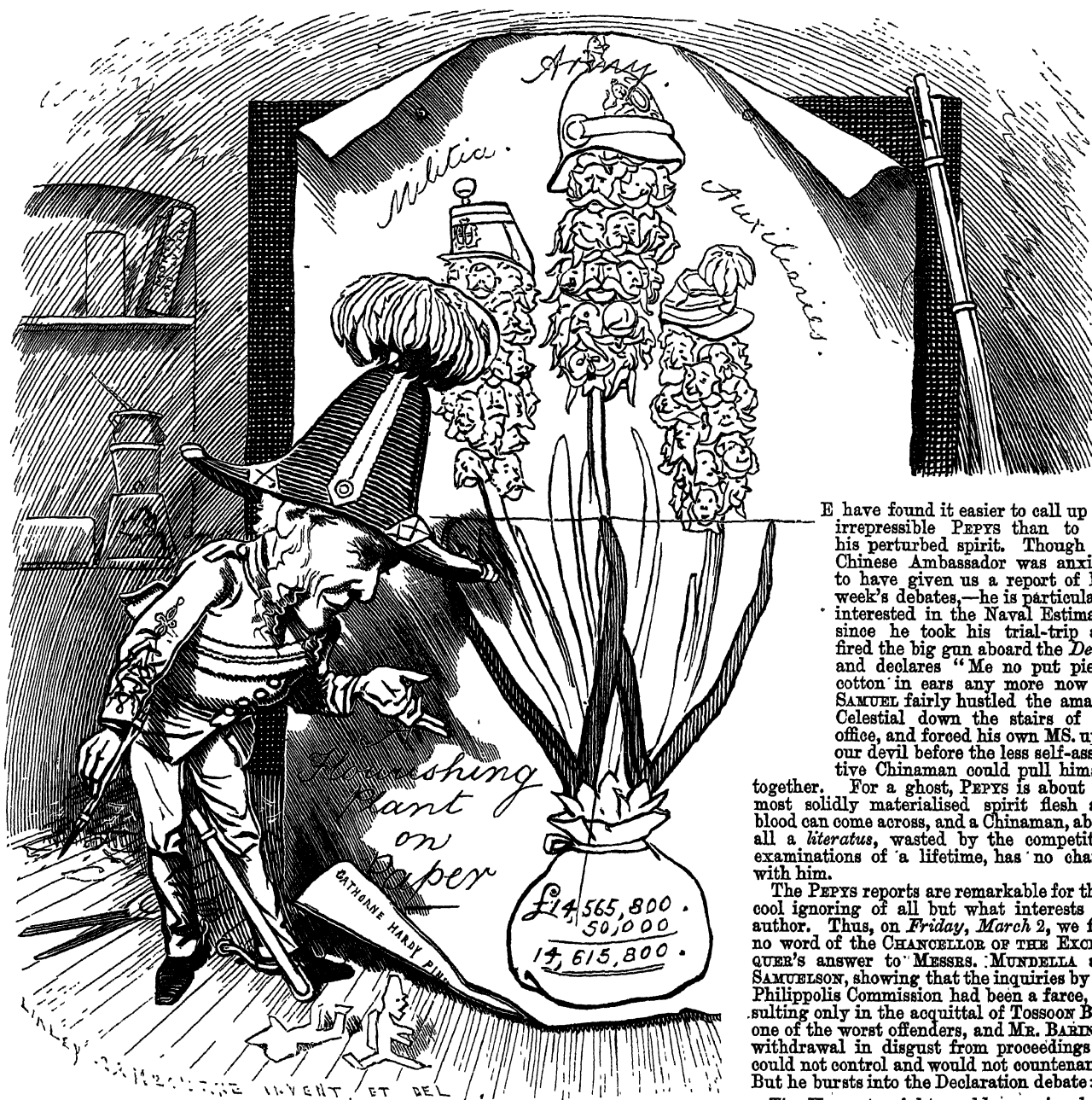


L'EXCELLENT Archevêque de Parme
Soupirait, en versant une larme :
"Que de Liebig l'Extrait
A pour moi de l'attrait !
Que le Beuf d'Australie a du charme !"



"O PARFUM ! idéal de mes rêves ! . . .
En vains flots jusqu'à moi tu t'élèves !
Oui, j'ai beau t'aspirer,
Je ne puis digérer
Ni ton lard, Plat Divin, ni tes fèves !"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



E have found it easier to call up the irrepressible PEPYS than to lay his perturbed spirit. Though the Chinese Ambassador was anxious to have given us a report of last week's debates,—he is particularly interested in the Naval Estimates since he took his trial-trip and fired the big gun aboard the *Delta*, and declares "Me no put piecee cotton in ears any more now"—SAMUEL fairly hustled the amazed Celestial down the stairs of our office, and forced his own MS. upon our devil before the less self-assertive Chinaman could pull himself together. For a ghost, PEPYS is about the most solidly materialised spirit flesh and blood can come across, and a Chinaman, above all a *literatus*, wasted by the competitive examinations of a lifetime, has no chance with him.

The PEPYS reports are remarkable for their cool ignoring of all but what interests the author. Thus, on *Friday, March 2*, we find no word of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S answer to MESSRS. MUNDELLA and SAMUELSON, showing that the inquiries by the Philippolis Commission had been a farce, resulting only in the acquittal of TOSCOON BET, one of the worst offenders, and MR. BARNES'S withdrawal in disgust from proceedings he could not control and would not countenance. But he bursts into the Declaration debate:—

The House to-night would no going back from the Declaration of Paris, for all Mr.

PERCY WYNDHAM spoke mighty smart to show that if free ships were to be permitted to make free goods, England's power on the sea were as good as gone in war time. And methinks it was pretty to hear Ministers, that some can remember loud and lusty in their knocks against your free-traders, fain to hold with them that the less war was allowed to meddle with neutral bottoms the better: and which, indeed, is common sense for us that are oftenest neutral, and great carriers of goods by sea, and please God will long be so. And so I am glad to hear MR. BOURKE, and one so high-stomached on the other side as SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, holding the same discourse; and do see clearly that time opens the eyes even of your stiffest fanatiques, so you give them a reasonable turn of Office, which indeed is a great corrector of your high-flier. And I do take it as settled to-night, by 170 to 56, that free ships shall make free goods henceforth: and no more dispute thereof possible, methinks, to any good purpose,—but indeed I know not if, failing dispute to good purpose, there be not some that must needs have it to no purpose at all.

Monday.—Talk among my Lords, but to no end, over a Bill of my LORD CAMPERDOWN for Election of the Metropolitan Board of Works by Ratepayers instead of Vestries. My Lords did think no good would come thereof to the Board; which, indeed, I know not, nor could learn, but would gladly have the best Board that may conveniently be gotten. But the Bill was negatived without a division.

In the Commons, SIR C. LEGARD, and many country gentlemen at his back, have taken sore amiss a thing said by my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, in a poaching case at the Durham Assizes, that he would give no certificate for costs in such cases, for that if gentlemen would make laws to protect the amusements of the rich, the rich must e'en pay for the maintaining of them. Which, I think, though it may be a true thing enough, was scarce a seemly saying for a Judge on the Bench, that should know nothing of law for rich or law for poor, but should look only to the law that he is set there to administer, and the breaking of it that he is bound to punish.

Still, when one thinks of all the crimes that do come of poaching nowadays, one can understand that the Judge who has to punish



SEASONABLE.

Nimrod. "WHAT! OUT AGAIN, VICAR! FRESH NAG, TOO! I THOUGHT PARSONS DID NOT HUNT JUST NOW!"
The Vicar. "AH! BUT THIS IS A LENT HORSE!"

crime may well feel sore at the thought that an amusement of rich men—which certainly fowling be—should cause the poor so much temptation. And, indeed, for all the cost of raising and keeping of game, there is, and ever will be, a difference in men's minds between killing wild things and stealing tame; and I do myself feel it, in spite of law, and, some do say, logic. Yet methinks the logic can scarce be all against them that think so. Still, I would not have a Judge own to this. So I was sorry my LORD JUSTICE COLERIDGE gave back flout for flout, and wrote a high, huffing letter, denying the right of the House to call him to account. For I do see the House hath, or do claim, the right to call all to account, and will not that its right should be questioned.

MR. GRANT DUFF, the sharp-faced, red-haired, thin man, that did mind me of a weasel the first time I saw and heard him, mighty keen to know who called back CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the Queen's Brigade of Guards, that had ridden to Khiya, and was using his eyes when there, as his legs to get there, and did ask whether if the recall came from our War Office, it came not from Russia, and thence round by the Foreign Office, which MR. HARDY would not answer, and methinks the question a little troubled him. And I do hear that the more it is asked the less it is like to be answered. But I do not think that in the old Protector's time we would have bid back a Captain at the Muscovite's bidding, or any other foreign Prince's.

Then MR. SECRETARY HARDY to moving of his War Estimates. But, lord! to think how little in these days a Minister doth make to ask for nigh upon fifteen millions for one Office, which is three times as much as all the Offices together did cost in my time. Lord grant the money be but well spent. And he mighty pleased that all doth go so well with his Office, and recruits coming in merrily—if somewhat small in stature and young in years,—and doth hope promotion and retirement will soon go on as briskly as recruiting, which I wish may be so, but do find many doubting, especially officers that do wait a promotion or wish for good terms of retirement. They that had abused the War-Office schemes mighty ready and large in apology; above all one MURE, a Colonel, did, as it were, put his head under MR. SECRETARY HARDY'S foot, and ask to be danced on—which, methought, was scarce seemly, though I am glad Mr. Secretary hath

good ground to be so cheery: and, lord! to think how different it was in my time, and how now your great heads of Offices must come cap in hand to the House of Commons, and how rejoiced they are when they have a good account to render of their Offices; and how in my time we thought little of the Parliament, and much of the Offices, and I, for my part, would have taken it mighty ill if any under a Lord had meddled with the accounts or business of Our Office. And now all changed. And I do hope it is all for the better—and do indeed think so, not being myself now in Office.

Tuesday.—In my Lords' House my LORD MIDDLETON was to have put a question touching my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE'S sharp saying of the law against poaching; but as the same question had been put in the Commons the night before, my Lord did not put it.

But methinks I may well be content that I hold my place no longer in Our Office, after I did hear MR. WARD HUNT, that is now First Lord Commissioner therein, so scurvily handled to-night by all manner of Members, great and small, for miscarriages aboard the Queen's ships, whereof all, big or little, at sea or in harbour, be now laid at the door of the Office, or on the back of the First Lord, so that he do seem to stand up in the House, as it were a popinjay for all to shoot at. Yet, indeed, he do bear him bravely enough, and sometimes shot back stoutly. Though methinks there be much now-days in the ordering of our Fleet that were well otherwise, whereof, as the old saw hath it, "least said soonest mended." But, lord! when I think of Our Office in my time, how we had much ado to lay hold of four or five hundred thousand pound by the year, and these in odd moneys scabbled up anyhow, and for months together neither cash, nor stores, nor credit, save as we might pledge our own, and all cheating the King that could, and the poor, honest seamen coming crying to us for their money, and lying dying nastily of their wounds and scurvy sores under the Office windows! And now the Office may spend nigh on eleven millions by the year, and have it too, which is more, as they need, and never a day in arrear; and all handsome and the best that money can buy both aboard the ships and in the Yards and the Office, and the Queen's credit as good as the biggest merchant's or goldsmith's in the City, or, indeed, better. And yet for all this I do think Our Office be more girded at,

and cried out upon now-a-days than it used to be in my time, save only on the head of money, for now all may have their dues, to the day, from the First Lord down, which is brave, and, as it seems to me, strange; only no gifts that I can hear of, and no commissions, at least none openly allowed of; which is worse for them in the Office; so, methinks, with money, or without, it do come to much the same upshot.

But 'tis plain to see that things be not more changed in the matter of money than in all besides about the ordering of the Fleet. For our ships be now more like busy laboratories full of curious engines, than plain pitched oaken hulls worked by honest hempen sails and tarred ropes, like those COMMISSIONER PETT used to build in the Yard at Deptford. And, methinks, for Captains, our ships now-a-days, with their steam as they call it, and their nice engine work, should need rather such virtuosos as used to meet at Gresham House, like SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN and SIR WILLIAM PETTY and other rare mechanique heads of that kidney, than your common tarry-breeched salt-water Captains like LAWSON and SPRAGGE, and the rest that did so maul the Dutch in my time, who, indeed knew but what belonged to sailing and fighting their ships, and there an end. Yet I could not learn that the Office had yet clapped hands on such a virtuoso kind of Captains, but are still fain to be content with the old fighting and sailing sort, which amazes me, and I marvel how they have so changed all else aboard our ships, but yet the officers so little, and the Office not much, save, as I do rejoice to see, in the matter of money, that is now to be had for the asking.

And, perhaps, when the Office do come by officers of the right virtuoso fashion, there will be fewer miscarriages aboard our ships—that be now, methinks, like horses too strong and skittish for their riders. So there may come to be less crying out upon the Office and less shooting at my Lords, and not so much matter for hot talk, such as I heard to-night from Members. And I pray it may soon be so, for of all this fault-finding I do see but little profit to the QUEEN, or the State, or the Ships, or the Office.

Much merriment to-night by reason of MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL, that hath gone up and down seeking for a seat this long time past, and hath now found one, whereof I am glad, as methinks he should be. And he coming to the table to be sworn before the SPEAKER as is wont, could not find the warrant of his return; and after much rummaging in all his pockets, whereof I think never man had more or fuller, was sore gravelled, till SIR WILLIAM HART DYKE was fain to go back to the new Members' place under the Gallery, where was his hat, and did straight find the return therein, and so MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL did get to take the oaths at last. But, lord! to see how the House did laugh! Though, indeed, a little thing do divert them.

Wednesday.—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, a great virtuoso and rich, did move his Bill for the Preserving of Ancient Monuments, such as British stones, and mounds, and dykes, that have no beauty to commend them, only curious for antiquity, and now grievously made away with, as indeed I remember many in my time that are now long since carted off, or ploughed up, or broken for roads, or built into walls, or other uses. But, lord! to see how sharp some did speak against the Bill, that it should strike at property; and how my Lord FRANCIS HERVEY, that, methought, should have been wiser, did abuse the ancient Britons, that it amazed me to find such heat on such a matter, only I see your landlords do not like any meddling with the land for never no monuments, yet the Bill passed by 211 to 163, and referred to a Select Committee, which methinks was reasonable. And, indeed, I do in most matters see much reason in the Members of the House, for all their heats and over-much talking; which pleases me, now that wellnigh everything is laid on their hands.

Thursday.—In the Lords' House talk of Cattle Plague, that it seems do now spread sore, for all the Lords of the Council can do; and I am sorry for it.

In the Commons many questions, and little told in the answering them; as, indeed, I do see this is great part of the craft of Ministers now, to answer, and yet say nothing. MR. GRANT DUFF did inquire again of the Captain that was called back from Central Asia to please the Muscovites; but the Secretary for War, as before, did refuse to say wherefore. And methinks this a matter the Office would not have inquired into. So I am sorry they should be vexed with all this questioning of it.

Much talk over a Valuation Bill that I could not understand, nor the House either, methought, save some City and Country Gentlemen, that did talk mighty long and dull, till the Bill was read a Second Time at nigh one o'clock in the morning, and I asleep.

Friday.—I did come to the House to-night expecting to see the Ministers hoisted by a petard from their own camp, one MR. READ, an honest, plain countryman, that once held an office, but was too stiff for his place, having a Resolution for the naming of Boards for County Business, part of Magistrates and part to be chosen by Boards of Guardians. But the Government, rather than be beaten by the joining of some of their own with most of the other side, was fain to agree to the Bill, and did it handsomely enough, though it was plain to see the morsel did somewhat stick in some of their gullets.

MASKELYNE AND FEMININE.



IN moving, on the second reading of the Bill for the Removal of the Electoral Disabilities of Women, that it be read this day

six months, MR. HANBURY may avail himself of an addition to the stock arguments based on women's natural disabilities. It has already been urged by the opponents of feminine emancipation that women are unfit to vote for Members of Parliament, because, although ladies are generally taught music, there has never yet arisen a first-rate female Composer. The same proof that Woman is inferior to Man might be drawn from the fact, that the world has not yet seen a woman of any note to speak of as a female

conjuror. There never arose amongst womankind a match for ROBERT HOUDIN, nor any Witch to mate the Wizard of the North. Yet everybody knows how girls are trained up to practise witchery in their own way. Time was, too, when witches were believed, not only by dolts but divines of the period, to ride on broomsticks; and not long ago a "medium" suitable to a side-saddle was declared by Spiritualists to have been transported three miles, and in through closed doors, or walls, or down a chimney, on to a table. But no such performance of witchcraft was ever publicly exhibited. At MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S *séances* MR. COOKE "floats in the room, taking with him the cabinet in which he is secured." Whatever may have happened in days of old, or may now happen in private circles, on the open platform COOKE stands unrivalled, and MASKELYNE has no competitor of his own gender, still less of the feminine. In public conjuring even male "mediums" never rise to mediocrity, and those of the other sex can hardly conjure at all. So the Hon. Member for Tamworth will be able, if ungallant enough, unanswerably to contend that Women are unfit to exercise the elective franchise because they are no conjurors.

NEWER THAN NEW.

As the Public, in its thirst for information, is being supplied with the topics of to-morrow and a digest of the day after, there is no saying where the journalist will stop in his desire to assuage the craving of the literary customer, who wants to know what is going to happen. *Mr. Punch* proposes therefore the issue of a publication, to be called

"THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK." (Price 6d.)

The first Number (to be issued as soon as the enormous steam-presses required for the colossal circulation in prospect have been erected) will contain leaders on the great anti-IGNATIEFF speech that LORD BEACONSFIELD is preparing in the House of Lords; on Political and Military Reforms in Turkey; and on MR. CHAPLIN'S heavy counter, when he gets a chance of giving it to MR. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons. These will be followed by a sporting leader on the merits of the winning boat in the Oxford and Cambridge Race, with details of the race, and account of the accident that is sure to come to MR. SMASHAWAY'S steam-launch, and the block thus occasioned on the river opposite the Limes at Mortlake. Several pages, under the heading "*On Dira*," will contain satirical repartees in contemplation by political Leaders, and witticisms about to be perpetrated by diners-out, burlesque writers, and popular journalists.

In fact that most attractive of all virtues in literary or artistic work, the *imprévu*, will season everything, and secure, it is confidently anticipated, for the new publication a circulation larger than the largest circulation in the world, so extensively proclaimed on the hoardings.

Only Sixpence, and on goes the Donkey into *The Middle of Next Week*!

A CONTRADICTION IN (AMERICAN) TERMS.—Fog clears up, now that HAYES settles down.



LEVELLING TENDENCY OF MODERN DRESS.

Old Gentleman (shocked beyond description) to Verger. "DON'T YOU THINK THOSE YOUTHS HAD BETTER BE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR HATS OFF?"

Verger. "TAKE THEIR 'ATS OFF! BLESS YOU, SIR, THOSE ARE THE DEAN'S YOUNG LADIES!"

THE NEW MESSMATES.

(*A Squabble well settled.*)

"Iron-clad ships differed from the old ships which composed the Navy in almost every particular. . . . He did mean to assert that not sufficient money was expended in employing proper Engineer Officers to look after the machinery of our ships. . . . He contended that the present system of officer- ing our ships did not reflect the altered condition of the times in which we were living."—MR. REED in the *Debate on Admiralty Administration*.

Vulcan. NEPTUNE, old man, you're *passé*. Best retire!
And trust me to blow up our naval fire.
Ask REED!

Neptune. As well ask PAN. A man will blow
His private pipe, although 'tis cracked.

Vulcan. Oho!

Your boatswain's pipe, old boy, is out of tune—

Neptune. Shall a land-lubber my command impugn?

Vulcan. We want no Argos now! That style of barque
Is as much out of date as Noah's Ark.
I build ships now.

Neptune. And sink 'em!

Vulcan. No, not I,
But your old dockyard mates, laid high and dry.
Nay, you may puff, old man, till all is blue,
Iron-clads are too much for them, and you.

Neptune. I've room for all the pots you choose to sink;
But they make ugly corpses, and I think
You might as well blow up the things yourself,
And not crowd out my Nereids.

Vulcan. There's the shelf:
Resign your empire to more skilful hand,
And find some other realm for your command.

Neptune. Never! You've marred the earth, leave me the main.

Vulcan. You'll find, old salt, your stubbornness is vain.

Iron and Steam are uppermost, that's clear;
Earth's first lieutenant is the Engineer.

Neptune. No, not first—last! Belay! Or say we share
Command quite large enough to task the pair?

Vulcan. Well, here's BRITANNIA. Let's both state our case,
And have it out before her face to face.

Neptune. Aye—aye—boy—Heave ahead—

Vulcan (to Britannia). Hem! Things at sea
Aren't going pleasantly.

Britannia. No, not for me.

Vulcan. Nor won't till with your ships your ratings square:
Old NEP's boys have till now had lion's share
Of pay, rank, prize-money.

Neptune. Come, stow your noise!

Vulcan. The time has come that I and my brave boys
Should have our turn. You see his blood has cooled,
Since NELSON'S Hearts of Oak the ocean ruled.

Britannia. My pockets tell me that.

Vulcan. His Naval Nobs

Set my young engineers the stiffest jobs;
And each new problem, each perplexing riddle,
Leads them a dance, to tune of second fiddle.
Yet NEPTUNE and his Admiralty Masters,
At my and their door lay their late disasters.
'Taint fair! *Prestige*, pay, power his fellows hold,
While mine are snubbed and left out in the cold;
Till in hot water his chaps splash about,
And then mine are called in to get 'em out.

Neptune. At reeling jaw out, short of you I come,—
But there's no need for slack. You know me, Mum.

Britannia. I do, dear NEP, and don't intend to sack
So old and tried a servant.

Neptune (triumphantly). Keep that tack!

Britannia. But NEP, old salt, although you're brave as blunt,
And love yard-arm to yard-arm, like WARD HUNT,

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 17, 1877.



SALTS AND STOKERS.

VULCAN (*Chief Engineer*), "YES, M'YAM, THINGS DO LOOK BAD, AND WON'T BE BETTER TILL YOU MAKE A CHANGE IN YOUR OFFICERING! IT'S BEEN CAPTAIN NEP'S BOYS TILL NOW—IT MUST BE *BOTH* OUR BOYS IN FUTURE!!"

Your case, like his, is shaky in the joints,
And Fate, like REED, will hit the weakest points.
Let VULCAN replate these. Things do look queer
Aboard my ships. We need the Engineer.

Vulcan (triumphantly). Didn't I say so?

Britannia (pointing to NEPTUNE).

Yes—as we need him.

BRITANNIA'S Navy must both fight and swim.

Well manned, well handled, 'twill stand war and weather;

For this I want you both to *pull together*.

So shake hands, NEP, with your new mate! No sulks!

There's work for both aboard my iron hulks.

Let future fair make unfair past amends,

And you may yet turn out the best of friends!

[*Exeunt NEPTUNE and VULCAN arm-in-arm.*]

FREE AS AIR; OR, "BRITONS NEVER," &c., &c.



His Experiences of a British Official on Leave.

PARIS, Monday

Arrived in this city, and made up my mind to look into the monetary matters of the country. Went to leave my card at the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. On my return to my hotel found a telegram awaiting me from the Treasury, ordering me not on any account to inquire into French finance, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the Government of MARSHAL MACMAHON.

BERLIN, Tuesday (a week later).

Arrived here, with the intention of informing myself as to the organisation, administration, and working of the German military system; left my card with COUNT VON MOLKE. On

my return to my hotel found a telegram awaiting me from the War-Office, desiring me on no account to go within five miles of a German fort, garrison town, or barracks, or to hold any conversation with a soldier, for fear of irritating the susceptibilities of PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

VIENNA, Thursday (a week later).

Arrived here and arranged with our second Secretary of Legation to examine the returns of the local manufactures, which are said to be rapidly advancing. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Board of Trade, forbidding me to make any inquiries bearing on Austrian Commerce, in consideration of the natural jealousy of British enterprise on the part of the authorities at Vienna.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Friday (a week later).

Being detained here by stormy weather, thought I might as well employ myself in finding out what I could about the position of the Government Loans and the British Bondholder; walked to our Embassy to ask the help of one of their dragomans. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Foreign Office ordering me to leave Turkish money matters alone.

ALGERIA, Saturday (a week later).

Arrived here, and started to deliver some letters of introduction likely to forward my object of observing the practical working of the French system of colonisation. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Colonial Office desiring me to do nothing of the sort.

ROME, Sunday (a week later).

Arrived here in hopes to improve the opportunity by looking into the position of affairs between the KING and the POPE. Called to leave card on the new English Cardinal, an old acquaintance. On my return to my hotel, found a rather curt, and anything but dignified, telegram from the Privy Council Office, begging me not to poke my nose into ecclesiastical questions, which no lay mind was qualified to understand.

EGYPT, Monday (a week later).

Arrived here, and proposed testing the feeling of the people *à propos* of the newly-appointed English officials and our acquisition of the Suez Canal shares. On my return to my hotel, found a telegram from the India Office, ordering me to be off at once.

NIKOLAIEFF, Tuesday, 2 P.M.

Arrived here, and determined to make a few inquiries about the Russian Fleet.

Tuesday, 2'10 P.M.

Received telegram from the Admiralty and all the other Offices—"Consider yourself under arrest, and come home immediately." End of my holiday.

PUNCH IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

To an epitome of the preliminary report of the Arctic Committee, lately transmitted to the First Lord of the Admiralty, the *Sanitary Record* appends the observation that—

"It will be seen that the whole result of the inquiry may be summed up tersely in the words of SURGEON COLAN, that in any future sledge expeditions if anything has to be left behind, it should be the rum and not the lime-juice. It was this conviction which led us in the first instance to challenge the course pursued by CAPTAIN NARES in sending the rum and leaving out the lime-juice, and we can but rejoice, in the interests of the Service, that this inquiry has resulted in so unanimous and so complete a confirmation of that view."

It may be said that lime-juice is no more a preventive of scurvy than vaccination of smallpox; and some may say this, not believing that smallpox is preventible by vaccination. CAPTAIN NARES, however, is not one of these fools. He "decided not to send lime-juice on the sledging parties on account of the difficulty of carrying and melting it," and would on any future sledge expedition "certainly so modify the arrangements as to admit of sending lime-juice." To be sure, and one obvious way of modifying the arrangements for that purpose would be to send the lime-juice in combination with the rum. Add a due portion of sugar. Everybody knows how to name the liquid which those ingredients would form, and were it to congeal, what would it then be but iced punch? A compound universally celebrated as a remedy for "the gout, the colic and the phthisic" would doubtless be found most effectually antiscorbutic. DR. COLAN may be quite right in saying that, if anything has to be left behind by Arctic explorers, it should be the rum and not the lime-juice; but by far the preferable plan would surely be to leave neither behind, but to take both, by the simple expedient of mixing them together. This would have the further advantage of ensuring the sure and ready swallowing of the specific for scurvy. Sailors are prone to shirk lime-juice pure and simple, but there is little fear that JACK would ever decline the acid in union with the other elements of the abovenamed mixture.

HUNT ON HOLES.

If the First Lord of the Admiralty knew or minded his SHAKSPEARE as he ought, he would not perhaps have answered the allegation that the *Vanguard* sank because there were holes in her bulkhead, by the excuse that "they were very small holes." Had he read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the divine WILLIAMS, he might have learned that as a little hole will as effectually do for a man as a great hole, if only the little one is sufficiently large, so will it serve as effectually to sink a man-of-war. A rapier thrust had made a little hole in the chest of *Mercutio*. Let MR. WARD HUNT perpend *Mercutio's* answer to his friend *Romeo's* suggestion that "the hurt cannot be much":—

"*Mercutio*. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough—'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world."

Our Minister seems to have needed to be taught that the little hole in a man's side that will let out the life has its counterpart in the little hole in the side of an ironclad which is big enough to let in the water, albeit "only a little one." But perhaps he will evermore bear this point in mind hereafter in dealing with the appointment of Officers such as those by whose arrangements, although they may have been "not absolute idiots," the *Vanguard*, in consequence of some of those little holes being left open in her bulkhead, went to the bottom.

Definition for Diplomats.

TREATY. An International Agreement between two or more Powers, which each and all of the contracting parties will punctually fulfil, when the time comes for doing so, unless they find that the safest and most advantageous course is to back out of it, in which case they are free to back accordingly.

DEATH IN THE MILK-PAIL.—*Le Crime de la Crème.*

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.*

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL; M.P.

CHAP. V.—*The Able-bodied Seamen depart in a Coffin-rigged Vessel.*

AND how many hands are aboard the *Albert Ross*, think you?
 "Only nine; and the Captain is but seventeen years old. This is

economy on the part of the owners. But, alas! the *Albert Ross* will suffer as other vessels have suffered, and, as my friend MR. WH-L-R, of Peterborough, would say the Roman Catholics in England suffer, from a long course of Under-Maning. But that is his joke, not mine; and he is earnest about his work, as I am about mine. So heave ahead! and let me pitch the next line overboard.

The Stevedore held the policy for £500,000 in his pocket. The Junior Warden joined him, and grasped his hand. They, the Owners, were safe. If only WILLIAM TAILLEUR, DON JOSÉ's rival in the affections of MARY MAYBUD, would but come out of gaol and embark on board the *Bad Ship Albert Ross*!

The Junior Warden had other matters on his mind which no less concerned the Stevedore. It was to his, the Warden's, interest, and for their joint safety, that MARY should be the Stevedore's bride. Thus their interests, like their capital, were identical.

The moon slowly rose, and cast a dull light on the scene.

"We understand one another?" asked the Stevedore of his companion, in a hoarse whisper.

"Ay, ay!" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Who are on board?"

"The Skipper, the ship's husband, with the first and second Mates, the Purser (who pays out), the Scuttler (who looks after the coals), and the third Mate with five hands."

"A useful person this last."

"Very handy. But we have been one too many for him."

"Is the fate of the ship assured?"

"Yes, assured as you know—insured. The ship is overloaded. Its load-line is painted high up over a false level."

"Who did that?" asked the Stevedore, anxiously.

"The painter, of course."

"But he will split," returned the Stevedore.

"The Ship's Painter split!" replied the other, disdainfully.

"Not he! He is overboard by this time!" and the ruffian laughed heartily.

Could such a scoundrel be really the father of MARY MAYBUD?

If so, how was it that his name was GROGBLOSSOM? * We shall see.

"I understand" said the Stevedore, darkly frowning. "The grain will be overpacked; on the voyage it will swell, it will gradually burst the sacks, distend itself upwards, force the seams of the boards—"

"Which are only secured with sham bolts," interposed the Warden.

"Ay, ay—devils all—and then the masts will go overboard, and the ship, if once filled with water in every part, with all hands must sink to the bottom." †

"Then she is certain to go to the bottom?" asked the Warden.

"Sure!" replied the Stevedore.

"Since that is the case, you will at once sign the bond which binds us together to the deed, by which you undertake that the ship shall go to the bottom within a certain time." And so saying he produced a parchment.

This parchment, with its seals and Government stamps, is called a "Bottomry Bond." The drawer of such a bond undertakes that the ship in his possession shall go to Davy Jones's Locker within a specified period.

These Bottomry Bonds are drawn only by the Wardens of Sink Ports. It is one of the old feudal privileges yet remaining to them. I trust before long to see this iniquitous system abolished. ‡

"Just so. But hark!" and the Junior Warden lifted up his hand to arrest the Stevedore's attention.

A shrill whistle.

The Bo'sen's call to summon all hands aboard.

And WILLIAM? What of him?

There are other Devils besides sham ship's bolts, § and these seemed to mix themselves up in the Stevedore's affairs, for at that moment WILLIAM TAILLEUR, released from prison, stepped from the Quay on to the deck of the *Albert Ross*.

The word was given to weigh anchor.

The answer, of course, was that it weighed exactly a hundred tons.

The reply to this (from the Captain) was rude in the extreme.

* We have already asked this question.—ED.

† Fact.—S. P.

‡ So do we. But surely this isn't the real meaning of a Bottomry Bond? We are not Maritime Lawyers, but we certainly think there must be some error. To this effect we have written to the learned and enthusiastic Author.—ED.

Answer from the Learned and Enthusiastic.—Founded on fact. Sounds all right,—I mean it sounds all wrong.—Yours, S. P.

§ I wouldn't have believed this statement if I hadn't seen it myself, but it's a fact for which I can vouch, vide my pamphlet under the head of Defective Construction. When a ship's timbers are held together by only plumbago or black-lead pencil bolts, called Devils (for the same reason that a junior barrister is so termed when he's doing the work of a senior), if she doesn't go down the very deuce is in it!—S. P., M.P.





FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

SCENE—British Jury Room. All agreed on their Verdict except—

Irish Jurymen (who holds out). "AH, THIN, ILIV'N MORE OBSTINIT' MEN I NIVIR MET IN ALL ME LOIFE!!"

So the bad ship *Albert Ross* left her moorings, and slowly sailed out of the Harbour.

A boy said to another boy, as she passed along, "My eye!"

A policeman observed to another policeman, "By Jingo!"

The harbour-master sighed heavily, and went in to supper.

A mild, near-sighted gentleman exclaimed, "Dear me!"

Two workmen observed to one another, "Darned if they wouldn't rather do nothing for forty shillings a week on shore than work without wages on board that there ship for a month."

Amid such Cassandra-like predictions of woe, the *Albert Ross* was steaming out of Newport-Pagnell, with WILLIAM TAILLEUR aboard, when a lithesome figure, in the costume of a Middy, sprang from the pier-head and alighted safely on the vessel.

The Stevedore on shore, with a glass in his wicked eye, alone recognised the person.

"*Per jingōs!*" exclaimed the Spaniard. "It is MARY MAYBUD!"

It was she indeed—in disguise.

And it was too late to stop the bad coffin-ship *Albert Ross*, with its deadly shrouds and false load-line, on its outward-bound course to the Bottom of the Deep, Dead Sea.

(To be continued.)

"Keeping Watch o'er the Life of Poor Jack."

THE brig *No Name*, from Liverpool to Africa, "laden with coals, gunpowder (very badly stowed), and paraffin oil, made a good deal of water,"—clearly the wisest course under the circumstances,—and her crew refused to proceed—also wisely.

A member of the Government, in an after-dinner speech, said that "no idea was likely to enter the head of any responsible adviser of HER MAJESTY whereby a single button of our sailors' jackets would be placed in jeopardy from any matters arising out of the internal administration of the Turkish Empire."

Comparing these two announcements, JACK will 'be likely to exclaim, "Dash my buttons—but don't blow me up."

OUT OF REASON INTO RHYME.

(A. Hatcham Bull.)

DEAR CROOM and dear PLIMPTON, all thanks for your letter.
Go on as you're doing; you couldn't do better.
Just put that schismatical ass in a fix
Who wants to score honours by trumping our tricks.
The half-hearted scoundrel, the mealy-mouthed dog!
Give me a down-righter who goes the whole hog:
I must own some respect for a knock-me-down ranter;
Trot and gallop I like, but I can't stand a canter!
The notion of standing, while all the rest sit,
Was simply delicious: I thought I should split,
When I heard how you balked him, and bothered, and worried;
No wonder, I'm sure, the poor creature was flurried.
But the row t'other day went a leetle too far;
If you try *voies de fait* there's a danger you'll mar;
A sweet little plan—which were nipped in the bud
If you gave the foe notice, or stirred up my Lud.
At present, you see, I am forced to be dumb:
The Doctors forbid all excitement—so mum!
But bide we our time, and some sunshiny morning,
Without giving DATE and his myrmidons warning
We'll break in, as they broke—fair reprisals, you know—
If they use the jemmy, why not we the crow?
Once in, we're the masters; we'll lead 'em a dance,
Make each hair stand on end in the wig of PENZANCE.
Good-bye, dear Churchwardens; we fight for the truth.
Get the fallals in order.

Yours ever, A. TOOTH.

ROYAL RESIDENCE NEW CHRISTENED

THE QUEEN has invited *Uncle Tom* (REV. J. HENSON) to visit her Windsor Castle is, in future, to be called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.



FASHIONS FOR THE KITCHEN.

Cook. "LOE, JANE, I WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH THEM 'TRAINS' EVERY DAY! I ONLY WEARS MINE ON SUNDAYS!"

Jane. "THAT MAY DO FOR YOU, COOK; BUT FOR MY PART I LIKES TO BE A LADY WEEK-DAYS AS WELL AS SUNDAYS!"

BUTCHERS IN ARMS.

SCENE—Bond Street. BROWN, Bond Street butcher, discovered with JONES, Bayswater butcher. To them enter ROBINSON, Bermondsey butcher.

Robinson. How are you both? You look down in the mouth.

Brown. We are, and reason good, old man. Have you seen *Punch*? (*Producing last week's number*). Look at that!

Robinson. Bos Americanus? I know that "boss" is an American word, and means "head," and our friend in the air seems to have got it from the bull's 'orns. Why, gracious! if it ain't an 'it at us! A drop of something short, or I shall faint!

Brown. My dear fellow, I cannot be seen going into a common pub!

Jones. Nor I. The days are passed when our fathers used to frequent public-houses of a night, and smoke clay pipes, and drink beer. We have our Clubs. Let us go to mine—"The J'int."

Brown. Or mine—the "Igh Figure." This way! [*They enter the "High Figure."*]

Jones. A bottle of "cham." I suppose? Sweet, or dry?

Robinson. I hear the nob's always drink dry.

Jones. Then dry for me.

Brown. Waiter! Bottle of dry champagne.

Waiter. Yes, Sir. Perry Jewit or 'Eidzie?

Jones. Oh, the dearest, I say.

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

Jones. Why give it a name? What's the odds of names! A chap's safe with the dearest—or should be.

Brown. So one should—and with meat, too, as well as drink!

Robinson and Jones. Ha! ha!

Brown. Now, what is to be done about this here American meat? We must unite! [*They drink.*]

Jones. Long life to the American meat! say I. Here's its jolly good health!

Brown. What, are you mad!

Jones. Ha! ha! Not a bit of it! My customers is mostly what they call the middlin' classes, and doosid middlin' they are too, some of 'em. Well, they don't like to ask for cheap stuff, so I lets 'em have it without askin'.

Brown and Robinson. Shame!

Jones. Just you wait a bit. MRS. SWELLINGTON comes into the shop and says, "JONES, I want a nice sirloin of beef, real Highland beef." "You shall have it, Mum," says I. "'Ow much?" says she. "Shillin' a pound," says I. "That's dear!" says she. "Well, it ain't my fault, Mum," says I. "I don't make any profit on it. It's all along o' the dearness of coals." Well, she gits her jint, and she pays me a shillin' a pound.

Brown and Robinson. Well?

Jones. So it is well—jolly well—considerin' that I was a-sellin' her American beef all the time and a-chargin' her English prices. So here's American beef, I say!

Robinson. And ditto to JONES, I say. Now here's my game:—"American meat? Lor' bless you," says I, "you won't like it when you get it; but, if you will 'ave it, you must. 'Ere you are, the very best, nine-pence a pound." And next day back they comes, and tell me they don't like it, and sticks 'to English, in future, like Englishmen.

Brown (to Robinson). Our friend JONES's experience is different from yours, you see.

Robinson. No it ain't. He sells 'em American beef for English at English prices, and I sells 'em English beef—such as it is—for American, at American prices. There's beef and beef—ain't there?—English or American.

Brown. All very well for you fellows in the unaristocratic quarters. I needn't to come any low game of that sort. I've only to say to my customers, "I don't keep it. Bond Street is not the place for such things," and they look ashamed of themselves for asking after it, and take what I choose to give them, at my prices. That's your style!

Jones. Ah! that's your style; but it ain't ours, worse luck.

Robinson. 'Owver, that's neither here nor there—the pint is, how are we to silence all this nasty cry agin the butchers—

Jones. And how to muzzle *Punch*?

Apparition of Punch rises.

Apparition. Listen to me! I will tell you how to do both. You will all have to sell this American meat, or else reduce your prices for English. Your customers are tired of you. You, BROWN, will in future supply the DUKE OF FIVE STARS with the meat he asks for, irrespective of nationality. You, JONES, will sell American meat by American names as well as for American prices. As for you, ROBINSON, twelve months' hard labour would do you good, as well as those who supply you. Reform your practices, and reduce your prices, or it will be the worse for you."

[*Apparition disappears.*]

Butchers. Worse than reducing prices! By George, that would be a bad business!

[*Exeunt butchers, jointly and severally, in deep thought.*]

Faith and Functions.

A LADY'S-MAID WANTED in the Country. She must dress hair well and make dresses well, get up collars and cuffs. Must be a Protestant, and call Mrs. S— at half-past 6 o'clock. Wages £20, and 1s. 6d. for washing. Address, &c.

The Advertiser must be related to the Lady who recorded of MRS. JONES, in her epitaph, that "she played on the harpsichord, and painted in water-colours; and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"CE QUE FEMME VEUT."



TEMPLE BAR gives us an article on "The Excessive Influence of Women." *Punch* offers the Author the following "*casus omisus*" of this influence:—

MR. HAUGHTY HENPECK was heard to tell his friend FITZ-GEORGE that the O'MILLIONS were "snobs," and that he would not set foot in their house again. MR. HENPECK subsequently had an interview with his wife, when they accepted an invitation to dine with the O'MILLIONS on the following Thursday.

MR. JACK GOLIGHTLY was lamenting the folly of those of his friends who, after marriage, gave up their Club and even their smoke. Since JACK married MISS TAME-TYGER he has neither been seen in his Club nor with a cigar in his mouth.

MR. WILBERFORCE FUNKIT said his mother-in-law should never set foot in the house again. Two days after, his wife's mother arrived, tied a white glove on the knocker, and put WILBERFORCE to sleep in a closet under the stairs.

MR. PATERNOSTER ROW said he would publish no more rubbish written by women. A new three-volume novel by his wife is, however, on his list of forthcoming works.

MR. CHARLIE HAWKER asserted that the Boat Race was all rot, and that he would go to it no more. After calling on MISS FLOREY BRIGHTWIN he was heard to order a barouche for the morning of the 24th inst.

MR. GRINDER GRUMPY, after stating that his wife should spend no more in frippery this month, inadvertently took a walk with MRS. G. G. down Regent Street. In half an hour he had spent thirty shillings on a bonnet, and thirty guineas on a fur cloak.

MR. PUNCH, who had been reading various new periodicals, was heard to say that he didn't know what women were coming to in these days; but, coming home from an evening party, he went to bed with visions of many fair forms, and was heard to mutter in his sleep that the dear creatures were as good and beautiful as ever.

THE PROMOTER OF THE FUTURE.

(An Ideal Idyl.)

TIME—After the Judgments in the Lisbon Tramways, and the Sombbrero Phosphate Company.

SCENE—The Sanctum of MR. GOLDEN GREATHEART, the eminent Promoter. Plain office-furniture, with comfortable easy chairs for Visitors. Near a desk a wooden stool. Tracts, the "Sunday at Home" and "The Leisure Hour," on a side-table. Portraits of well-known Philanthropists and views of the Peabody mansions hanging from the walls. JOHN and MARY (Servants) putting the place to-rights.

JOHN. How good our Master is, MARY! It is a pleasure to serve him.

MARY. Indeed it is, JOHN. When I am in his presence I feel as if I were in church. His refining influence has turned us from "h"-dropping menials into Gentlemen and Lady Helps.

JOHN. Hush!—he is here!

[Enter MR. GREATHEART, to soft religious music. The Servants kneel to receive their Master's blessing, and then exeunt.]

MR. GREATHEART. How pleasant it is to be so respected and so loved! And yet I but obey the law. By the judgments in the cases of the Lisbon Tramways and the Sombbrero Phosphate Company the relation of Promoter to purchaser of shares is shown to be the same as that of Solicitor to client, Guardian to ward, and Spiritual Adviser to penitent! Happy privilege to advise men for their good, to spend my fleeting wealth for the benefit of my fellow-creatures! Ah, Charity—virtue of virtues!—how my heart yearns towards thee! (Enter JOHN.) Well, my good friend, what do you want with me?

JOHN. Dear Master, a young gentleman wishes to see you—on business, he says.

MR. GREATHEART. Bid him enter, my good JOHN. All honest men are welcome here. But, stay! The Lunar Exploration Company, into which I advised you to put your savings, is about to be wound up.

JOHN (dismayed). Then I shall lose twenty-seven pounds eight shillings and ninepence-halfpenny!

MR. GREATHEART. Not so! I, as Promoter, have returned the purchase-money with 5 per cent. interest—this last as a bonus. All the loss will be mine: a trifle—some hundred thousand pounds!

JOHN (struggling with his emotion). My dear, dear Master, how can I sufficiently show my gratitude?

MR. GREATHEART. By keeping my conduct a secret. You owe me no gratitude—I do but obey the law. And now show in the visitor.

[Exit JOHN, and re-enter, ushering in ALFRED KNEEDY.]

ALFRED. I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Sir—I am but a poor man.

MR. GREATHEART. And, as such, the more welcome. In this room many fortunes have been made, and many have been lost—(aside, with a slight sigh)—but all my own. (Aloud.) My excellent JOHN, you can leave us. (JOHN kneels, receives blessing, and exit.) And now, my friend, what can I do for you? But first take that easy chair—this wooden stool will do for me. [They seat themselves.]

ALFRED. Honesty is the best policy, Sir. I will be bold, and speak my mind. I come to ask you to promote the Patent Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea Company.

MR. GREATHEART. Do you know, young Sir, that, were I to consent to your request, I might have to sink in that enterprise the remainder of a fortune already greatly compromised by recent failures?

ALFRED. I said I would be frank, Sir: I do know this.

MR. GREATHEART. And yet you ask me! Ah, then, you must have some good reason for this strange request. Do you know that, as an invention yet untried, Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea may prove a failure?

ALFRED. I have carefully considered the risks, and I admit such a result is not improbable.

MR. GREATHEART. And yet, knowing all this, you ask me to promote the venture. Pardon my curiosity, but do you mind telling me why you urge me thus to risk my all in this perilous venture?

ALFRED. I said I would be frank. I am to be the Manager of the Company at £1000 a year, payable quarterly in advance. Thus, if by your aid the Company can be floated, if but for three months, I shall be in receipt of £250.

MR. GREATHEART. An excellent reason; and I would consent at once, had I not a daughter. I must provide for her.

ALFRED. Not so, as I will marry her. Ring for her. I know I shall love her at first sight, and that my affection will be returned.

MR. GREATHEART (opening the door and calling). MARY! (Enter MARY.) This young man wishes to marry you. He says he will love you—that you will love him.

ALFRED. I repeat what I said. I do love her already.

MARY (after taking a long look at ALFRED, rests her head upon his shoulder, and bursts into tears). My own at last! I see you now for the first time, and yet I murmur, once again—my own at last!

MR. GREATHEART (who has written out a cheque for £200,000). Bless you, my children! (Touches bell. Enter JOHN.) Take this cheque to the Bank of England, and with it open the account of the Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea Company, promoted by GOLDEN GREATHEART—Directorate to be shortly advertised. (JOHN kneels, receives blessing, and exit.) And now, ALFRED, in your hands rests so much of my future, and all of my child's. But whatever comes of our joint ventures, I trust still to retain these proudest titles that a man can hold—of Disinterested Promoter and Munificent Millionaire!

Tableau, soft religious music, and Curtain.

Anagram.

(On a famous but delicate-throated Singer.)

THE audience in rapt impatience sits,
Comes an excuse, and disappointment hisses.
Strange that "Sims Reeves," whose singing-ever hits,
By a mere shift of letters, "ever misses."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(NDAY, March 12.—My LORD CHANCELLOR reports the pertinacious Ghost of PEPPY, mighty busy with my Lords mending two holes in the Law relating to Land, which it do amaze me should have been left unmended so long. One, that if I die and leave my land to one son and my money to another, and the land be under mortgage, he that hath the land may take his brother's money to pay off his mortgage, which law one may clearly see to have been made by those that had the land; and the other, that if one leave me an estate for life (which I would any had done, but none ever did, only handsome gifts, thank Heaven, in money, and plate, and jewels) with remainder to him of my cousin ROGER's sons who should first reach twenty-one, and I had died before any of ROGER's sons came to that age—as indeed none ever did live to manhood—then the remainder, as the lawyers do call it, would be void, and the land go to the heir-at-law, against the intent and wish alike of the testator, and me, and ROGER, that had all meant to keep the land in one line; which now is to be changed, and methinks should be.

My LORD DORCHESTER did very briskly question my LORD DERBY again to-night of that travelling Captain that the Foreign Office and the War Office between them had back with a cesserara from Khiva the other day, to please the Muscovite as all do say and think, though my LORD DERBY will not have it so, but do now talk grave of the dangers to the Captain from the Tartars, and how he should perchance be taken for an agent of our Government. But methinks it had been sufficient for our Government to deny this, without calling this stout Captain home, that had gone so far and at such cost of money and sore bones. And now I do hear that the same Captain hath ridden through Asia Minor, as far as the city of Erzeroum, where the Muscovite do border on the Turk. And I do wonder if the Turk also will have him back thence; and if our Offices will bid him home, to please the Turk, as they did to please the Muscovite. But I hope not; for methinks an English Captain should be at no prince's bidding but his own, and would not have been in OLIVER's time. But I fear English stomachs are not so high now as then, which vexes me.

In the Commons, before the First Lord Commissioner was let to move his Estimates, was much scrambling talk of naval businesses—how my Lords had not gone wisely to work for the raising of the *Vanguard*, though, indeed, I doubt if there were any wisdom better than leaving her where she lies; and one PETER TAYLOR, a man of mighty soft heart and as many do say soft head (as, indeed, your Englishman is apt to confound soft heart with soft head), did complain that the punishments aboard each ship of our Navy be no longer set out as fully as they were wont to be; and grumblings touching the Pay and Pensions of Warrant Officers, and the weak boilers put aboard ship (but, lord! to think that ships have come to need boilers other than those used for cooking of the men's beef!) and the Anchors and Cables that be used in the Navy, how these are the worst instead of the best, and I know not what matters besides, till I at length did think myself back in Our Office in Seething Lane, with Mr. COVENTRY and the two SIR WILLIAMS wrangling over our ships and stores and the Yards and the accounts, and no more good like to come of it now, methinks, than did then.

But, at last, MR. WARD HUNT, to his Estimates, and do ask boldly for close on Eleven Millions—Lord help us!—and do give a brave account of the Yards and the Ships that be built and building and to be built, in all nigh on one hundred thousand tons betwixt wood and



"DIRECT FROM THE COW!"

Local Inspector. "OH, HE HAS BEEN VACCINATED, YOU SAY! THEN SHOW ME THE MARKS ON HIS ARM! HE HAS THE MARKS, I SUPPOSE?"

Mother. "OH, THAT HE HEV, SIR! BUT NOT—(driven into a corner)—IT WAS THIS WAY, YOU SEE, SIR! FARMER AKERS'S COW SHE RUNNED AFTER THE CHILDREN, AN' KETCHES MY LITTLE BOY, AND TORSESSED HIM RIGHT OVER THE HEDGE! BUT THE MARKS——"
[*Local Inspector loses his temper.*]

icon, that I could but wish that COMMISSIONER PETT might have been there to hear him, that would brag so much of his great doings at Deptford, and now what a peddling place it do seem. Only COMMISSIONER PETT, I doubt not, would have given a good account of such pestilent fellows as MR. REED and SIR JOHN HAY, and, above all, one BENTINCK, a loosely-hung homely-faced gentleman, that they in the House do call Big Ben after the great bell in the Parliament Clock Tower, for his bigness and his hollow sounding, and all the others that do carp and pick at Our Office, and all that is done therein, till it is a pity to see my Lords so baited, with or without reason.

Also MR. HUNT do promise mighty handsome both as to boys that they will train for sailors for the Fleet—(a new thing since my day, when we were fain to take such as we could get, and bad bargains, many of them, poor rogues, but fared hard enough, had they been twice as scurvy)—and torpedoes, which be a kind of sea-petard, to blow ships up under water, and I would fain have the chance to see and study them, and do intend it if I can, for, indeed, like most things in our ships nowadays, these engines be quite out of my compass.

But I was glad to hear that two of the PRINCE OF WALES's young sons be to go aboard the *Britannia* for their teaching of what belongs to a sailor, and I do hope England will never lack her brace or so of princes bred to the sea, though I must needs own they that be good at ships be not always good at reigning, as witness His Majesty JAMES THE SECOND, that was a good Prince to the Navy, and made much of me, I thank him, and was indeed sitting for his portrait to SIR GODFREY KNILLER with intent to give it me, when he did first hear of the coming over of the PRINCE OF ORANGE, and would needs have out the sitting for my sake; and I, thinking of all this, did lose some of the fag-end of to-night's talk, but methinks had enough. And indeed nothing can be done, it seems, nowadays, without more talk than needful. So no loss for me or any man to miss some now and then.

Tuesday (Lords).—My LORD DERBY did promise my LORD GRAN-

VILLE news shortly of dealings with the Muscovite on the Eastern Question, that he do hope soon to bring to some likely end. But, for my part, I do rather hope so than expect it, for that I do think it a matter past words to bring to a good issue, and my Lords will give only words to it and no more, and them but half-hearted ones.

Afterwards my LORD DUKE OF RICHMOND did bring in a Bill for amending of the Law touching Burials; wherein the Puritans, that be as stiff-necked now as they were in my time, do complain sore that they may not be buried in the parish ground with services of their own, but must have the Parson read that of the Church of England over their graves, willy-nilly, which vexes the living, if not the dead. But methinks 'tis strange your Churchman and Puritan should be so by the ears about the manner of putting away their poor quiet dead bodies, that methinks have most of them had more than enough of clapper-clawing in their lifetimes; but so it is, and now the Duke's Bill, I do fear, will do little to help matters to a settlement of this foolish quarrel. Only it do empower parishes to make new grounds, wherein bodies may be buried with such orderly services as to their friends may seem fit; but yet in parish grounds there may be no burying but either with the service of the Church of England or no service at all: which methinks will never satisfy the Dissenters, as they do now call Puritans. And indeed as I left them and the Church at loggerheads in my time so I find them now, and no chance, that I can learn, of a peace.

In the Commons to-night a strange matter. One CHAMBERLAIN, a Member for Birmingham, and a brisk boy, and stout speaker, that looked as he did both believe in himself, and what he was saying, so that I marvelled not he was well listened to, spoke long and plausibly for a plan to enable Corporations, if they would, to buy up the pot-houses in their boroughs, and put their own servants into them, and become sole purveyors of drinks to their borough-folk. And this he did say had been done, with good effect in lessening the foul vice of drunkenness in Gottenburg, and I hear your Swede be as potent in potting as your Englishman. But to see how others did straight jump up and deny all he

said, and bring figures to show that the potting in Gottenburg was worse than ever since this plan was tried, and how 'twould be surely putting a great and evil power in the hands of Corporations, and how the more folk drank it would needs be the better for them in their new business of sellers of drink. And indeed methinks it needs must be so, so that I wondered how SIR WILFRID LAWSON, that would have two-thirds of them that pay rates empowered to shut public-houses, should vote for this Bill, that would enable a bare majority of them that make rates to open them. But indeed SIR WILFRID is more witty than wise; and so the House did seem to think, and did throw out the Bill by 103 to 51.

Then one BIGGAR, an Irishman, that spoke with a harsh voice and a great brogue, getting up, all the House did walk out; and so all at an end by nine o'clock, and I glad to get away, and the House methinks. And I do see now the use of such Members as this BIGGAR, that when they rise to speak, the House may straight rise to go, and with good cause. And, above all, I am glad for MR. SPEAKER, that must needs listen to so much idle talking, and may not go till the House rises; and I admire how patiently he do bear it, and keep a brave countenance.

Wednesday.—A Bill by one SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER, for hampering, if it may be, the sale of Intoxicating Drinks in Scotland; but methinks the Scotch do hold too much to their "usquebagh," as they call it, to be keen for any stoppage of the traffic therein. And indeed it is a mighty comfortable liquor, above all when drunk hot with sugar, as I have drunk it aboard one of our men-of-war, the *Lion*, that I was aboard of off the Brill when we brought the King over, which had a Scotch Captain that loved it, and would have me pledge him in a brimming bowl of usquebagh punch, which he called toddy, with right Jamaica limes. So I do not marvel that SIR ROBERT had but poor help to-night to the hindering of the sale of strong drinks in Scotland, but did lose his Bill by 253 to 90.

Thursday.—Nothing to note of my Lords.

In the *Commons* was another night of asking for money—Supply, as they do still call it, and so they used in our time, only now the House do supply all it is asked for, and then it did not, but both the King and the Officers had to catch at the coin as they could, one against the other, and oft neither could catch any. Only now, though the House do give all that is asked for, Members must needs talk first, and so they have what they call their "grievances" for pegs to hang their talk on; but, lord! when I do think of my time, and the grievances that were indeed grievances then, and not a word breathed of them in or out of the House, it do seem strange to me.

So to-night they did talk ever so long of marvellous pitiful matters, as the sitting of a widow woman's dog's throat by an Irish Magistrate, and the widening of a road, and the employing of six soldiers last year to cut a piece of standing corn, and the pranks of the schoolboys a-training for the Navy aboard the *Britannia*, and I know not what other silly stuff, that I wondered at it. And when it came to voting of the money I did again wonder at some that methought should have known better, that were for cutting down the wages of them that do serve the State in our black settlements on the Guinea shore, where white men do indeed live so miserably that methinks they need scarce grieve to die quickly, yet must needs make provision for them they leave behind them. And I wonder how MR. GEORGE TREVELYAN and SIR CHARLES DILKE, and the rest of the lusty young fellows that were so brisk for cutting down such salaries to-night, would like the same lopping and topping if it had been their part to receive the wages instead of awarding them.

I did marvel too at the grumbling about the choice of young fellows from the Foreign Office to go with my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY to Turkey, that they should be those that knew least of the Turk and his matters. As if great Lords that go on missions of State, or they that have the naming of the young gallants to go with them, are used to choose according to men's knowledge of the matters to be taken in hand! And indeed it do vex me to hear such simple talk, and from some that should be wiser.

Friday (Lords).—My LORD CHANCELLOR hath a Bill for a man to make himself bankrupt, if need be, and so to have his substance fairly carved among his creditors, which methinks is but reason; but my LORD HATHERLEY likes it not, as thinking that the Lawyers should have the first picking in such cases, as the Doctors do not love that a man should go out of the world without them.

(Commons.)—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER do assure my LORD HARTINGTON that the Government do indeed hope they are in a way to clap up a paper bridge for the Muscovite to go back over. But I admire that a few words cunningly drawn into a protocol should save us from what all did fear would be the biggest and bloodiest war of this time. And so I find do most; only for the moment such a protocol 'tis thought may serve the turn. And so all glad of it, but most, the most shallow-witted.

Then much talk of the Irish school children, how they may not be driven to school, yet will go of themselves three days out of five,

and will learn more in that time than your duller English children in two days out of three.

Much debate but to little end of what should be done when Slaves do seek shelter aboard our Ships in Eastern waters. But I do plainly see that SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, that did raise the matter, do weary the House with too much and too often talking. Yet as he is a man that hath had weighty charge in India, so I doubt not he do look on talk as the business to be done in this House. As, indeed I find many do.

One WHALLEY, the same that is wont to fall foul of the POPE on all occasions—perhaps, as being sent to the House from Peterborough, for which borough of Peter, indeed, the POPE do claim to be sole Member—did talk to-night of the other matter that do set his wits wool-gathering, which is ARTHUR ORTON, a fat knave now in prison, that did take the name of SIR ROGER TICHBORNE, and, after a mighty tedious trial, was clapped in gaol for it, where he still lies; and now this WHALLEY will still have him to be TICHBORNE, but can bring none in the House to the same mind, save one OSBORNE a lack-brain like himself, and doth lug the matter in by head and ears whenever he can, and did to-night, to the wearying of the House, and MR. SECRETARY CROSS, that did very hardly make shift to answer this WHALLEY civilly; and I do see Peterborough is more proud to have a Member with a mind of his own, than careful what fashion of mind it be.

OUR ESTABLISHED DISSENTERS.



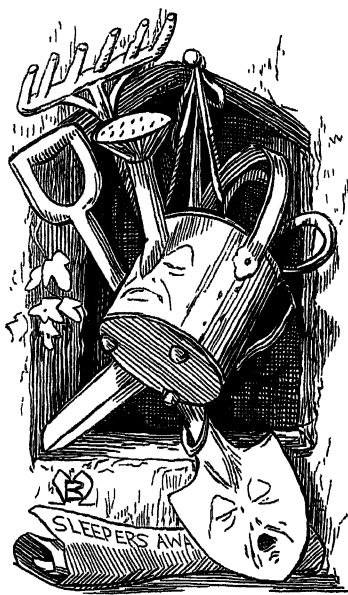
It is said that some of the Nonconformists within the Established Church have at last determined to do the right thing—secede, and form a dissenting sect, entitled to do as they please in their own conventicles. The *Whitehall Review* announces that a section of High Church and Ritualist members of the Church of England contemplate the foundation of "a new Anglican Communion." They have resolved upon this step "in consequence of the action taken by Anglican prelates under the Public Worship Regulation Act." Accordingly, they intend to have an episcopate of their own. "In the first place a brand-new Archbishop, with a very ancient title, is to be consecrated by one or more foreign prelates." The remainder of the Bench is to consist of "two Suffragans, each with titles from old English sees; and the new Anglican Communion to be started next July. In the meanwhile:—

"The difficulty attendant on the consecration of the Archbishop and his Suffragans (as far as regards any interference with existing jurisdictions, whether Popish or others,) will be surmounted by the ingenious plan of consecrating them upon the high seas."

The last statement suggests a suspicion that the preceding news is too good to be true. How can interference with existing episcopal jurisdictions be avoided by the consecration of Bishops on the high seas, if the Bishops are so consecrated for the purpose, nevertheless, of wielding opposition crostiers in the sees ashore? The occupants of those land sees would account the maritime intruders no prelates, but mere poachers on their manors. Obviously, a consecration performed for an evasive purpose, although on board ship, would be anything but an above-board proceeding. It would be out of place and unsuitable even as a qualification for preaching to the fishes, which could be done as well without as with it by anybody, lay or cleric. And then the flat-fish would hardly come up to hear a preacher of Ritualism, and the ocean does not contain gudgeons. Altogether this idea of consecrating High Bishops on the high seas appears to be a far-fetched derivation from the maxim that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." It is not a thing to be spoken of to the sailors, but awakes the suspicion that the whole statement in connection with it is no better than a story fit only to be related to the other arm of Her Majesty's Sea Service. May it, nevertheless, turn out to be authentic; for, if the Ritualists will only retire to their own Ebenezers, the National Churchmen will readily agree to differ with them as their Dissenting Brethren.

INDIAN REELERS.—ALSOP, "Simkin," and Bass.

A SENSIBLE DIFFERENCE.



All who are sensible in their Dissent.
From CANTUAR.'s lips was ne'er of Churchmen heard
The same invidious, qualifying word.
But then in CANTUAR. it were reprehensible
To hint that Churchmen could be aught but sensible!

THE GOTHAMBURG SYSTEM; OR, NOW AND THEN.

(By a Wise Man of Gotham.)

Now.

SCENE—*Lushington Street.* BROWN meets JONES.

Brown. Well met, old man! I am rejoiced to see you again. It is my birthday—my twentieth!

Jones. Many happy returns, my dear boy! And—well, what are you going to stand?

Brown. Whatever you like. Here's the "Green Dragon"!

[*They enter the "Green Dragon," and drink.*]

Brown. And how's the world treating you?

Jones. First-rate. My uncle has just departed this life, and left me—well, a nice little sum.

Brown. Bravo! We must have a drink on it. Here's the "Blue Boar."

[*They enter the "Blue Boar," and drink.*]

Jones. The "Blue Boar" tap is not half so good as "The Rose."

Brown. Isn't it? Well, let us try.

[*They enter the "Rose," and drink.*]

Brown. Yes, the "Rose" does sell the real stuff! But what an ugly party behind the bar! I like a pretty girl. Come into the "Red Lion," and see POLLY.

[*They enter the "Red Lion," and drink.*]

Jones. Bah! Whatsh—I mean, what is the use of pretty girls? Give me a man who quorks me sively—serves me quickly. They have barmen here at the "Swan," and topping tippie. Come along Swan!

[*They enter the "Swan," and drink.*]

Brown. Call them quick, (hic)—look—shlow ash possible. Loo ere—try "Mitre."

[*They enter the "Mitre," and drink.*]

Jones. Dooshid nish street—(hic)—thish. No walking far from one—hold up—what wash I shaying? Oh—ah—no walking far from one public-house to another.

Brown. Quirright, too. Awful ass—(hic)—WILFRID LAWSON!

Jones. Hear, hear! Letsh—(hic)—have drink!

[*They enter various other public-houses, and finally pass the night at the police-station nearest to Lushington Street.*]

THEN.

Water Street. JONES meets BROWN.

Brown. Ah, JONES! I beg leave to congratulate you. I have just heard it is your birthday.

Jones. Oh, thank you very much. Yes, I am forty to-day.

Brown. You do not look it. And how are you going to celebrate the day?

Jones. I don't exactly know. But a visit to the Tower or to the

British Museum seems about the pleasantest as well as most rational employment of such an anniversary.

Brown. You are right—quite right. But was it not our custom of old to have a drink on such occasions?

Jones. In days gone by. And I confess, BROWN, I have yet a touch of the old Adam about me. We will drink.

Brown. Let me see, the "Green Dragon" is shut up.

Jones. And so is the "Blue Boar."

Brown. And your old favourite the "Rose" has disappeared.

Jones. And the "Red Lion," where your pretty friend POLLY was, is turned into a Temperance Hotel.

Brown. And the "Swan" is an eating-house, at which they will not allow intoxicating liquor on the premises.

Jones. It is the same with the "Mitre." Where can we drink?

Brown. I have it. At the "Chamberlain Arms." It is the nearest bar, only a mile and a half away. Let us hasten thither.

At the "Chamberlain Arms."

Jones. Well, give it a name.

Landlord. Good day, Gentlemen. You are waiting to be served?

Brown. Yes. It is my birthday. We must have a drink.

Landlord. The less the better, Sir. You remember how drink used to be the curse of this country. It was fearful. Yet there has only been one conviction for drunkenness in England during the last two years. That was the famous Liverpool case of beastly intoxication.

Jones. The man was let off, wasn't he?

Brown. Yes—with penal servitude for five years. It was his first offence.

Jones. Well, what shall we have?

Landlord. Allow me to recommend our sparkling mineral waters. Ever since SIR WILFRID—pst!—I mean the DUKE OF DRINKWATER, SIR W. L. as was, discovered those natural champagne mineral springs on his estate, we have sold nothing else.

Brown and Jones. So be it!

[*They drink two quarts of mineral waters and retire happy, one to the British Museum and the other to the bosom of his family, deeply thankful for the incalculable benefit conferred on the country by the labours of one mighty mind, and the blessings of an infallible system.*]

FROM SPELLING TO GRAMMAR.

MEASTER PUNCH.

I ZEE the Lundun Skool Boord Wensday last wake refurd Spellun Refarm to a Zelect Cummittee. Werry wel, but wot's the good o dooun things be haaves? Wot's wanted isn't not onlee Spellun Refarm I zays, but also Grammer Refarm.

Wot I manes, by Grammer Refarm you can zee I dare zay purty wel by the waay how I rites. 'Tis Grammer Refarm o' the same sart as Spellun Refarm, wun Refarm to match the other. Alter the Grammer as wel as the Spellun to wot the comun peepul talks. Meak ut a rool to zay and rite "this here" and "that air," and "no" arter "not" and "never;" asfur exampul, "I han't got no sense," "I never had no eddicaashun," and zo on. I haint no scollard mezelf, but I be told by them that be as how boath the dubble negative and the tuther vernacul idjum as they calls un is Grammer in zum vorren languidges anshunt and moddurn. Wunt insted o' will not and be insted of am is other pints of Grammer Refarm amung mennny moor as I ood menshun, but not fur to meak too long a storee on't and teak up a mutch o' yure valliabile room, I wunt say no moor at prezunt, ixcept as how that I be, Zur,

Yure Rooral Reeder,

DANNUL DUMPER.

Poscrip.—My respecks to the Lundun Skoolboord, and if so be as how they likes to take pattern from the abuv spassymunt o Grammer and Spellun Refarm together, they be quite welcum to 't.

A Cymric Challenge.

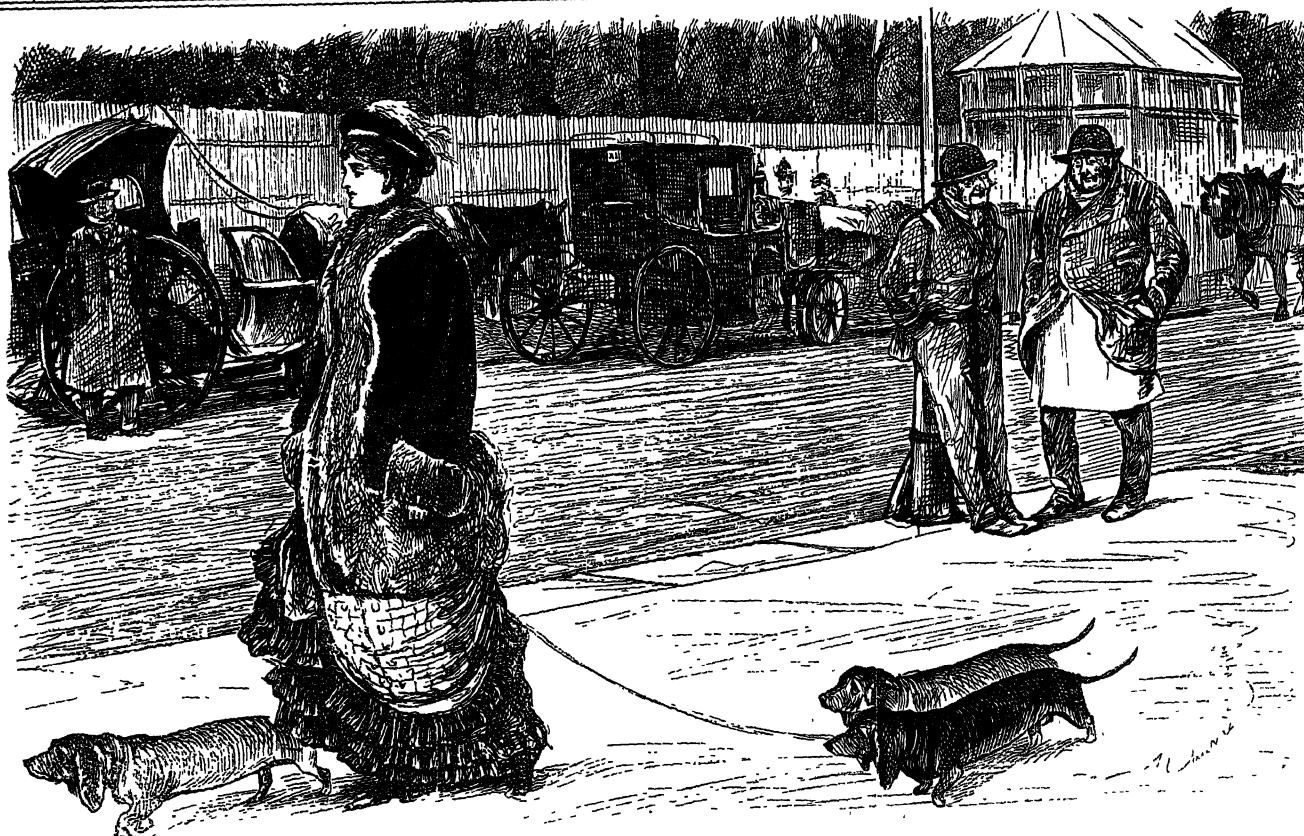
MR. PUNCH,

As a descendant of the "barbarous, uncivilised, and wretched Britons," I do hereby challenge, through your columns, LORD FRANCIS HERVEY to deadly combat. As I am desirous we should not be disturbed in our duel *à outrance*, I will give him the choice of: Place—the Devil's Bridge, Pass of Llanberis, MoellShiabod, or the topmost peak of Snowdon. Time—five or six in the morning of the first of April. Weapons—bow and arrows, broad-axe, skene-dhu, or bandy stones.

An indignant Cymræg,

MORGAN AP OWAIN AP ITHEL AP RHODRIC MAWR.

PROOF OF THE INTEGRITY OF THE LAW.—The Return of the Lent Assizes.



THE DOG OF THE PERIOD.

"I SAY, BILL! 'BLOWED IF SHE AIN'T A' BEEN A-BUYING OF HER DAWGS BY THE YARD!'"

"PONS ASINORUM!"

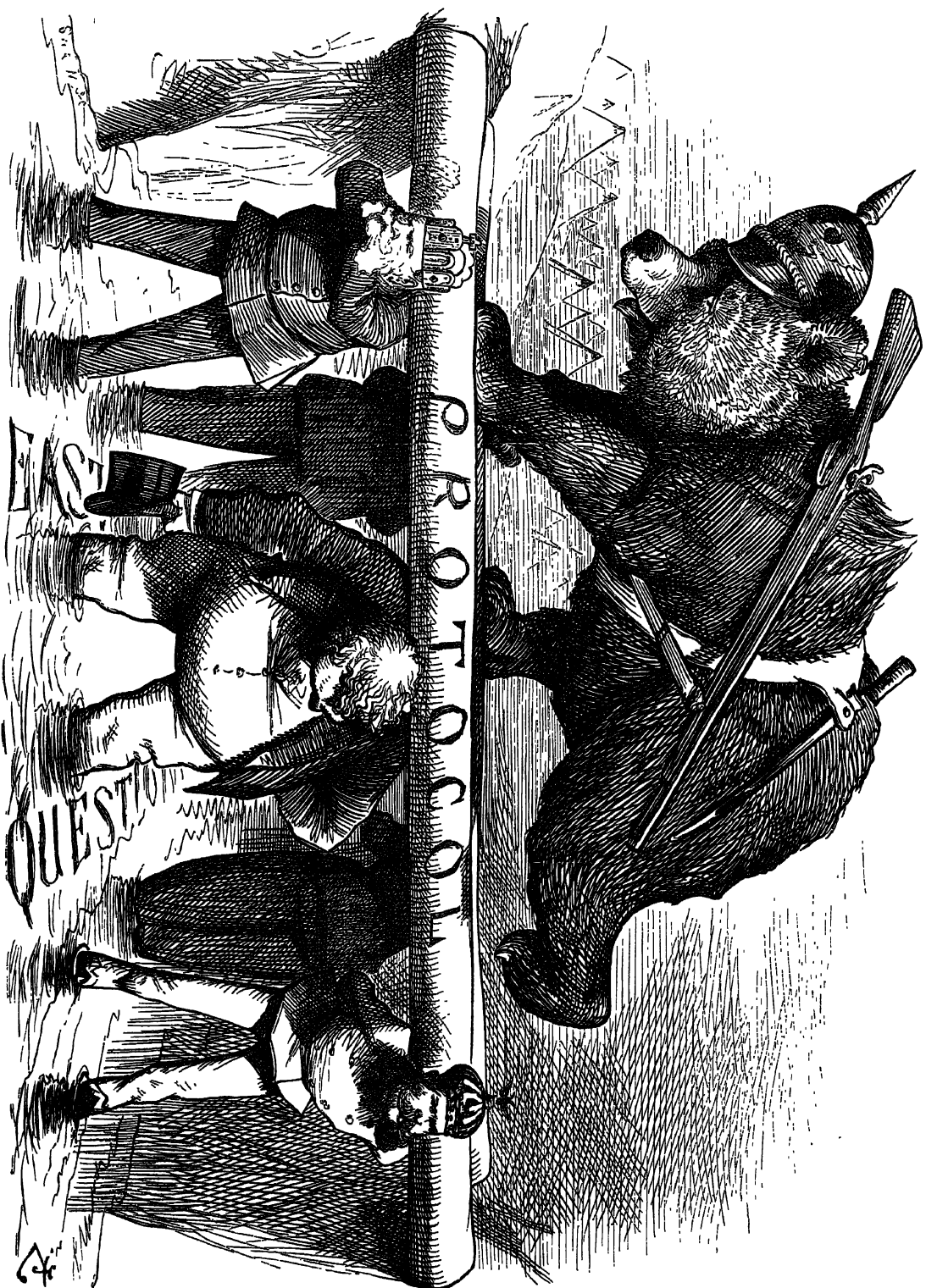
"A collective agreement of the Powers to deliberate on some hypothetical necessities of action in some hypothetical future, would be so powerless a document that the mere demand for it would be inexplicable, if we did not suppose Russia to be extremely anxious to procure an honourable means of retreat."—*The Times*.

Will the bridge bear the Bear? In slow retreat
Ursus essays the pass with cautious feet,
 Tentative, if not timid. Paper offers
 But flimsy foothold, and some ribald scoffers
 May smile to see the ponderous plantigrade
 Foot-feeling o'er a protocol. Afraid?
 Oh, not at all, but—well, beyond that "but,"
 Though eyes may open, mouths had best be shut.
 'Tis they laugh longest who laugh last. Perhaps
 The grin distending diplomatic chaps
 May soon change sides. 'Tis wise in Bear to tarry,
 And, careful, test what weight the bridge will carry,
 Across whose paper span and slippery track
 The Bear ere long may have to travel back.
 Time will show of the "Asses" who's the Ass.
 Exit from a political *impasse*,
 On a permissive protocol, may prove
 In Bear's long game not quite the final move.
 This new retreat from Moscow, or at least
 From Moscow's manifesto, irks the beast,
 With Slavs left in the cold, armed legions idle,
 And Turk unchecked, save by a paper bridle
 Of futile lecturing and wordy warning,
 Which even Turks have sense enough for scorning.
 As "*action commune*" gives dissatisfaction,
 Suppose, instead, we try common inaction—
Fainéant policy on old safe lines—
 Lecturing *sans* "ulterior designs."
 We'll lift a fie-fie finger! But "insist"?
 Where is the bold bad Power dares shake a fist
 That hints coercion? "Padishah, we trust
 You'll sin no more, but if you will, you must."

We're all at one as far as wishes go;
 And really you should mend your ways, you know.
 For doing which there's nought like good intentions—
 With which *do* pave, and no more interventions."
 This protocolled, let diplomats look wise,
 Bull graze at peace, and Bear demobilise:
 Devices to do nothing with an air
 Of busy self-importance are not rare,
 But this political Round Robin beats
 All diplomatic record. Bear retreats;
 Lion nor Eagles dare advance; and lo!
 The Happy Family in *statu quo*!
Et après? Ah, that question, long revolved,
 Crossing this Asses' Bridge leaves still unsolved.

CONTRABANDISTS AND COMMONS.

THE *Morning Advertiser* mentions that a deputation one day last week waited on the HOME SECRETARY, with a view to get the London and South-Western Railway Company restrained from committing an encroachment which they design on Barnes Common. Our neighbouring contemporary adds that Mr. Cross promised to see the Company's Solicitor, with a view to do all that could be done for the preservation of that open space for the public use by its rescue from those despoilers. Of course he will have no difficulty in keeping Barnes Common from the clutches of the Philistines, unless they have already contrived covertly to whip up a majority for the Act of Parliament delivering it into their hands. If, unfortunately, that is so, it is to be hoped that Government will put all possible pressure on them to arrest their ravage. In the meanwhile, we rejoice to see that an attempt of the London and Brighton to appropriate one of the prettiest bits of Mitcham Common has been defeated. The Society for the Preservation of Commons and Open Spaces, with a view to impede the progress of Railway, and all other aggression on common land, should organise a Parliamentary Preventive Service to block the attempts, still made from time to time, to get Private Enclosure Bills smuggled through the House of Commons.



“PONS ASINORUM!”

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE, 1877.



THERE is no greater proof of success than the envy created in the bosom of rivals. *Punch* has been accused of being behind the age; so he is, in the same sense that he is behind the scenes. He knows the effects in preparation, and the actors about to come on, before the spectators in stalls or boxes, pit or gallery.

E. g.—*Mr. Punch* sent his reporter overnight to Putney on Friday next (the Eve of St. Clasper), with full powers to report the coming race, and a blank cheque to pay his expenses at the Star and Garter.

Mr. Punch, ever mindful of his young friends the members of the rival Universities, forwarded for their acceptance, with his compliments, several feathers, both high and low, for Cambridge, and some india-rubber tubs for Oxford; all of which were received with cheers on the arrival of the reporter, who lost no time in dipping his beak into the flowing cups in which the rival Crews were drinking each other's healths, in the vain attempt of each to gruel the other before the race. The report of the Saturday's race reached the *Punch* Office early on the present Wednesday, thus proving satisfactorily to all interested that *Punch* is rather before than behind the times, as certain ribalds do vainly assert.

Saturday, March 24.—The University Boat-Race was rowed this morning "on the slaak" (whatever that may be—it may be wire, it may be rope, for all I know), at five A.M., before a sprinkling of spectators who could see nothing, owing to the fact that the sun had not risen, and under a sprinkling of spring rain that kept coming down at thirty-six to the minute. The water was very "poor," we were told, though judging by its thick and seemingly pea-soupy consistence, we should have imagined it rather the reverse.

As the Limes light was turned on, both Crews lit up the cheerful cigarette, which, once kindled, was to light the way of the gallant coxswains to the winning-post. Gradually the boats were launched, and both paddled gently to their moorings, far out into the night, or rather early morning. Nothing was audible but the regular plash of the paddles and the half-suppressed objurgations of strokes and coxswains. The Umpire's boat not having arrived, your Reporter and Artist were called upon to man the only wherry on the loose.

As the painter was cast overboard by some of the bystanders, I had to trim the boat by myself as well as I could, though slightly unmanned by the sudden double demand upon me, and the pushing out into the blackness and the bridle. (By the way, is the Thames salt at Putney? I appeal to those who may have gone through the tasting process in this portion of the stream.)

At the word "Go!" I heard the painters suddenly cast adrift, as mine had been, and then, as one after another of the competing sixteen dropped his oar heavily into the water, I felt that this would indeed be a struggle for supremacy between the rival *Alma Matres*. From the glance I had had at the crew stripped for their preliminary tubbings, I knew they were in hard condition—every ounce of convertible flesh consolidated into muscle, though it might be fresh-water muscle, which is acknowledged to be inferior to the salt-water variety. As we neared the Oil Works, my fine ear told me that in the Cambridge boat the crew were backing up their captain at thirty-six strokes to the minute straight from the shoulder, while in the Oxford craft the lively and irregular splashing spoke volumes (of Thames water) in favour of the high feather of the crew, and the general liveliness of the ship from stem to stern. The sparks from sixteen cigarettes flashed along the water like fireflies over the Maramma, while an occasional rocket from the rival coaches, which dashed along the towing-path as fast as four horses could carry them, gave a romantic aspect to a scene which only required gas-light to be a magnificent display of that combination of aquatic and athletics to which the best minds and bodies of our University youth are so perseveringly directed. By particular request of the coxswains I make known my whereabouts from time to time by whistling the favourite air, "*The Same Old Game*" as I dashed a-head, taking the water first of one and then of the other crew, much to the satisfaction of both, for they were already shipping more of the Thames fluid than was agreeable with the thermometer at freezing-point, and the sun not up yet. Neck and neck, the eights of Oxford and Cambridge flashed by the Aits of Thames,

taking, however, care, as they shot past Hurlingham, not to kill any of yesterday's wounded, as not being members of that distinguished club. By this time, could one see it, the elegant bridge of Barnes ought to be looming in the distance. (I do not know what "looming" is, and should be glad of private information.)

Here a check was given (I did not wonder; for to judge by their state of perspiration, our athletes must have dropped several pounds since the start), owing to a spin which both boats took in the middle of the river, till this was put a stop to by the combined efforts of strokes and coxswains; but, as there was not a soul on the towing-path, no notice was taken of the *contretemps*. I was amusing myself by half-feathering under the water, when I was suddenly aware of the first streaks of dawn; and as I hoisted the Royal Standard, and loaded the "Come in" gun, I could hear, not far behind me, though I dared not turn my head to watch, the exciting struggle which my eye, hand, and shot were so soon to decide and to record.

In the Oxford Boat, No. 6 had by this evidently finished his share of the race altogether; and was watching at his ease the struggles of his comrades. No. 4 was sliding too rapidly, but this might have been caused by the accumulation of ice on his seat, owing to the early start with the thermometer below the freezing-point, and could scarcely have been prevented.

In the Cambridge Boat No. 3 had got so well forward over his toes that he could not get back at all, greatly to the inconvenience of No. 2, whom he might be said to reduce to comparative inaction. Never at a loss, the Cambridge coxswain, taking the yoke-lines between his teeth, suddenly brought all his strength to bear in aid of his almost exhausted stroke, and lifting the boat as they passed the distance post at the entrance of the last reach, got close to the rails, and, teeth clenched and hands down, passed the Oxford coxswain, who had to try all he knew to keep alongside, much less gain on his opponent.

The free style in which both the Crews laid out at this late stage of the struggle was a proof they had not been spending their strength and money recklessly during their Thames practice.

As Cambridge rounded the bend of Mortlake Reach, the Oxford stroke spurted—like a whale in his flurry—till the white water flashed high over their ship's bows, while the big drops of perspiration gleamed like pearls on the knitted brow of the Cambridge coxswain, as with wild shrieks he urged his crew to a superhuman effort.

I was so excited, as both boats flashed past the Judge's chair in front of the Ship, that if you had fired a handful of gold into my lap, I couldn't have told you which had won. No time, however, was to be wasted in discussing that detail with myself. At a venture I pulled the trigger of the "Come in" gun, which responded by a vicious kick that landed me in the bottom of my trim-built wherry. A feeble huzza rang from the Ship, in whose yard a few stragglers were astir even thus early. Up went to the mast-head the rival flags, both looking blue (but the one dark, the other light—emblems of the struggle of the moment between night and day), and, blowing up and out, were at once entangled in a desperate tussle for supremacy.

I knew there would be a wrangle, and was determined to keep myself clear of it: so I paddled gently through the railway bridge, and then, with one turn of the wrist, and that well-known silent laugh which distinguishes all Pathfinders, shot my skiff to land, jumped out and returned to town by Underground, leaving the Crews to settle their differences over an amicable breakfast at the Criterion.

A Volunteer Offer.

ONE would like to know this "tall gentleman, having lately come into property," who advertises in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

MAJOR.—WANTED to purchase, the TITLE of Major or Colonel in a Volunteer regiment, by a tall gentleman, recently having come into property.—Address, with lowest price, &c.

This would-be Major evidently thinks that when purchase was driven from the Army, it found an asylum in the Volunteers.

Acceptance and Resignation.

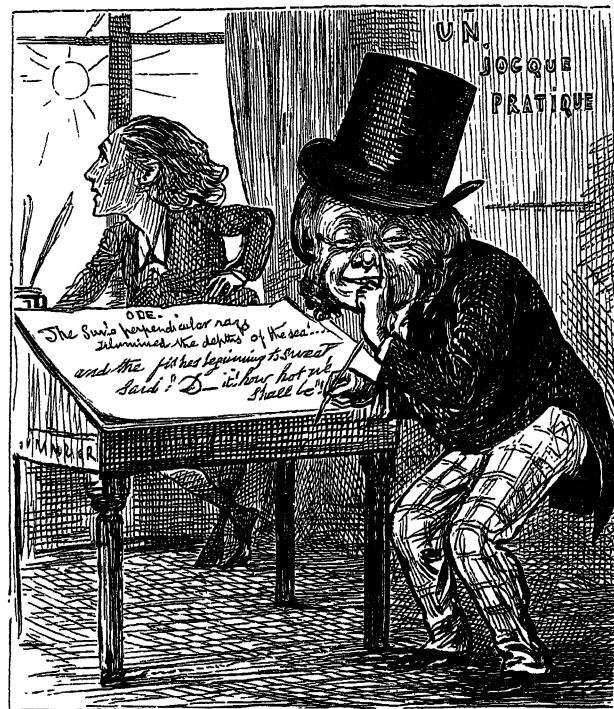
THE *Post* announces that the vacant office of Black Rod has been accepted by GENERAL SIR W. KNOLLYS. Attached to it is a residence within the Palace of Westminster and a salary of £2000 per annum. Butchers' meat maintaining its present prices, and fashions continuing as extravagant as they are now, two thousand a year will go only a little way to make both ends meet. Still, considered as an agreeable addition to the means of housekeeping, it may be sufficient to make SIR W. K. especially as Usher, instead of school-boy, take the rod and be thankful.

VERS NONSENSIQUES. À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



—“Où, Français, votre patrie est belle,
Et chez vous le soleil étincelle !
Mais l'on n'a pas chez vous
Ces deux objets si doux,
Le Pôqueur, et la Côte-escoutelle !”



Les perpendiculaires rayons
Du soleil illuminaient les fonds
De la mer. Ce chauffage
Fit d'abord fondre en nage
Puis démoralisa les poissons.



Un picqueau, nommé Picalili,
Le plus fort des picqueaux-Lazenbi,
S'éprit d'une picquelle
De chez CROSSE ET BLACQVELLE,
Sut lui plaire, et devint son ami.



Il naquit près de Choisy-le-Roi ;
Le Latin lui causait de l'effroi ;
Et les Mathématiques
Lui donnaient des coliques,
Et le Grec l'enrhûmait. Ce fut moi.

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS:

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

CHAPTER VI.—*Dead Eyes and Shrouds.*

YES, WILLIAM and MARY MAYBUD were on board the doomed ship whose fate had been settled by the Bottomry Bond, signed, sealed, and delivered between the Stevedore and the Warden.

For days and days in calm weather they sailed.

The Captain, as I have said, a lad of only seventeen, was joyous and careless. In the evening he played the fiddle, not tunelessly, but merrily, while POLLY, as she was now termed, sang sweetly.

A Ship's Chandler (whom they had picked up in passing a light-ship) illumined the state cabin with sea-dips, and they were as gay as larks in the morning.



The Skipper skipped, and the Ship's Husband danced. The Mate with five hands performed several amusing tricks of legerdemain. Yet they were not happy. POLLY sent home two letters by the stern-post, of which we may hear more by-and-by.

At three bells on a cloudy morning they sighted what they made out to be the Pharo Isles on the coast of Egypt.

The Steward, however, felt certain that it was an immense Bank.

The Purser, pleased at this information—for he had a quantity of paper which he wished to change for gold—put off in a small boat and made for the Bank. At the same time, there being some inequality on board, the Mate took a pair of ship's scissors and began trimming the cargo.

Before the Purser could return, indeed before he could reach his destination, the Mate's action had brought about the long-dreaded catastrophe; for the grain, which had gradually been rising, suddenly burst all limits, forced the planks of the upper deck until the bags rose in a steaming, seething mass, blackening the atmosphere, and embedding mast after mast in their pudding-like overwhelming embrace. Then the sacks exploded with a tremendous report. A report which, thank Heaven, reached LLOYD'S.*

A moment more, and all was over, or rather, under. Nothing of the *Albert Ross* was visible except a few spars, masts, and the

* Fact.—S. P.

rudder. The Purser, in his boat, managed to save the Mate with five hands, the two steerage wheels, and that was all.

Where were WILLIAM TAILLEUR and POLLY?

Alas! they had disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.—*Land at Last.*

Now my task is nearly done.

WILLIAM and POLLY were subsequently picked up by the Purser, whose boat was a four-oar, manned and steered by that useful person the Mate with five hands, to whom the Government subsequently gave a handsome reward.

Then they fixed the two steerage wheels to the Captain's gig, and, having found a quiet animal, they drove overland to England.

WILLIAM arrived at LLOYD'S just in time to see the Committee before closing for the day, and, on his representation, a Policeman was sent down to arrest the Stevedore and the Junior Warden.

I would I had the graphic power of MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN (as I have once before observed in my Pamphlets, having long ago felt a twist for novel writing*), and I would describe the agony of the Stevedore, and the remorse of the wicked old Warden, who bargained for mercy, by offering to disclose the secret of MARY MAYBUD's parentage.

The Judge who heard the case (MR. O'DOWN, the Counsel of the Board of Trade, appeared for the prosecution†), being much interested, accepted the offer, and the Warden confided to HIS Lordship that MARY MAYBUD was his (the Judge's) own daughter.

His Lordship was not astonished, as he thought he had lost a daughter some time ago, and was delighted to find himself mistaken.‡

So the Spanish Stevedore was handed over to his own Government, and hung at Cordova. The Junior Warden was fined, disgraced, and banished. He never returned.

WILLIAM TAILLEUR was subsequently created "SIR WILLIAM;" then, in consequence of the valuable lights he was able to throw upon all

matters of maritime interest, he was made a Peer (taking precedence of the Chain Pier and the Old Pier at Brighton), with a seat in the Lighthouse under the style and title of the EARL OF SHIPSBEACONS-FIELD. MARY is a Countess. And that's all.

Ye who read this, help me to do my best to destroy the homicidal system, and never let the two thousand working-men of Derby, who have never seen a ship in their lives, or a sailor, and who don't know a bow from a keel, or a jib from a fore-castle, and whose conduct, in sending me to Parliament, is therefore all the more disinterested and generous—let them, I say, never forget what I have done, what I will do, for the sailor's wrongs; and let them ever, and always, send me to the House as their Member—honest, bluff, hearty, and earnest S. P., as they know me to be. And they have stood Sam once—let them stand Sam again. And when the time comes, though other lips and other hearts of oak their tales of love may tell, let them remember me, the Author of *All in the Downs*; or, *the Bottomry Bond*!

Finis.

* *Vide* "An Appeal on behalf of our Seamen."—S. P.

† I throw this in just to do an excellent friend a good turn.—S. P.

‡ This is really a very weak ending, as so little interest has been created about MARY beforehand. However, MR. PL-MS-LL is, it must be remembered, a novice at novel-writing, and at all events he has told us—what the previous attempts have failed to do—a story.—Ed.



WELL TURNED.

Minister (reproachfully, to bibulous Village Barber with shaking Hand). "Ah, JOHN, JOHN! THAT WHISKY——"

Barber (condolently). "AYE, SIR, IT MAK'S THE SKIN UNCO TENDER!"

TEETH BEFORE KNIVES, AND FINGERS BEFORE FORKS.

"At a meeting of the Trustees of ANDERSON'S Institution, Elgin, the other day, the Governor stated that neither the boys nor the girls in the Institution were provided with knives and forks—they conveyed their beef, &c. to their mouths with their hands. The Trustees present all said that they had never heard of this omission before, though some of them had been visiting the Institution for forty years; and the Provost having characterised it as scandalous, a supply of knives and forks was ordered to be procured forthwith."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

AND yet LORD FRANCIS HERVEY maintains that SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments is not wanted!

Here is another of these Monuments gone!

With this primitive custom of the Andersonian Institute of Elgin disappears one more of the few surviving traces of the simple usages of our Northern ancestry, as instructive, in its way, as the kitchen-middens, which, if properly sought, might, we should think, very likely still be found in course of actual accumulation under the cathedral walls of Elgin.

Before all these ancient monuments are swept away by the rude and reckless hand of so-called "Civilisation," why should not the Geographical and Antiquarian Societies combine for a systematic and well-equipped exploring expedition to these Northern regions? Who knows what might reward well-directed exploration? MR. SMILES has already made a famous find in Banff, in TAM EDWARD, the self-taught, self-encouraged, and self-supporting "Scotch Naturalist." Who can say what curious discovery may be awaiting the intelligent explorer in the neighbouring burgh of Elgin, now that we know, from the paragraph we have quoted, that it still boasts a charitable and educational Institution to which knives and forks had not found their way in the seventy-seventh year of the nineteenth century?

MUS. DOC.

DEGREE lately conferred by the University of Cambridge on HERR JOACHIM Fiddle D.D.

A CRY FROM UNDERGROUND.—The Railway Passengers' Duty—To shut the door after him when he gets out.

THE NEW-WORLD LESBIA'S LAMENT.

"Perhaps the irrepressible sparrow does not interest English people quite as much as it does us, but really, after all the affectionate care we have shown to that brown-coated chirruper, it is distressing to announce the fact that he is leaving the snug cotes we have fixed him up at the hub of the universe. Yet, during the late cold-snap we have had in Boston, and the States generally, the sparrows we coaxed over and believed we had made into Yankees—real blue bloods—have gone off in flocks 'westward,' as the Empire is said to grow. Where in the West they have gone we know not."—*Letter of "A SENTIMENTAL AMERICAN," in the "Times."*

UNGRATEFUL BIRD! Thy cheeping note
And bead-black eye and plain brown coat
To LESBIA were dearer
Than showier plumage, sweeter song,
For that they seemed, with impulse strong,
To knit far-kindred, sundered long,
And bring the old home nearer.
Now thou hast faithless turned, and fled.
Far rather had I mourned thee dead!

Did I not pet thee, praise thee, think
The oriole and the bobolink
Extremely small potatoes
Compared with thee?—an alien bird!
Thy ditty, duldest ever heard,
To PATTY's warbling I preferred.
A heart as stern as CATO'S
Might pity LESBIA'S anguished breast,
Now her pet Sparrow has—flown West!

Ready-made nest and cosy cote
I built thee, that thy twittering note
Might glad me night and morning.
I fed thee, coaxed thee, cracked thee up,
Observed thee breakfast, watched thee sup,
And now, to brim my sorrow's cup,
Thou'rt gone, thy LESBIA scorning.
Of her warm love hadst thou no sense,
That one "cold-snap" could drive thee hence?

Perchance some London LESBIA smiles—
Amidst whose chimney-pots and tiles
Thou art not loth to linger.
Yet loves she thee as she might love
Her pet canary, or her dove?
Didst ever perch upon her glove,
Or feed from her fair finger?
Then why her house-tops haunt, and why
A far more loving mistress fly?

The tender emerald English grass
We strove to grow; in vain, alas!
Their Ivy failed to flourish
On Harvard's walls; and now this prize
We fondly thought to Yankeeise,
The bird I stooped to idolise,
To praise, and pet, and nourish,
Has flown, with frost, to the far West,
Leaving that warmest, whitest nest—
That's now an aching void—my breast!

Lady Helps and Lady Hands.

GOVERNESS.—WANTED, a Young Lady, about twenty-five, to take entire charge of a little Girl, aged nine, and her wardrobe, and to carefully train and educate her in English, French, Music, Singing, Drawing, and Needlework, and assist a little in housekeeping.—Address, stating full particulars of experience, salary required, &c.

WANTED, good General Servant, able to cook for a small family; also a Nurse. Washing put out; all found.—Address, &c. Reply personally or by letter, stating wages.

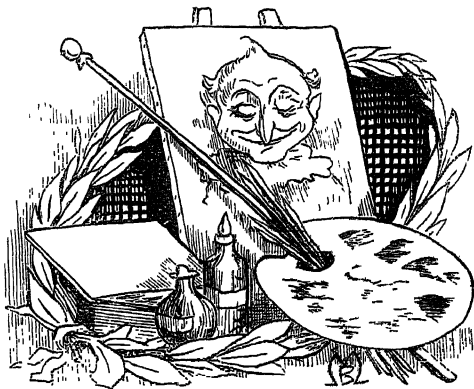
WHICH of these places would you rather take the chance of, my well-bred and well-educated little dears, who may one day have your livelihoods to earn?

TO A SON.

GIVE up Whist, my boy, and take to your books. Burn the midnight Hoyle, in fact. Burn your Cavadish, too,—not by instalments, but as an *auto da fé*.

THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND SECOND."



(PRELIMINARY Note.—By an oversight, Mr. Punch himself was made to figure in "Round First" of "The Studios," reported in our last number but one. We need hardly state that Punch never indulges in "nips," even on the most artistic invitation. It was Mr. P.'s Art-Critic who took Mr. Punch's name and nips on that occasion.)

With faint reminiscences of having been knocked a little out of time in "Round One" by the hospitality of his numerous Artist friends, your Reporter comes up smiling for "Round Two."

But with every desire to stick to his business, get through as many frames, and knock off as many canvases, as time would allow, Studios are now so broadcast that it was difficult for your Reporter, before starting for his second round, to settle, without Ordnance Map or *Bradshaw*, whether it would be best to take, first, the Boilers of Brompton, the Gravel Pits of Kensington, or the Wood of St. John, and whether to call *en route* between these great Art-centres on the Halkin Mews Hamateurs, the Langham Lazzaroni, or the Hampstead Humorists, as occasion and cabs might decide, or whether,—but no matter; these are details of topographical economy which interest you little and me less, as my travelling expenses concern our respected proprietors, and money is no object to them, while my time is their money.

By the way, I promised my friend MR. STACEY MARKS a visit before the reciprocal flatteries exchanged between our Critic and many Painters had got into his head, and rendered his judgment less absolutely to be depended on.

Another palace! Gad! Sir, these Artists live on the fat of the land. Their painting-jackets are of Genoa velvet, their breakfast china marked with the six marks of the Hang Dynasty or the flower of the Ho-Sung potteries, and their smallest piece of furniture a priceless gem of BOULE, GOUTHIER, or CHIPPENDALE.

In an easy attitude before his easel, suiting his colours to his palette, and having a brush with his canvas in a frame of mind that appeared singularly in harmony with his subject, I discovered my friend (I never saw him before, but I presume a friend of yours is a friend of his) deeply occupied with the noble picture he will soon exhibit on the Academy walls. I told you it was "*Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three*." That was only my fun! The real title is "*Strutt's Sports in a Back Room in Wardour Street*." The eminent archæologist is sitting in pointed shoes on the top of a black oak wardrobe, practising cup-and-ball, while a circle of stuffed birds look on admiringly from below. The shoes are full of point, and the flamingoes bursting with life and tow. The art of MARKS is already so profoundly impressed with the marks of Art, (this looks like tautology—but I am liable to fits of gush occasionally, and require the application of a key down my back, and a few drops of chloral to arrest the flow) that I forget where I was. Oh! I remember. MARKS—six Marks. No; that was at WHISTLER'S. STACEY (I call him STACEY now that we seem to have known each other so long and so intimately) treated me with marks of hospitality and affection I shall always remember—in fact, until we renew them next season,—and, as we hobnobbed in a flagon of Hypocras, topped up with a beaker of hot lambswool, "Ifackins!" I cried, "I would more of thy acquaintance, bully MARKS! By cook and pye thine is right merrie fellowship." This may have sounded absurd, for I am not aware the Painter ever was at the University, but he has at least taken a high degree in Art, and deservedly so.

But on to pastures new. Thinks I, I should like a smell of the briny, a whiff of the sea breezes, which I have no time to seek in their native pewter at Brighton, Margate, or Southend. By hook or crook I'll get it! By Hook, answers Echo, and I am off at Echo's bidding.

As I open Mr. Hook's door I am struck with the quaint and fish-like smell, of a kind of not of the newest Poor John, which emanates from the quay—well, not exactly quay, but at least harbour of refuge provided by this best of marine painters for myself

and all in search of the "true and blue and ever free." Lobster-pots, trawls, kedges, jiggers, and dog-fish literally litter the floor; and as I watch the herring-boats or Lowestoft yawls dancing on the canvas right and left, I get a smack in my eye such as only Harwich or Hook could impress with as much effect upon their pupils. I jumped at once aboard the painter's craft, and thence, after a refreshing plunge into the wild sea waves, followed up by a "water-bite" of a dozen oysters (real natives, "Ang Low Dutch!" as I said to my friend H.), and a nip of smuggled brandy, I let go the painter, and figuratively Hook it.

With my appetite for sea air only stimulated by this nibble at a Hook, I bore away aboard my Hansom, chartered for the day's cruise, up Campden Hill, and was soon hitching my trousers and dowsing my tarpaulin in the presence of H. MOORE. Here's a breeze, Sir! Here's a bouquet of sea-beach! Here's an air—now *crescendo*, now *rallentando*—of wavelets making a creamy ripple on the beach. (I am not quite clear if that is mine or the Laureate's; if it isn't A. T.'s, he is welcome to it, and can fit it into his next sea-idyl.) "MOORE, and still MOORE," I cry, until I begin so to believe in the "*Fresh Breezes*" and "*Rolling Swells*," that had not my kind entertainer brought me a pick-me-up, in which cognac predominated over seltzer, I verily believe he must have brought me a basin. It was all the gifted artist could do to prevent me taking a header into one of his freshly-painted waves. "Breakers ahead!" thought I, and after another final gulp of his refreshing briny, I retired gracefully and sought another clime—I should say climb—for I had to ascend the Hill of Notting, cross the Vale of Maida, and seek the classical temple of ALMA TADEMA, by the northern gate of the Grecian-porticoed park of the Late Regent, and almost under the classic shadow of the Hill of Primrose. A palace! an imperial monument! complete from the *Cave Canem* at the door to the Gladiator's helmet worn by the butler, who took my hat and hung it on the spear of Pallas Promachos which adorns the vestibule.

Here I got so hopelessly mixed up with matrons in Tyrian-dyed hair, babies wearing the *bullæ*, and slaves playing on the *discobolos*, the *carchedon*, and the *kithara*, that I had scarcely wits left to distinguish between the real and the unreal, between the Gallo-Greek and the Hispano-Mauresque, between the symposium on the luncheon-table and the banquet on the easel. A witching Bacchante, who had been arranging mosaic *tesserae* into multitudinous patterns, left her puzzle and her play to press an *amphora* of Falernian to my eager lips. I felt I was growing classical; my hair was cropping into a "Titus;" my Ulster was folding itself into a toga; and I caught myself struggling to arrange into any one of the five classical orders the imperfect memories of a public school education, as seizing a *barbition* from the wall, I burst, by way of expressing my thanks, into a quotation from HORACE (tessellated, it may be, but all the more classical for that), something to the following effect, as well as I can remember:—

"Odi profanum, puer, apparatus!
Vulgus et arceo, filia pulchrior—
Dio! Utrum mavis accipe, Tadmæ, aut
ALMA TADEMA."

"Won't scan and construe?" All I know is I made it scan then, if you can't now; and as to construing, any wise man can put his own construction on anything. No hyper-criticism, if you please.

By Pol and Hercules! that Falernian was first-class, and must have been amphoraed *consule Plancio*!—bottled in PLANCUS's time. PLANCUS must have been a right good fellow—the PLANCHÉ of the period, I dare say—herald, antiquarian, dramatist, and poet; so's ALMA TODDY—TADDY—what's his name?—

How I got out of this round without throwing up the sponge, is quite incomprehensible. But to resume—*

* We regret to have to add that the Sergeant Commissionnaire employed by our worthy Publisher, who happens to be a householder, was called on, at a late hour, to bail our Art-Critic out of the Primrose Hill Station-House, whither he had been brought in a wild state of classical and Bacchanalian elevation, shouting "*Booe!*" and "*Io Bacche!*" which the Police Sergeant on duty construing into a call for tobacco, he had kindly sent out for a two-ounce packet of WILLS'S Best Bristol Bird's-Eye, and a clean pipe. A card discovered in our Art-Critic's pocket, with the address of our office, led to the application to our worthy Commissionnaire already mentioned. Our Art-Critic has not yet come up to time for "Round Third."

Early Birds.

WE all know the song of "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*," but we didn't know the dinner this year, like the song, was also in the morning, if we may trust the *Daily Telegraph* advertisement:—

ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER, at CANNON STREET HOTEL, on SATURDAY, March 17, at 6.30 A.M. ISAAC BUTT, Esq., Q.C., M.P., in the Chair, and a considerable number of the Irish Members expected.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Spirit of PEPPS.)



Ambassador, the delays in settling of the business. Strange, how nice men will be over what methinks can serve for little purpose but the screening of their real ends, for the which it do seem to me that one set of words would serve as well as another. But 'tis the business of diplomacy to fashion such screens; so no wonder they of the craft do make much ado about what is writ upon them. Only to plain folks out-of-doors methinks it must needs seem that it do matter little. I sorry to learn that SIR HENRY ELLIOT is sick, but glad that he shall not go back at once to Constantinople; and, indeed, I could find in my heart to wish he may never go back thither, for methinks one so weak were better elsewhere, seeing your Turk do need a strong hand in them that have the dealing with him. Besides 'tis a hard place for one that I do hear is a most easy gentleman, both in speech and carriage, though mighty pleasant, and would do well enough, I doubt not, in another place. Afterwards my Lords did talk at large on Cattle Plague, and Law Schools, and Inns of Court, matters I like little, and scarce know which least, but do hold them all plagues after their kind.

(Commons.)—By reason of Cattle Plague I do find many, both in Lords and Commons, would have the bringing in of Foreign Beasts

ow the Protocol be still a-mending, my LORD DERRY did explain to my LORD GRANVILLE (*Lords, Monday, March 19*); but would needs thrust off upon COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, the Muscovite

stopped altogether; and I do not well see how otherwise the plague be to be kept out. And methinks I had rather, if we must have strange meat, that it came over dead, than alive, and bring the plague with it.

I do learn from UNDER-SECRETARY BOURKE that SIR HENRY ELLIOT be to be let down by degrees—one being sent in his place, at first, as if for a while only. Only I do not think in my heart the Government be for sending SIR HENRY back; but meanwhile do give him many good words, which I would not have him begrudged, if they comfort him. And indeed I do find all mighty tender to him; as they well may be, seeing he hath but done what most would have had him, which is nothing.

My LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, a mighty brisk young Captain, that I do like to hear speak for his fiery spirit, did no little content me to-night by his brave talk of Torpedoes. And indeed I do now think to understand them better than I had ever hoped to do without seeing; and strange weapons they do seem, and nasty, and able to blow a great ship to pieces as it were in a whiff. I do at last know that they are of several sorts; some to be laid under water, like our land petards, and fired by the passage of a ship above them; and others to be carried in boats within reach of the ship they be to strike; but the most devilish to be launched from aboard the ship that carries them, and to run by their own moving power and their own steerage, and at any depth that they may be ballasted for, and so go straight at the enemy's ship like a bull-dog at a bull, and at the first touch burst, and blow the biggest ship to the bottom, and no help. And though I did always wonder how men should be found so mad to go to sea when they could stay ashore, I do now wonder at this more than ever, with such diabolique engines both aboard our ships of war and ready for launching against them by others. So



AT THE BOAT-RACE.

Ada. "MAMMA, I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHAT THOSE ROUGH-LOOKING MEN ARE SAYING; BUT THEY MUST BE WELL-EDUCATED!"

Mamma. "WHY, DEAR?"

Ada. "WELL, THEY ALL SEEM TO KNOW THE FRENCH FOR 'LADY'!"

that 'tis hard to say which is the greatest danger—to blow up yourself, or be blown up by your enemy: whereof methinks either is enough without the other. But I am sorry to learn that all may have these torpedoes, though their deviser be an Englishman—one WHITEHEAD. So that I marvel why our Government did not buy the invention of him, rather than a certain number of his torpedoes only. For now it seems he may and do sell them to all. And I do not think it well that a man should be let keep a shop, as it were, for sale of such infernal inventions, when we might, for a little money, have them all to ourselves.

Then the House did vote more than Two and a Half Millions for Seamen's Wages, at which I did wonder, to think how hard we used to be put to it, in my time, to get a few poor Thousands. But, indeed, it do seem the country is grown rich in money, that all the Offices may have it for the asking; only the difficulty is in the right spending of it, and how to get the needful kind of virtuoso officers to manage the engines aboard our ships; and to that end MR. WARD HUNT do propose some peddling measures, but nothing fitting our need. And, indeed, all in this matter do seem alike at a non-plus, and cannot yet find the right men. And yet England, that they call the world's workshop, ought to furnish such men easiest; and I doubt not could, if the Office could but hit the right way to get them. There was also a vote taken to-night for more than a Million, for Victualling and Clothing, which do as much amaze me as the monstrous sum for pay. And to think no gifts to them in the Office out of it all! Which is hardest of all for me to believe. And a sorry thing methinks for them in the Office.

Tuesday.—My Lords up at half-past five, after some talk of Railway Accidents and Retirement of Army Officers—two hard nuts to crack, were the best teeth in my Lords' best heads set to them.

(*Commons.*)—One MR. REGINALD YORKE did move an Address to the Crown to issue a Commission to Inquire into all Matters touching the Stock Exchange, and the business and usages thereof, which is indeed a new thing since my time, and, it do seem, is used chiefly for the getting on and off the market of Bubble Loans and Companies, whereof your clever rogues do make rare pickings out of

the losses of simple honest folk. And SIR C. RUSSELL did amaze me, showing how Twenty States did now owe us 305 Millions of money lent, and 40 Millions arrears of interest.

But MR. ALDERMAN COTTON, and MR. STANHOPE, and others were against inquiry, for that the said Exchange was a need of the times. As I do see it is, and that without it many clever rogues would be cast out of a livelihood; and they do plead that there be good schemes promoted thereby as well as bad ones; and, indeed, all do know, that 'tis hard for the law to come between simple fools and sharp knaves, and so said SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and did give good reasons against such inquiry, but, nevertheless, did end by agreeing to it, which amazed me, that a grave man like him should give such good reasons against his own action; and I do indeed think this be one of those things whereof the saying goes—"the more you stir it, the more it stinks"—yet the House, I believe, was for stirring it, so the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was fain to yield, but methinks did it not with a good grace. And, indeed, I had thought SIR STAFFORD a weightier and wiser man than he did seem to-night.

But, lord! to hear how your sharp rogues do thrive by these bubble-blowings, and what a state they keep! And how of these pestilent bubbles, one will burst every now and then, and let the hoised knaves that blew it down of a sudden, and then a great stir and a scandal, but soon forgotten. All which I would have otherwise; and had rather see things as in my time, when indeed we did pick and steal handsomely enough in the Offices, and did think little of cheating the King, but had no such mighty making of money by right-down roguery under the name of business as I do see in this town now-a-days. And while this is so, methinks 'tis hard to see what good can come of inquiring how the rogues do go about their knavery, for that to shut one way to them is most times but to open another.

Wednesday.—MR. BUTT did move his Irish Land Tenure Bill for enabling Tenants to hold the lands against their Landlords so long as they should pay their rents. But the House would none of it by 322 to 84. And I do wonder how any one should be bold enough

to bring in such a Bill in a House mostly of landowners. But I do think this Bill is one not meant to pass, but only to please the more ignorant Irish out of the House, like many of the Bills of Mr. BURR. But methinks he must, indeed, be ready to throw such tubs to the whales, or he would not bear rule at home, nor brook Home-Rule as he do. But as for the prosperity of Ulster, which Mr. BURR do place on its law of land, I do rather, by all I can learn, hold it to come of the Scotch blood brought in there through KING JAMES's Plantation of that part of Ireland, which hath marvellously sobered your wilder Irish sort, so that I would KING JAMES had so planted all Ireland.

*Thursday (Lords).—*My LORD DUDLEY might free-spoken upon the Protocol, and the emptiness thereof, and the need of some care and thought for the Christians under the Turk, and how he would not have SIR HENRY ELLIOT go back to Constantinople, for that he was all for the Turk. And so did draw down a sharp rap from my LORD DUKE OF SOMERSET, and most from my LORD DERRY, that would not any Lord should speak strongly on such matters, seeing it is his way to do nothing and to say as little as may be; and hath till now succeeded wondrous well therein, and will abide by it.

In the *Commons* were many questions, but only work on the Prisons Bill, wherein I do see Cross is one that not only means well but do better than most; and I much contented with his carriage of all matters about his Bill to-night.

THE COASTGUARDSMAN OF THE FUTURE.

(An outline by LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, filled in by MR. PUNCH.)



ON the evening of a cold spring day sat a weather-beaten man on the beach of an exposed part of the Yorkshire coast. In spite of the almost wintry wind that blew his garments hither and thither, he calmly continued his employment of sketching the seascape before him.

"This work," he murmured, "is congenial to my tastes, and I shall grow strong and hearty in this exposed situation. Let me see, what have I done to-day? This morning was devoted to seizing contraband articles from a score of smugglers. After I took my lunch I placed the ground torpedoes yonder—where the sun is dipping his rays in the water. This afternoon my studies of

fortification and military history were interrupted by a shipwreck. It was annoying, but I saved the crew in my steam life-boat. I must work harder to-morrow, or I shall not pass the monthly examination ordered by the Lords of the Admiralty. I could not bear that disgrace. It would be too hard to put the School-Board (to whom I owe all my technical knowledge and accomplishments) to open shame! It must not be!—nay, it shall not be!

The sun having now sunk behind the distant horizon, the Coastguardsman gathered up his sketching materials, and returned to his watch-tower. He had hardly opened a scientific work upon gunnery when the signal-bell of the telegraphic apparatus informed him that a message was on its road. In a moment he was at the instrument, anxiously waiting for information.

"A despatch from the Admiralty!" he exclaimed, as the needles

moved rapidly from side to side. And then he repeated the message word for word—"War is declared. Keep a sharp look-out. The enemy's fleet is—" He could read no more, for the needles suddenly stopped; and further examination convinced him that the wire of communication between his office and Whitehall had been severed.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself in an undertone. And then he listened. The sounds of horses' hoofs striking the hard, flinty road without, reached his eager ears. Rapidly arming himself, he rushed out, and formed himself (as well as the resources at his command would permit) into a hollow square. He waited patiently for a few minutes, and, hearing nothing more, extended himself in skirmishing order. The last movement had the desired effect. A regiment of Uhlans appeared, and were rapidly demolished by the Gatling gun he had brought with him for the purpose.

"It is lucky that I have the *Field Exercises* at my fingers'-ends," he murmured. "Without the knowledge culled from the Red Book, I could never have performed these manoeuvres with such success and steadiness."

But once more silence reigned around. No longer able to restrain his impatience to learn the worst he took from the pocket of his rough sailor's coat a small mortar, and loaded it with gun-cotton and a parachute shell. In another moment the sea and land for miles round were illuminated with a brilliant light.

"As I expected," he observed, with a grim smile. "The enemy's fleet is in the offing."

He could say no more, for immediately the air became thick with shells, which rapidly exploded in the most dangerous manner. The Coastguardsman, without any unnecessary delay, threw himself upon his face, and crawled back, like a serpent, to his tower, which was of course subterranean.

Once in this place of security he approached an instrument connected with the telegraphic apparatus, which looked somewhat like an old harpsichord. Rapidly sweeping his fingers over the keys, immediately the distant sea was convulsed in many places. He had fired the sunken torpedoes. Then he crawled above ground, and by the light of the moon, which had now risen, ascertained, with the assistance of a telescope, that a couple of dozen Iron-clads had been blown to atoms. A distant cheer informed him, however, much to his chagrin, that only a portion of the enemy's fleet had been destroyed.

"I must get out my 200-ton gun," he murmured, angrily. "And then good-bye to my studies for to-night."

Crawling stealthily to a hidden boathouse, he crept into what seemed to be a floating gun-carriage propelled by steam. On a lucifer being applied to the fuel, ready laid in the furnaces, the machine immediately got up steam, and, consuming its own smoke, left the shore. The floating gun-carriage lay low in the water, and was painted to represent a miniature wave. At a few yards' distance the boat could not be distinguished from the water. By turning a few handles, and steering cleverly, he was able to load and fire his formidable weapon a dozen times, and each shot demolished an Iron-clad. Again he loaded and fired, but at length without effect. The floating fortress had conquered the floating gun. His weapon had at last become valueless.

Nothing daunted, he put some more fuel into the furnace, and increased the speed of his little craft. When he was within a thousand yards of the remainder of the enemy's fleet, he lowered a dozen floating cases like gigantic cigars, lighted their fuses, and the cases instantaneously plunged under water.

"It is rather cruel," he murmured, "but it can't be helped."

In another minute and a half, twelve of WHITEHEAD's torpedoes had been exploded, and the remaining Iron-clads were reposing in pieces at the bottom of the sea.

Thoughtfully the Coastguardsman returned to his subterranean tower. He rushed to his desk, and dashed off, with the aid of a type-writer, a brilliant account of his proceedings. He had taken seven impressions at once. The original he put in an envelope for the Admiralty; the copies were addressed to the Editors of the leading journals.

Then he mounted a bicycle, and, after half an hour's ride, found the severed wire. He connected the metal with his pocket instrument, and telegraphed to London, "The enemy's ships accounted for. Send divers by early train to-morrow to raise them, for the sake of the old iron. The Lords of the Admiralty are respectfully informed that they can now retire to rest with easy minds."

Then the Coastguardsman posted his letters, and, having ineffectually swept the sea with his glass to discover if it were possible to save any of the crews in his steam life-boat, returned to his tower.

Here, tired with his day's exertions, he set his alarm at a quarter to five, played *Rule Britannia* (with some brilliant variations) on his violin, wrapped himself in the Union Jack, and in a few moments was enjoying the sleep that follows upon duty done.

"A CLUB TO THE RESCUE."



XCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

You are invariably so very kind to Ladies, that I cannot help asking you for your opinion about the new Tournament Club. Do you know it is to be so grand? The object of the Club is the "revival of chivalric sports under distinguished patronage." There's to be quintain and tilting at the ring, and the prizes are to be given away by a Queen of Beauty. Another chivalric sport is to be "five o'clock tea from three to half-past six during the season."

Now, doesn't this sound *very* nice? My only fear is, that if CHARLES becomes a member he will hurt himself, dreadfully with the quintain, which is a bag of sand, or something horrible of that sort, isn't it? The poor boy rides a good many stones more than he did a few years ago. For all that he is quite too awfully charming, and I certainly should not permit him to receive a prize from any Queen of Beauty but—Well, my modesty won't allow me to say any more. And that reminds me—how are the Queens of Beauty to be chosen? If the Ladies are put up for ballot, and elected by their own sex, none of them will ever be taken.

"Tilting at the ring" being permitted, I suppose is a delicate way of saying that flirtation won't be forbidden. But really I think the Tournament will be quite too dangerous, and just a little bit ridiculous. I see that the Committee want to find a town house. Don't you think they had better fix their headquarters at ASTLEY'S?

Believe me, my dear Mr. Punch,

Yours most affectionately,

A CLEVER LITTLE WOMAN.

The Boudoir, Bayswater.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He addresses the Editor, expresses his sincere regret, and announces a courageous intention.)

SIR,

I CANNOT explain how grieved I am to have been compelled, by circumstances over which I have not now, nor ever shall have, any control, to absent myself from the gay Metropolis at what is the very Preface of the Season. His Royal Highness has been with you, but I have not. Now he leaves you for a little tour—which I sincerely trust he will enjoy; and I am with you for a few weeks, just to start the Season, and then again to horse, and away!

My chief regret, I own, is that I have been unable to see *Haska* at Drury Lane—that Spicerian Drama which has engaged the attention of "the gentlemen of the Long Robe," and advertised itself at some considerable expense to the Author.

But I have seen the Picture, up in front of Drury Lane, representing, in beautifully bright colours, a young lady, presumably *Haska* the Heroine, about to throw herself out of a large window, while a gentleman, evidently belonging to the upper classes of foreign society, and something between *King Belshazzar* in the old-fashioned children's picture-books, and the conventional *Richard the Third*, is standing in an attitude of surprise, not unmingled with indignant disgust—at least such was the impression conveyed to my mind by his deep-pink-blush face. From behind the arras issues a crowd of armed men rushing out, either to seize the foreign nobleman (taking him unawares while in this state of blushing indignation), or to prevent *Haska* from committing what the police reports would term "the rash act."

But I have no time to dilate on the artistic composition, which will not (unless I am misinformed) be in this year's Academy.

All I have to say is this, that I regret my inability to witness the performance of the play, unless it runs over Easter. If it does, then

I am there—representing *you*, Sir, I am all there. If it does not, then as Drury Lane is to be let very soon, I am half-inclined to hire it for one night; with MR. SPICER'S assistance, merely to represent *Haska* to a select audience, *only no one will be admitted who has not previously provided himself with a coucher signed by three Peeresses in their own right*, and by H.R.H., for HER MAJESTY. Then, perhaps, I may allow them to come in on payment of five sovereigns, and no change given.

However, that project is *in nubibus* or *in boobibus* at present, though I am open to an offer.

No, Sir, I have made up my mind, and when I have finished my packing I am going to ride to Khiva, or somewhere else. I do not wish to cut out my gallant friend CAPTAIN BURNABY; no, far from it. But to Khiva I will go, my boys, to Khiva I will go. I don't know where it is, and I don't care; that makes the undertaking more perilous (as I might take the wrong turning to begin with), and my conduct the more plucky. I think I shall open a subscription list. *There are lots of people want me to go away*—I mean to ride to Khiva, and to see what it's like before they attempt it themselves. I've often "ridden to cover" (or *Kiver*, as the Cockneys would call it); but I've never done Khiva.

No matter, particulars as to subscriptions will be soon started in this Journal, and at Khiva, or elsewhere, mounted or on foot, believe me always to be

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A CHANCE FOR PEACE.

MR. PUNCH, SER,

PEOPLE sez 'tis a toss-up whether there's goin to be peecce or war. It ought for to be quite differnt. The right toss-up wood be Roosher and Turkey tossin witch o' the 2 shoold disharm fust. Wot a loark 'twoud be to se the SULTUN and the EMPREX ALIKZANDER, or their ed Men the GRAND VIZHUR and PRINSE GORTSSHAKORF a skyin a cooper. Or the toss cood come off over ere upon nutral ground 'tween the Rooshan and Turkish Ambassadors afore LORD DARBY and LORD SALSBUURY and yerself, to se fair play wile they cride "Man" or "Ooman." Honly the wust on it praps yule think ood be likely to be that Roosher'd want to toss on the understandin of eds i win tales you lose. Utharways the only further kvestshun fur the Diplermats to considder wood be about makin the Game between the I contractin Partees and wether it ad beter be best too out o 3 or Suddin Deth. Nex time you sieze BEN BACONSFELD jest you giv im the abuv Tipp with mi luv. E can then perpose it in the proper kevarter at Sunt Peetersburg witch if then offered to the Sublime Port wot ood ALIKZANDER say fairer than that? A namesake of isn I've eerd Swels say wunce cum across a Not as e coodn't unty, and witch e accordingly out with is Soard. Wood the ALIKZANDER wot is rayther do it peecceful? Wel then e can tri the agreement of tossin to tackle the Gorgin Nott. Oxford and Cambridge tosses fur fust chice o sides on the River. 'Twas only this wery mornin as I meself tost for a pint of arf-an-arf and wum. That's wot put it into my ed that Roosher and Turkey mite be invited to foller the exampel of the Varsity Cruze, and yures truley, excep that insted of tossin agin one pal only for that ere bere, I went

THE ODD MAN.

The Checkers (Spellin Reform Crub), Wensday.

On finding the fragments of an Egg upon the Chair of Vice-Chancellor Malins.

HENS sit, and Judges sit—'tis fair to match 'em,
Since one has lately given much pains to Hatcham,
And laid a yoke (some say) on our Theology:
But this egg surely had its nest mistaken.
Eggs in the *Rolls* would scarcely need apology,
And every one has heard of Eggs and Bacon.
How then account for this misplaced ovation?
Why thus! Our memory may have its failings—
But we account for it by this quotation,
"Ab quo usque ad (Flacco pace) MAL-INS."

A Novel Case.

"AT Taunton Assizes, yesterday, before MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS, JAMES SLEEP, station-master at Wellow, was charged with the manslaughter of ELIZABETH EDGE and twelve other persons, who were killed in the Radstock Railway accident, owing to his having started a train on a single line when another was due in the opposite direction. A sentence of twelve months' imprisonment was passed."

We have known of but too many Railway Accidents caused by want of sleep among the Company's Servants, but the Radstock accident is the only instance we ever heard of, of an accident caused by one SLEEP too many among those in the Company's employment.



A BARGAIN.

"IT'S VERY DEAR, MR. ISAACS! NOW, IS IT REALLY, REALLY OLD?"

"REALLY OLD, MA'AM! WHY, IT'S SO ROTTEN THAT IT COMES TO PIECES IF YOU ONLY TRY TO PICK IT UP! LOOK 'ERE!"

[Young Lady, who only cares for what is really old, is convinced, and buys the Rug.]

ECHOES FROM THE STAMBOUL ST. STEPHEN'S.

FIRST SITTING.

"Whatever may be said in praise of the grand Audience Hall of the Dolma-Baghtché, its acoustic properties must be left out of the commendation. An echo worse than that which necessitated the use of a *velarium*, in a certain hall on the western outskirts of the British capital, resounds through the great chamber of the marble palace on the Bosphorus. No such expedient as a *velarium* having suggested itself to the authorities exercising control over the proceedings, the Secretary's utterances were nearly unintelligible. The Speech, which was very long, gave a history of the formation of the Turkish Constitution, insisted on the necessity of reform, enumerated many laws, and specially promised a review of the financial position of Turkey."

Daily Telegraph.

Oh, a fig for the Speech! *Mr. Punch's* sharp ear
Was a-cock for that Echo; an Echo as queer
As ever a Pat answered patly.

Its report was the thing that the Sage overheard,
Whilst the Deputies squatted in postures absurd,
And on ears of which few comprehended one word
The SULTAN's palaver fell flatly.

And what, as he gazed on those smoke-puffing ranks,
Did *Mr. Punch* hear? Well, a turning of cranks—
A sort of queer clockwork grinding;
As though an automaton caucus were there,
Very stiff in the joints and much out of repair,
And a Showman, unused to the work, with all care
Were the motive machinery winding.

He heard a strange sound, too, half chuckle half groan,
Above the wiggled Speaker's monotonous drone,
As he summarised, promised, exhorted:

And,—well, *Mr. Punch* from mis-statement would shrink,
But if such a thing as a general wink
Might be rendered in sound, he'd be tempted to think
That also the Echo reported.

Then he thought he heard History shaking her head
At the SULTAN's "historical facts," as 'tis said

She would do, in old days, at DISRAELI.
Then a chorus of Bondholders howled in his ear
At the Padishah's views of finance; one may fear
As a GLADSTONE's or GOSCHEN's they were not so clear,
Though glibly reeled out, if not gaily.

When he spake of Reform that rude Echo laughed loud;
But the mirth seemed to struggle with groans from the crowd
Of Slav millions yet ruled from the Bosphorus.

"Reform!" wailed the voices, "when Pashas still sway,
With legions of Bashi-Bazouks in their pay,
And Policy bids us with patience to stay,
While the diplomats play pitch-and-toss for us?"

When the thanks of the SULTAN to Allah arose,
That Echo most surely held finger to nose
(If Echoes have noses and fingers),
So sly and so nasally 'cute was its tone,
As it said "Well, suppose we leave Allah alone,
While murder and lust stain our country's hearth-stone,
And corruption among us still lingers."

But when the Speech proffered Turk friendship all round,
The Echo returned such a composite sound
Of doubt, indignation, and laughter,
That the Bear-Garden Palace seemed fall of the row.
So *Punch* made the Echo his very best bow,
And left Dolma-Baghtché, not caring, somehow,
To listen to aught that came after.

STOCK EXCHANGE REFORM.—Restore the parochial Stocks and also the Pillory, put the greater rogues amongst the Stock-Speculators, Riggers, Ringers, Promoters, and Bubble-Blowers into the one, and the lesser—if there be any—in the other.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 31, 1877.



STAMBOUL ST. STEPHEN'S.

“JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN!”

SMITH & CO.

ARRIVALS OF BRITISH BIRDS.



BETWEEN the Stock Exchange and Lombard Street Green Geese have been observed in considerable flights, following each other's lead as usual.

Lame Ducks have also been met with.

Several Larks have been dropped upon by the Police near the Haymarket, and more than the usual number of Gaoi-birds and Roughs may be expected during the suburban spring meetings.

Thrushes have been seen at TATTERSALL'S, but not encouraged.

Flocks of Hawks and Pigeons flutter unmolested about the head-quarters of the principal race meetings, and have even been seen as near as Hurlingham and Sandown Park.

Turtle Doves will pair freely after Lent.

Nightingales may be expected early in April. Their notes promise to be higher than ever.

Rooks and Jackdaws may be looked for at the Levees.

DYING WITH LAUGHTER.

SCENE—The Interior of a Railway Signal-Box. Small Boy Clerk discovered Chatting with his Friend.

Small Boy Clerk. It was very good of you, CHARLIE, to come to cheer me up a bit. After twelve hours' duty one gets awfully lonely. (*Electric signal-bell rings.*)

Charles (his Friend). I say, Old Man, don't you think you ought to find out what they want at the next station? That's the fourth time that blessed bell has been set a-ringing!

Small Boy Clerk. Oh! it's only some chaff or other. They are always up to their tom-foolery.

Train dashes past.

Charles. Hallo! what's that?

Small Boy Clerk (scratching his head). Well, I don't exactly know. It's either the mail, or an extra special, or the relief. You see, while I was talking to you—(*Signal-bell rings.*) Confound that fellow—there he is up to his pranks again!

Charles. I say, oughtn't you to see what it's all about? Come, show us how you work the thing.

Small Boy Clerk. All right! Look here! You take the handles like this, and work 'em so.

Charles. What does he want?

Small Boy Clerk. Oh! some bosh about when the train's left. He's always at his nonsense. Just you take the handles, and work 'em so. (*Charles obeys.*) There, that will shut him up!

Charles. What have you telegraphed?

Another Train dashes past.

Small Boy Clerk (laughing). Oh, it means "All right!"

Charles. But, I say, supposing the line's blocked?

Small Boy Clerk. Well, then it will serve him jolly well right for playing the fool. And now tell us that story that you began just now.

A third Train dashes past.

Charles. Well, it was great larks! You see we got the dog quietly down to the back of the public, and there we met BILL SIMMONDS. Says BILL, "Is the match on?" "Yes," says I, "if you can only get big enough rats."

Two more Trains dash past.

Small Boy Clerk (laughing). That was a good un! But stay a moment; I don't understand these trains. I've been so long on duty I'm getting quite confused. (*Telegraphs.*) There, now I have asked him what's the matter. (*Needles work.*) There, what did I tell you?—he's always playing the fool. He's answered back, "All right!" Well, I can't help it. Go on. If the rats are only big enough—yes?

Charles. So TOMMY comes up and says, says he, "Call that a dog?—why he's more like an elephant!" Well, of course we all roared at that.

Another Train dashes past.

Small Boy Clerk (shouting with merriment). Well I never! And what did BILL say to that?

Charles. Well of course this made BILL very shirty, so he says, says he—(*Violent ringing of the signal-bell.*) Hallo! what's the row now?

Small Boy Clerk (at telegraph). Oh, nothing very much—only a fatal accident. We have lots of 'em on our line. Go on.

Charles. And BILL says, says he, "I'll eat myself and the elephant too if it ain't SAMMY's old bull terrier!"

[*Scene closes in, amidst peals of laughter.*]

SAVE THE CHILD!

THE Third Schedule of the Education Code, 1877 (Needlework), requires the following from Infants, age three to five:—

"Position drill, hemming, simple, on strips, beginning with black cotton, rising to red, and going on to blue.

Hemming, simple and counter, to show any garment which can be made entirely by these, e.g., a child's common pinafore."

Imagine a class of thirty infants from three to five, each armed with a needle, and superintended by a somewhat larger infant in the shape of a pupil-teacher, aged fourteen, all working out my Lords' sentence—to make their own pinafores! We all know that children between these ages look on buttons, peas, and similar small objects as stoppers for the nose and ears, and on thimbles and marbles as nourishing things to swallow. Who can say what may be the consequences of arming these enterprising little experimentalists with pins and needles? Perhaps it is to prevent any catastrophe from this marvellous regulation that the KHEDIVY OF EGYPT has chosen this moment to make the British nation a present of Cleopatra's Needle, which is big enough to do all the sewing for all the elementary schools of the kingdom. But this is not all my Lords lay down in that way of that stitch in time, which, let us hope, may save nine hereafter. Children from five to seven are expected to do "hemming, seaming, felling, pleating, and knitting," and at twelve or thirteen to be proficient in all branches of needlework, knitting, and cutting out.

If my Lords don't succeed in sewing up the children by these wonderful regulations, they will the teachers.

Who would be a Governess?

WHAT is the difference between a Servant and a Governess? This is not a conundrum, but a question that arises after the perusal of the following advertisement:—

HOUSEMAID (young) WANTED, immediately, to assist Governess. Apply, &c.

The next domestic Wanted will be a Governess to help the Housemaid, or possibly the Cook, in her duties, till at last, as education spreads, Governess becomes synonymous with Maid-of-all-work.

Our Boat-race Prophecy.

PROPHETIC *Punch*! last week saw plain expressed,
How Light and Dark Blue passed the Ship abreast;
Behold, this week the prophecy comes true,
In the dead-heat 'twixt Royal and Sky-blue!

Equality Underground.

ANIMADVERTING on the Ministerial Burials Bill, the *Nonconformist* complains that—

"It is bread the Nonconformists ask for, and they have flung to them a stone."

But if that stone is a headstone in a National Churchyard, it should surely go a great way to satisfy reasonable Nonconformists.

OCULIST EVIDENCE.

"IGNATIEFF a humbug?" Let LIEBREICH make reply:
Say, Doctor, had the General not something in his eye?

"ROYAL" COMMISSION ON STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.—BARON ROTHSCHILD's bonus on the recent Imperial purchase of Suez Canal Shares.

THE FEAST OF ALL FOOLS.—More than is good for them.

VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



Le chagrin stimulait tant (dit-on)
L'appétit de la chaste Didon,
Qu'à la fuite d'Énée
La belle délaissée
Dina du dos d'un dodu dindon !



Un vieux duc (le meilleur des époux)
Demandait (en lui tâtant le poulx)
À sa vieille duchesse
(Qu'un vieux catarrhe oppresse) :—
"Et ton thé, t'a-t-il ôté ta toux ?"



Un Marin naufragé (de Doncastre)
Pour prière, au milieu du désastre,
Répétait à genoux
Ces mots simples et doux :—
"Scintillez, scintillez, petit astre !"



Autrefois, en voyant deux athlètes
Se polichineller leurs deux têtes,
MONSIEUR PUNCH leur a dit :—
"Routitoutitout !
Quels atouts réguliers vous deux êtes !"



AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

Near-sighted, but hard-riding Gentleman. "JUMPED OVER SOME FELLOW IN THAT DITCH! STRIKES ME IT WAS MY SON TOM!"

MRS. PARTINGTON'S ALLOCUTION.

In humble imitation of that recently fulminated by her Venerable Friend at the Vatican.

"The POPE pronounced a brief allocution, affirming with greater vehemence the declarations made by him in the allocution of the 12th inst., and adding that he would raise a protest before the whole world against the attempt that was being made to deprive him of liberty of speech."

Daily Telegraph.

WELL, I pities the POPE, that I does; which his doctrines is down-right and manly,
(And not merely moonshine and mist, like the trash of that mealy-mouthed STANLEY):
To hear him a dealing out cusses, and letting fly adjectives—whoppers!—
Must comfort and 'stablish true hearts, and give infidel consciences croppers.

The way us Old Parties is treated is daily becoming more horrid;
In vain do our protests wax louder, our metyfors more and more florid.

My broom's no more use than a bullrush; dear PIUS's ban ain't much stronger;
And as for the old Tory rattle, they daren't even shake it no longer!

The World will not heed its Old Women, in bombazine, True-Blue, or Scarlet;

But me, MRS. GAMP, and the POPE, is mere butts for each vicious young warlet.

We weeps and deplores and protests, shake our besom, our Bull, or our gingham,

But cannot to decency drive 'em, nor, much more, to betterment bring 'em.

They tramples all rights under-foot, like a herd of mad swine—
which they *are* it!

The flood of the red revolution sweeps on, and our wailings won't bar it.

They prigs all our places and perks, all our prophecies turns into mockery,
And smashes up Customs and Creeds, Crowns and Churches, like so much old Crockery.

They forges iniquitous ties—may they twist into knots as 'll hang 'em!—

They laughs when we beg and beseech, and they sets up their backs when we slang 'em;

They cuts down our powers and properties ruthless, the bragian brutes do!

Tearing up our "beneficent plants,"—which they now is *but* plants, —by the roots, too.

Their papers, and pamphlets, and speeches—a plague on the whole wicked lot of 'em!—

Insinuates falsehoods against us, till thousands is gulled by the rot of 'em.

The villainies vomited forth—that's the word—from their platforms and presses,

Mean mischief in every line, and must end in the awfulest messes.

True for you, my poor PIUS! a prisoner, pent by fell foes in the Vatican!

I sympathise much with your woes, I can feel for your sufferings, that I can.

All the world, save ourselves, is gone wrong in its creeds and its laws and its politics,

And Civilisation's new clock to the tune of delirious folly ticks.

And now they would tie up our tongues, as the werry last weapons they've left us;

But, drat 'em! they shan't stop our talk, who of all other bliss have bereft us.

There's comfort in cussing all round—us Old Women it cheers and rejoices

To know, though our hands they have shackled, they can't put the gag on our voices.

WHAT FOOLS FEAR FROM VACCINATION.—De-Jenner-acy.



THE "STATUS QUO ANTE."

Squire (desiring to improve the taste of his Country Friends, has introduced at his table, in the place of the usual brandied Spanish and Portuguese wines, the natural vintages of France and Germany). "Now, MR. BARLEYMEAD, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS 'CHATEAU LAFITTE'? ANOTHER GLASS—"

Farmer B. "THANKY, SIR; IT'S UNCOMMON NICE.—(He had drunk a bottle or two.)—BUT WE DON'T SEEM TO GET NO FORREUDER!!"

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"He [DR. SCHLIEMANN] was attracted to the lady who is now MRS. SCHLIEMANN by her ability to translate the 'Song Divine,' and has since cultivated her powers by refusing in their walks to enter upon other subjects before she had repeated a certain number of lines."—*Times*, March 17.

ALREADY we hear from every side of the good effects produced by this excellent peripatetic example. It is rapidly influencing other couples. Its beneficial operation upon hearts which know and understand each other can hardly be over-estimated. Here are one or two instances, selected at random, of its marvellous working in this short space of time.

MR. and MRS. STANHOPE GATES regularly when they are in Town take a walk together every morning in Kensington Gardens after breakfast. They now enter upon none of the ordinary topics of conversation until MRS. GATES has recited, to the satisfaction of her husband, either a scene from SHAKESPEARE, or one of MILTON's minor poems.

MR. MONTAGU TURTLE and MISS JULIET DOVE have lately become engaged, and never miss a day without spending some portion of it in each other's society. If it is fine, they meet in the Park, or the "Grove," or on the Embankment. If the weather is unfavourable to outdoor mutual adoration, MONTAGU calls at the house of JULIET's Aunt. He is a devout scholar of CARLYLE and RUSKIN, and it has now become the inexorable rule that, after the first greetings, not another word shall be spoken until darling JULIET—the most amiable girl breathing, but wanting, perhaps, a little cultivation—has repeated a selected passage from one of the two great authors just mentioned.

See! MR. and MRS. GREY MAYOR pacing up and down the well-kept paths of their roomy garden before luncheon. He raises his sonorous voice, he uses gesture, emphasis, action! She, a superior woman, an intellectual being, a keen politician, listens eagerly with rapt attention to the latest leader on the Peace Negotiations, which

THE CREWS AND COLOURS;

Or, After the Dead-Heat. By KIMM HUP, ESQ.

I AM a Coster well to do;
I keeps my cart and donkeys two.
And daily drives 'em up and down
The road 'tween 'Ammersmith and Town.

And every blessed year, the Blues,
Of Oxford and of Cambridge Crews,
On every think wot passes by,
Continually arrests my hey.

'Taint only nateral for the gals
To wear 'em, cos they loves fal-lals.
But likewise all the t'other sex
Got ribbons round their 'ats and necks.

There's colours nigh the 'andle tips
Of all the cab and busmen's whips;
And one or t'other bow appears
As well about each oss's ears.

But bein of himparshal mind,
Nor more to neither side inclined,
I sports an 'atband for one Crew,
With fogle of the rival blue.

And also to keep up the joke,
Light Blue and dark on either moke;
And every party passin' we,
Applauds, and cries, "There goes them Three!"

But this 'ere time we three was right
In sportin' dark and also light;
Although we did it hall for fun:
As neither on 'em lost nor won!

Lessons in Massacre.

(For Young Ladies.)

How to smile, and murder while you smile.
How to look die-away while busy in destroying.
How to have a fellow's heart out of him in no time.
How to be the death of any number of partners.
How to cultivate 'ceil assassin, in toilette de matin, de promenade, de voiture, et de soir, respectively.

(Taught in easy lessons, by Mr. Punch, to such pretty girls as may honour him with their confidence.)

MR. GREY MAYOR has been busy since breakfast learning by heart in his little study.

Those attached sisters EMMELINE and HERMIONE agreed at once to convert their daily rides into a source of intellectual enjoyment and improvement, instead of making them an occasion of frivolous gossip about parties, amusements, the milliner's art, and butterfly novels. Between canthers, they repeat to each other alternately passages from their favourite poets and philosophers, both home and foreign; and now and again they rein up their steeds beneath the stately trees and read translations of some of the choicest examples of melody, diction, and profundity.

The young Ladies who are finishing their education under the eye of Miss DE CORAM, have voluntarily determined to devote the first half of the hour allotted for noonday recreation in the spacious grounds attached to Lawn Mansion, to questioning each other on the leading events in Grecian and Roman History.

ROWLAND TUXFORD is enchanted with the prospect. He is going again to Thistlebury, this next long Vacation, to read at the Vicarage, and foresees that it will not be distasteful to the eldest daughter of the house to listen to him, in their country rambles, while he pours forth long quotations from his favourite author—EUCLID.

Our Novel Series. (To the Public.)

Up to the present time the successful competitor has been certainly MR. PL-MS-LL. We await with anxiety the first instalment of SIR W-LER-D L-W-S-N's contribution. We have not yet been put in possession of the title, but, from a hint that has been dropped in our Office, we fancy that we shall not be far out in announcing the name of the Novel in question as—

"O RESERVOIR: A STORY OF WATERLOO."

It will appear immediately after the Recess.



THE ROUND OF THE STUDIOS.

Aesthetic Party (to Child of the House.) "TELL ME, LITTLE BOY, WAS IT YOUR FATHER WHO PAINTED THIS EXQUISITE COPY OF ONE OF LUCA SIGNORELLI'S MOST EXQUISITE MASTERPIECES?"

Child of the House (in great trepidation). "BOO-HOO-OO-OO—I WANT NURSEY!"

IN MEMORIAM.

Jane Elizabeth Senior.

Died, aged forty-eight, at 98, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on Saturday, March 24; Buried at Woking Cemetery, Monday, March 26.

MRS. SENIOR, sister of THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C., and daughter-in-law of the late NASSAU W. SENIOR, was appointed by the RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES STANSFELD, President of the Local Government Board, first, in February, 1873, temporary Assistant Inspector, and in January, 1874, permanent Inspector of the Department, to inquire, and report, especially, on the female departments of Workhouses and Workhouse Schools, and the care and education of female pauper girls and the nursing of infants. She was forced by the illness of which she died to resign this employment in November, 1874. MRS. SENIOR was the first woman ever employed in such a capacity.

Nor for the bright face we shall see no more,
Not for the sweet voice we no more shall hear;
Not for the heart with kindness brimming o'er,
Large charity, and sympathy sincere.

These are not things that ask a public pen
To blazon its memorial o'er her name;
But, that in public work she wrought with men,
And faced their frowns, and over-lived their blame.

Yet never swerved a hair's breadth from the line
Of woman's softness, gentleness, and grace;

SOMEBODY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

DURING the Easter Holidays MR. GLADSTONE will deliver Addresses on the Burials Bill, the Permissive Question, and WILLIAM CAXTON.

It has transpired (through a keyhole) that MR. GLADSTONE is about to make his appearance in an entirely new arena of distinction. His spare moments are all devoted to the completion of a large oil painting (an Homeric Subject) which he will contribute to the new Grosvenor Gallery.

Immediately after the recess, MR. GLADSTONE will hold a conference with the members of the Stock Exchange on their present position and future prospects.

MR. GLADSTONE is busy with a paper for the New Shakespeare Society on "SHAKESPEARE'S Political Opinions."

MR. GLADSTONE'S next Lecture to the Members of the Hawarden Mechanics' Institute will deal with that disputed question, "The Botany of the Moon."

One of the Friday Evening Meetings of the Royal Institution will probably be given up to a paper by MR. GLADSTONE on "Easter Eggs, and the Way to Hatch 'Em."

As President of the Hawarden Cricket Club, MR. GLADSTONE has undertaken to revise and remodel the Rules of that body.

"Pulpits and Preachers" is the attractive title of the Lecture which MR. GLADSTONE will deliver in Exeter Hall in May, to the Young Men's Mutual Edification Society.

MR. GLADSTONE'S journey to Sweden, to investigate the Gothemburg system as advocated by MR. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., is postponed until the summer.

Negotiations are pending with MR. GLADSTONE for an Address to be spoken on the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR. GLADSTONE'S next article in the *Enlightened Review*, will be on "Welsh Mammalia, including the Rabbit."

Letters from MR. GLADSTONE in answer to correspondents on Easter Dues, Churchwardens' Elections, the respective merits of Apollinaris and Tannus Water, the Folk-Lore of Hot Cross Buns, Deep-Sea Soundings, the rival claims of Scotch and Irish Whiskey, the exact meaning of Protocol, the proper pronunciation of IGNA-TIEFF, &c., will shortly appear in the public papers.

Celebrities I Don't Want to Know.

THAT scandal-loving old sinner MRS. GRUNDY.

DUKE HUMPHREY'S *Chef de Cuisine*.

The President of the Hanging Committee—Jack Ketch.

And the Lion-Comique, the flatness of whose voice is only equalled by the staleness of his matter.

But brought from these an influence to refine
Rough tasks and squalid, and there leave its trace.

Honour to him who in a sneering age,
Braved quip and carp and cavil, and proclaimed
A woman's fitness pauper needs to gauge,—
In purpose strong, in purity unshamed.

For paupers too have sex: the workhouse walls
Hold mothers, maidens, and girl-babes, on whom
A woman's eye with woman's insight falls,
Sees its own ways for sunlight to their gloom.

And so this noble and brave lady turned
From glad life, luxury, and thronging friends,
That hung on her sweet voice, and only yearned
To guide her holy work to useful ends.

But Death to Life begrudged her, striking down
The task unfinished from her willing hands,
Leaving to women yet to come the crown
Of her left life's-work, that for others stands.

Then lay and leave her in her quiet grave,
Where the sun shines undimmed, the rain falls clear,
And birches bend, and deodaras wave
Evergreen arms of welcome o'er her bier.

INTRA ET EXTRA.

THEY are talking about a newly-discovered *Intra-Mercurial Planet*. We are watching the last-discovered *Extra-Mercurial Planet*. It is called, "GLADSTONE."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Spirit of PEPYS.)



Y LORD DUKE OF RICHMOND did move for a Select Committee (*Friday, March 23, Lords*) to inquire into the powers of Commissioners of Sewers, Drainage and Navigation Boards, and how they might best and cheapest be set to work for hindering of floods, and storing of waters. Nor, indeed, before 'tis need thereof, now that both Thames-side, and so much of the Midland parts has been flooded till bodies have scarce had dry lying in the churchyards, and the spirits that belonged to them have been, as it were, but spirits-and-water at best. And, methinks, the Government is this time for shutting the door strangely soon after the stealing of the horse. Yet 'tis but a Select Committee; so that, I doubt not, it will be long enough before

they come to doing anything. Only if Englishmen were wise, methinks, between the plagues of too much and too little water, which is floods and droughts, they would devise means for storage of rains, and so letting either prevent the other. But, strange, how long it do take to get things first beaten into your Englishman's head, and thence beaten out again into act.

In the *Commons* a great stir as of a good bout of buffets looked for, and I in my place early, and mighty pleased at the buzzing about the lobbies and in the House. And most Members did put off their Motions, to make way for MR. FAWCETT, the blind gentleman that cannot see things in his way like another, and so will not be turned aside, but standeth the most sturdy to his point I ever did see. And I like him; for, indeed, there are few such: and a clear, strong speaker withal, and doth not see when men are weary or angry with his speaking; so hard to stop.

Only before he come to it was but dull talk of the two Members of Chelsea, for giving more Polling-time from eight in the morning to eight of the evening. Against which I can see no reason, nor have heard none; and methinks, now so many have votes, it is well all should have the most convenient time to give them, which is after four of the clock for most workmen. I well content the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should grant a Committee on the matter; only mighty vexed by the delay of the brisker business looked for from this FAWCETT, that should raise the Eastern Question again to-night, for the last time of raising before Easter.

And at last SIR CHARLES DILKE got aside, but not easily, for he is one that loves to be talking; and no division taken, before FAWCETT come to his speech. And it do me good to hear one so downright in these over trimming and timid times. And do call a spade by its



DOMESTIC TRAINING.

SOUTH OF IRELAND.

District Visitor. "WELL, MRS. MURPHY, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER HAS GOT A PLACE AS PARLOUR-MAID. DO YOU THINK SHE'LL BE UP TO THE WORK?"

Mrs. Murphy. "AH, THIN, WHY WOULDN'T SHE? SURE, ISN'T SHE USED TO THE WAYS AT HOME?"

name as plain as ever I hear; and did so handle this Eastern trouble that he did make it appear England hath played the most poor and pitiful part therein that Government ever had, showing how my LORD DREBY had passed his word to bring about better handling for the Christians under rule of the Turk, and thereunto had used brave, big words, only no force at the back of them; and so all is fallen into the hand of the Muscovite, that is for backing a word with a blow. And, for my part, for anything I do see or hear, I cannot see how the Turk is to be stirred otherwise. And so this brave, blind MR. FAWCETT did end by moving that Turkish promises of reform be useless without guarantees, and that the misrule of the Turk will continue till these guarantees be gotten.

And indeed I do myself well believe it is so: and would have voted for FAWCETT, had I been in the House, and would have had the House vote with him. Only the Government do carry it with a high hand, as having a clear majority of voices, and therein many more lovers of the Turk than of the Christians under his rule, and I did now see why they had stopped SIR CHARLES DILKE's mouth with a Select Committee, and so put off a division, that they might now force FAWCETT to one, as knowing he would be well beaten. Which my LORD HARTINGTON perceiving, said that he would not vote on such a division, though he did subscribe to MR. FAWCETT's speech and motion, only would not have it put now, since it said but what the Government stood to, so far as words go,—which is, indeed, as far as they stand to anything.

And MR. GLADSTONE did speak mighty well and to the same tune as MR. FAWCETT, only sharper and stronger and brisker and fiercer all at once, as is his wont: that it did stir me sometimes like the sound of a trumpet. And did say well that the question he would have answered was, how long the words of Europe should continue mere words? A question which, methinks, all should wish to have answered, that see what is going on under the Turk. And did clearly show how the Turkish Christians do lie under our guard since our last war against the Muscovite.

And, after, one BUTLER JOHNSTONE did speak up for the Turk, so

stoutly that I wondered. And did prophesy how, perhaps, a few years hence, England and Turkey would be the only countries in Europe that would have Law and not Force to govern them. Which I did admire, for the boldest thing, I think, I did ever hear said by a man in his sound mind.

And after him one RYLANDS, a rough, rasping, northern man, that I do not love to hear, spoke his mind of SIR HENRY ELLIOT, and so did draw rebuke from a smooth young spark, one SIR HENRY WOLFF, but one that methinks do look and speak more like a lamb, only very hot for the Turk, and against MR. GLADSTONE, as one who hath held two minds and two tongues in this Eastern matter. And at last MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to his legs, and was for driving FAWCETT to division, after much and loud crowing over him, and those that went with him, that they durst not face an issue in the House; after whom one did move the adjournment of the House, and thereon a scuffling fight betwixt those that were for dividing and those that were for adjourning, till the House as like the bear garden on Bankside as ever I see. I oft-times locked out in the lobby, by reason of divisions, and falling asleep there was chid for it by one of the constables, and so was fain to creep away with my ears hanging at nigh on three in the morning, and the House not up then, but still fighting.

Saturday.—Both Houses did sit a while this morning, to clear up loose ends of business against the Easter holidays.

Monday.—My Lords did pass the Consolidated Bill through its various stages, for which piece of work five Lords, methinks, were enough.

(*Commons.*)—I do see the House is not like the Law, of which it is said in the books, "*de minimis non curat.*" For sure the House of Commons *curat de minimis*. Thus to-night was a long and grave question of a silly fop of a Clergyman that would have a little girl put away from the village school, because she bobbed not her curtesy to his wife. Which, though it were a pitiful thing in that foolish parson, yet, methinks, was yet more pitiful in the House to be making

question of. And so said my LORD SANDON, and would have Members come to the Offices to ask about such small matters; and so I think they were best do.

MR. FORSTER did ask a question of the persons it was proposed to amnesty for part taken in the Bulgarian business, wherein, after much writing of my LORD DERBY, is, as usual, no satisfaction, only no one to be heard of that hath yet been brought to account by the Turk, except poor Christian Bulgarians, that do come by cuffs from all, but most from the *Zaptiehs*, as they do call their constables, and must see their women beaten and wronged, and cattle taken, and houses burnt about their ears, and then pay their taxes twice over, and afterwards, if they grumble, be clapped in prison.

For the which the Turk do talk of giving them an amnesty, which do puzzle me.

Then the House to the Prisons Bill, which was stayed by two pestilent Irish Members, between whom hard to say if one BIGGAR, or one POWELL the more vexatious.

And at last, at one of the clock, BIGGAR did move to report progress, for that many on the Government Bench were asleep, which indeed was so, and I marvel not.

Tuesday.—To-night my Lords did break up to their Easter holidays; and, methinks, have well earned them, sitting as they will do off-times for half-an-hour at a stretch, and not in a crowded house, and among merry company like the Commons, but few of them in a great room, and mighty dull, for the most part; so that, methinks, I do pity my LORD BEACONSFIELD.

In the Commons, talk of new outrages by the Turk near Adrianople. Then a passage between MR. GLADSTONE and SIR D. WOLFF, touching the letter that the one had written the other in a newspaper, rebuking him for garbling words of MR. GLADSTONE's, to make it seem he had held two ways about the Turk and his doings. And SIR DRUMMOND WOLFF do hold it inconvenient that Members should be written to by Members, and between such would have only speech in the House.

Long talk thereon, and MR. GLADSTONE did give good reason why, to save time of the House, it were well sometimes to write to a Member in the newspaper rather than speak to him in the House, where is too much speaking already; and I am of his mind. And he did justify what he had written mightily well, and did show that he hath not kept two ways; whereat I am glad, for though he do talk and write too much, and on too many matters, I do love to see how stout and strong of heart MR. GLADSTONE is, and how ready to speak up for all poor and oppressed persons and causes that be held down, and most of all by the Turk.

Then further debate touching SIR HENRY ELLIOT, whom one RYLANDS, that I love not, but herein do see he spoke true enough, did charge as a friend of the Turk, and one through whom was little hope of any countenance being kept by us against the Turk's misdeeds, or of any bold calling of him to answer. And for all that MR. BURKE and MR. COCHRANE did maintain, I do think it is as RYLANDS do say, and that SIR HENRY ELLIOT must needs be more like to stroke down the Turk, than to rub him against the hair, seeing that has been his way for all the years he has been about the Grand Turk's Court. And so said GLADSTONE; and I see not how it can be otherwise. Only none do say other than that SIR HENRY is a mighty honest gentleman, and means well.

But we know the place that well-meanings do go to the paving of, and I do think, Turkey just now is, after that place, the bravest in the world for such paving, and SIR HENRY ELLIOT do seem well content therewith. But for walking on, I have always heard that the paving in Constantinople is the worst that a man need wish. And so, methinks, it will be, till some other than the Turk takes it in hand. And so the House up for its Easter holiday, with more words about the Eastern Question, that hath already had so many.

A WONDERFUL WHISKEY.

A REMARKABLY good thing in Whiskeys is offered by advertisement to the British Public, including, apparently, by implication the United Kingdom Alliance. We are informed that "it is recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the Kingdom as the pure and safe alcoholic stimulant." Also, that it "is thoroughly free from fusel oil, and every gallon guaranteed is equally pure." (The purchaser, then, had best see that his gallon is guaranteed, or that his smaller quantity has been derived from a guaranteed gallon.) A medical contemporary pronounces it "wholesome and pleasant." A second medical journal describes it as "a safe stimulant." A third avers that it is "very wholesome," and "may be safely used." A fourth declares it to be "invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant." A fifth calls it "the purest of alcoholic stimulants." A sixth terms it "an excellent dietetic stimulant." A seventh styles it "a safe stimulant." An eighth goes so far as to affirm that "all who value health should use it." By four several physicians it is characterised as the "purest whiskey I ever examined," "free from all injurious substance," "wholly free from all impurities,"

and "very wholesome and of fine quality." If these encomiums are merited, what a very different spirit the whiskey which has gained them must be from every other! Unless indeed it is really true that MYNHEER VAN DUNK was, as is related of him in the *Temperance Glee*, accustomed to preserve uniform sobriety on brandy-and-water, in the proportions of "two quarts of the first to a pint of the latter daily." In that case there may be imagined some comparison between the whiskey recommended by the Faculty as above, and VAN DUNK's brandy. Certainly a spirit so salubrious as that whiskey is made out, might well challenge the denomination of *aqua vite*, or *eau de vie*.

The best of this eximious whiskey is, that nobody can ever get drunk on it. This is what must commend it to the patronage of all the Temperance Societies. No Teetotaler can object to a whiskey which, though an alcoholic, is not an intoxicating liquor.

A whiskey with which you may brew the draught that cheers but not inebriates as well as you can with Kaisow or any other Chinese grocery, is well and neatly denominated "Encore Whiskey." By "encore," of course is meant capable of repetition, the same indefinite repetition as gingerbeer, soda-water, lemonade, sherbet, or any other beverage obtainable at a Temperance Tavern; if not repetition to the extent of absolutely unlimited goes. Your pitcher, or *Cruiskeen Lawn*, of this lovely spirit, may go ever so often to the well of the *Encore* water of life, not only without being broken at last, but without as much as finding its way "down among the dead men" under the table!

HOLIDAY TASKS.



PUNCH begs to append the list of the tasks he has set his young and old friends, during their Easter Recess.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. To write a Novel upon the Eastern Question,

including a Chapter on Life in the Lords, with the Motto, "*Tedia Vita*."

MR. GLADSTONE. To furnish Three Volumes of Lay Sermons composed in the Pew for Delivery in the Pulpit, and a Supplement to the *Complete Letter-Writer*, in Twelve Packs of Post Cards.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON. To put new points on all his old jokes for use in the next discussion upon the Permissive Bill.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. To stay a few days in Gothenberg, and try the effect of its Municipal Public hospitalities.

MR. CHARLIN. To learn by heart "My Duty Towards my Neighbour;" and to write a Theme, on the passage "To Bear Myself Reverently and Lowly Before my Betters."

MR. WHALLEY. To share the apartment of his Friend, "the Unfortunate Nobleman," on Dartmoor, with a view to testing practically certain points of Prison Discipline.

DR. KENNELLY. To seek re-election at the hands of his Stoker and Poker Constituents.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT. To stay a few days with LORD HARTINGTON,

with a view to comparing notes on Bulgarian Atrocities and British Parties.

MR. WARD HUNT. To spend two days on the Dockyard Accounts, the same time in a tour of the *Devastation's* Engines, and the rest of his holiday in a series of Diving-bell descents to the wreck of the *Vanguard*.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY. To work a quarter of an hour daily for ten days in one of the most crowded Clerk's-rooms of the War Office.

LORD SALISBURY. To square his views on the Eastern Question with my LORD BEACONSFIELD'S.

THE EARL OF DERBY. To find the man most unlike SIR HENRY ELLIOT, to put in his place at Constantinople.

AND MR. PUNCH (*the pleasantest task of all*.) To forget MR. BIGGAR, and to have a week's respite from extracting Parliamentary Essence.

STEAM ON TRAINWAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

SUCH a friend of the Arts and Sciences as yourself will, I am sure, be pleased to hear how a locomotive driver should proceed when he takes his train round a curve.

Speaking of the late accident to the "Flying Scotchman," the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"There are two methods of running over a curve. Should the driver decide to use the first of these, he gets up a good pace and then, the moment the curve commences, shuts off his steam, opens his regulator, and so runs round the dangerous corner with a long, steady, easily-going stroke. Another method is, as the curve approaches to shorten the stroke of the piston, clap on full speed, and pass the turning by trusting more or less to the category of chances."

It is somewhat new for a driver to "shut off his steam and open his regulator," and so obtain "a long, steady, easily-going stroke" from his engine; but "to shorten the stroke of the piston"!

Old STEPHENSON was sorry for the "coo," which might come into collision with his locomotive machinery. What would he say about the ass who has run thus dead in its face in the *D. T.*?

Should the *Daily Telegraph* ever publish an article on the colliding of two trains, I expect we shall be told how the two engines reared themselves high on their hind wheels, and amidst a Vesuvius of steam and red-hot cinders, struggled for the "back throw," whilst their respective trains awaited *motionless* the impending "telescoping."

I am, Mr. Punch, yours faithfully,

AN INDIGNANT PISTON.

FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

(By our Lazy Contributor.)

I SEND this in too late for this week. Stick it in the next. Lots of time. Capital race. Didn't see it. Tell you how. Called of course at 6 A.M. Delicious snooze in bed. *Mens conscia* of duty added the sweetness of stolen fruit to my slumbers.

Called again—names this time. LORD TOMMY'S brougham at the door. TOMMY accepted my humble breakfast—coffee and pipes.

Off to Putney. Met the crowds coming back. Were told Oxford had won. Stopped to telegraph. Five minutes after heard Cambridge had gained the victory. Stopped again to telegraph. TOMMY paid, you know. On arriving at Putney knew for a fact it was a dead-heat. Bought the *Globe* detailing the race. How can these fellows get up so early? I couldn't. Arrived at Mortlake. Breakfast over. In time for lunch, though. Capital lunch. Champagne, with lots of servants to open it for you. Several pretty girls to do the talking. Went after lunch to see the boats. River bare. Towing-path absolutely empty. Might have been the day after. Flirted in the sun. More champagne. Back to town in TOMMY'S brougham. Dined with TOMMY at his Club. More champagne. Hot Room. Dead Heat! and Dead Beat!! Couldn't write copy if I were paid double for it. Bed at last! I'll never get up so early again. Catch me at it!

"The Pew and the Pulpit."

UNDER this title we have been enlightened at the City Temple by the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. G., the Universal Referee, and others, as to what the Pulpit demands of the Pew, and the Pew of the Pulpit.

There does not seem much necessity to explain what the Pulpit requires of the Pew, as Pulpit generally has it all its own way, without giving Pew a chance of answering. But, perhaps, Pew might, if allowed a reply, demand soft cushions, easy backs, well-stuffed hassocks, and a fifteen-minutes' sermon.

CAXTON IN THE CITY.



FRESH from the public meeting held at the Mansion House, in the Egyptian Hall, on Monday last week, Mr. Punch presents his compliments, together with those of the LORD MAYOR, to all citizens of the world in general, and those of London in particular, and begs to invite their presence at the CAXTON Celebration, which will be held in this Metropolis next June, to commemorate the importation by that worthy into this country, some four hundred years ago, of the very best and

biggest of German Sausages.

It would be an insult to explain that CAXTON did not keep a ham-and-beef

shop. The sausage he brought over from Germany was compounded of other than material force-meat. It comprised *in posse* all manner of food for the mind—instruction in every branch of Literature, Science, and Art, Religion, Morality, Philosophy,—*omne scibile*, in fact. CAXTON'S wonderful German Sausage was the Art of Printing.

Where should we now be but for the Art imported by CAXTON? Where Moses was when he put the candle out. Where our forefathers were in the Dark Ages. What should we do without books to read? Read manuscripts, a few of us, here and there, chiefly Friars, who could get at them—the generality doing as their progenitors did, and very much as pigs do—doing without.

It is unnecessary for Mr. Punch to point out that CAXTON'S posterity are more largely indebted to CAXTON than it is possible to compute. We owe him all our Bibles, and Prayer-Books, and penny papers—and mind, if we had never had our WILLIAM CAXTON, we never should have had our WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. There is a double bill to pay. The payment is to be rendered partly in compliment, partly in kind. The CAXTON Celebration will take the form of a public loan collection of his works, and of British and foreign antiquities and appliances connected with his art. The money, expected to accrue from this cosmopolitan exhibition, is to be invested for the benefit of certain of CAXTON'S most worthy representatives—that is to say, decayed and aged Printers and Widows in connection with the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Corporation Asylum. "To secure an attendance commensurate with the national importance of the occasion," for thus in some part discharging obligations to CAXTON, Mr. Punch has the pleasure of inviting everybody who has anything worth being contributed to the Show, to send it, and especially of asking his fellow-citizens to subscribe their money and give their attendance at the exhibition, in the name of his and their common Ruler, the Great Lord Mayor of London and City King.

All the Same Thing.

THE *Globe*, on the day of the Boat-Race, in its first edition, announced,—

Oxford, 1; Cambridge, 2.

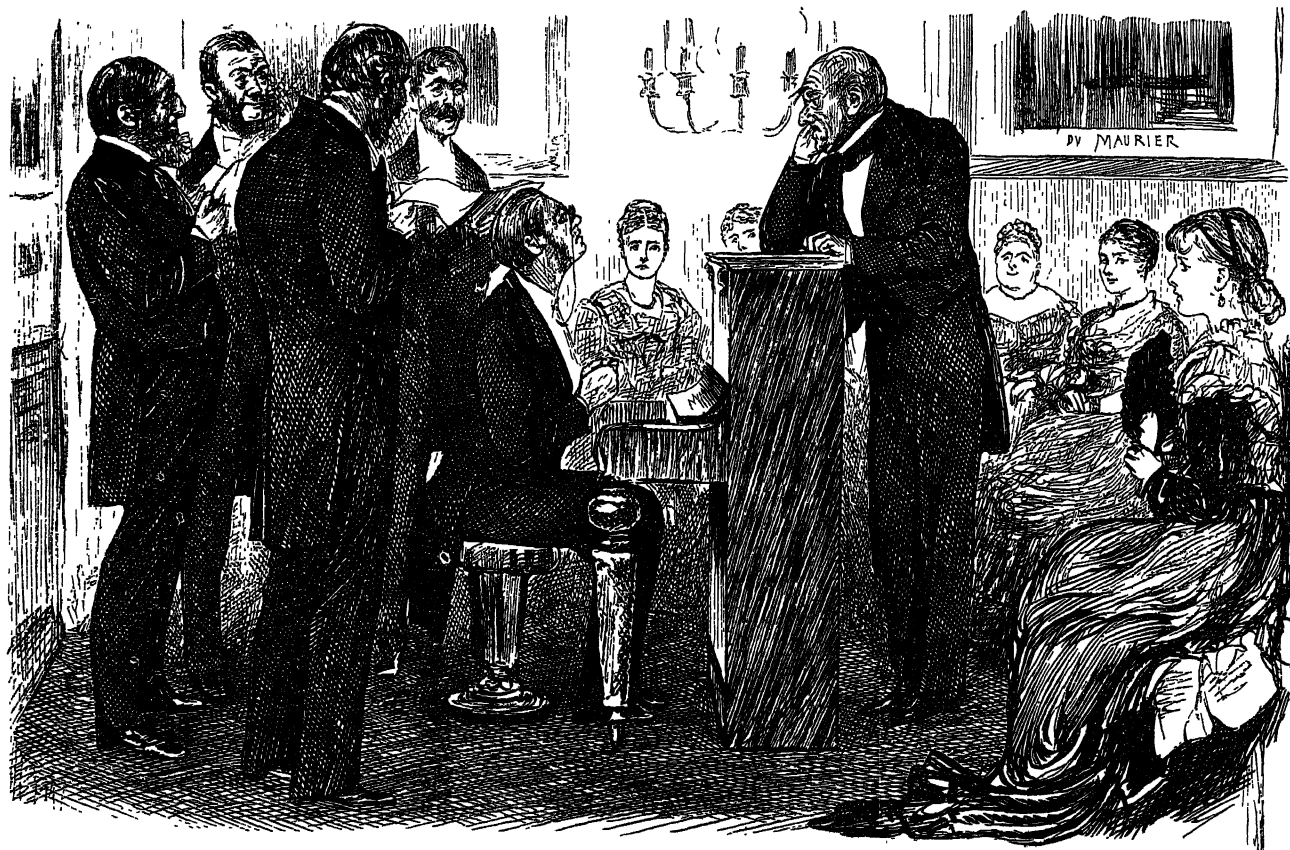
In its third, "Dead-heat." But these are only different ways of expressing the same thing. No doubt the first announcement should have been read,—

Oxford won; Cambridge too.

We gladly acknowledge the *Globe's* ingenuity in combining apparent variety with its essential characteristic of being "all round alike."

In for a Dig.

THE Great Chancellor has given his enemies a handle whereby to "eave a arf brick" at him. PRINCE BISMARCK proclaims himself strongly opposed to "Particularism." Thereupon hostile Jesuits and Ultramontanes can remark—"We *knew* BISMARCK was anything but particular."



COMPLIMENTARY.

Dreadful Old Man (who only believes in Professional Music). "I HOPE YOU AMATEUR GENTLEMEN TAKE A REAL PLEASURE IN PERFORMING?"

Chorus. "CERTAINLY WE DO!"

Dreadful Old Man. "THEN, AT LEAST, THERE IS SOME COMPENSATION FOR THE TORTURE YOU INFLICT!"

ON LONDON.

(Contributed by Mr. Punch's Own Victor.)

LONDON is the Lady of Creation. There are many men and women. There is only one Lady. London is also Light, and Wisdom, and Courage. The translation of London is "civilisation," also "truth," also "honour." Without London the world could not exist. Thus the world exists for London. Margate may be the Arm of the human race. Broadstairs may be a Foot. Manchester may be the Brain. But London is the Heart. Without a heart a man is a brute beast. Without London England would be nought. With London England is the whole universe! It is a great thought, but not too great for a Londoner.

On Good Friday the whole world eats Hot Cross Buns. A startling thought this, and yet true. Why does the whole world eat them? Because London does. London is the whole world. London is a living Temple of Fame, a breathing Jupiter, a real Hercules. In London the Unknown meets and conquers the Known, the Unseen scorns and subdues the Visible. Is this possible? Everything is possible to London—not only possible, but probable.

There are many coloured vehicles in London, called Omnibuses. These vehicles are crowded inside and out with great Thinkers. They move slowly, and sometimes the springs are not as supple as they might be. And yet these omnibuses are the finest carriages in the whole world. Scared sceptics ask "Why?" Because omnibuses are found in London!

A Crossing-sweeper is greater than the proudest King! The crowned despot loves war. The Crossing-sweeper asks only peace and coppers. One shuns the light of day. The other carries for weapons a broom and an armed conscience. Dirt is purer than dignity. The streets of London require sweeping. The Crossing-sweepers perform this honourable toil. When it is a fine day, they electrify the whole world by doing nothing! Nothing is the labour of Sages. Nothing is greater than London, and yet London is greater than everything! Who can understand this? Not a King

—not a knife-wearing Soldier—only a Londoner can understand this!

Last week the House of Commons adjourned for the Easter Recess. Unity is force, and yet division is strength. The Council of the Nation dissolves, and is as weak as a puny child. Why? Because the Council of the Nation is only strong in London. London is strength and iron and proved steel.

There are Cabs in London. What a grand thought! London has Cabs!

[At this point Mr. Punch, seeing no probable end of Victorious eloquence, despatched his Correspondent to Paris, where his efforts are likely to be better appreciated.]

Cock-a-doodle-do!

"Yesterday the last turnpike trust existing between London and Brighton, a trust which includes the celebrated gate between London and Epsom called the 'Cock Gate,' at Sutton, received notice from the House of Commons that its existence is to end at a given date."—*Daily News*, Wednesday, March 23.

MOURN, misanthropes, who hid in pikes your head.

A last toll sounds your knell. Away you go!

The game-bird that faced Derby crowds is dead,

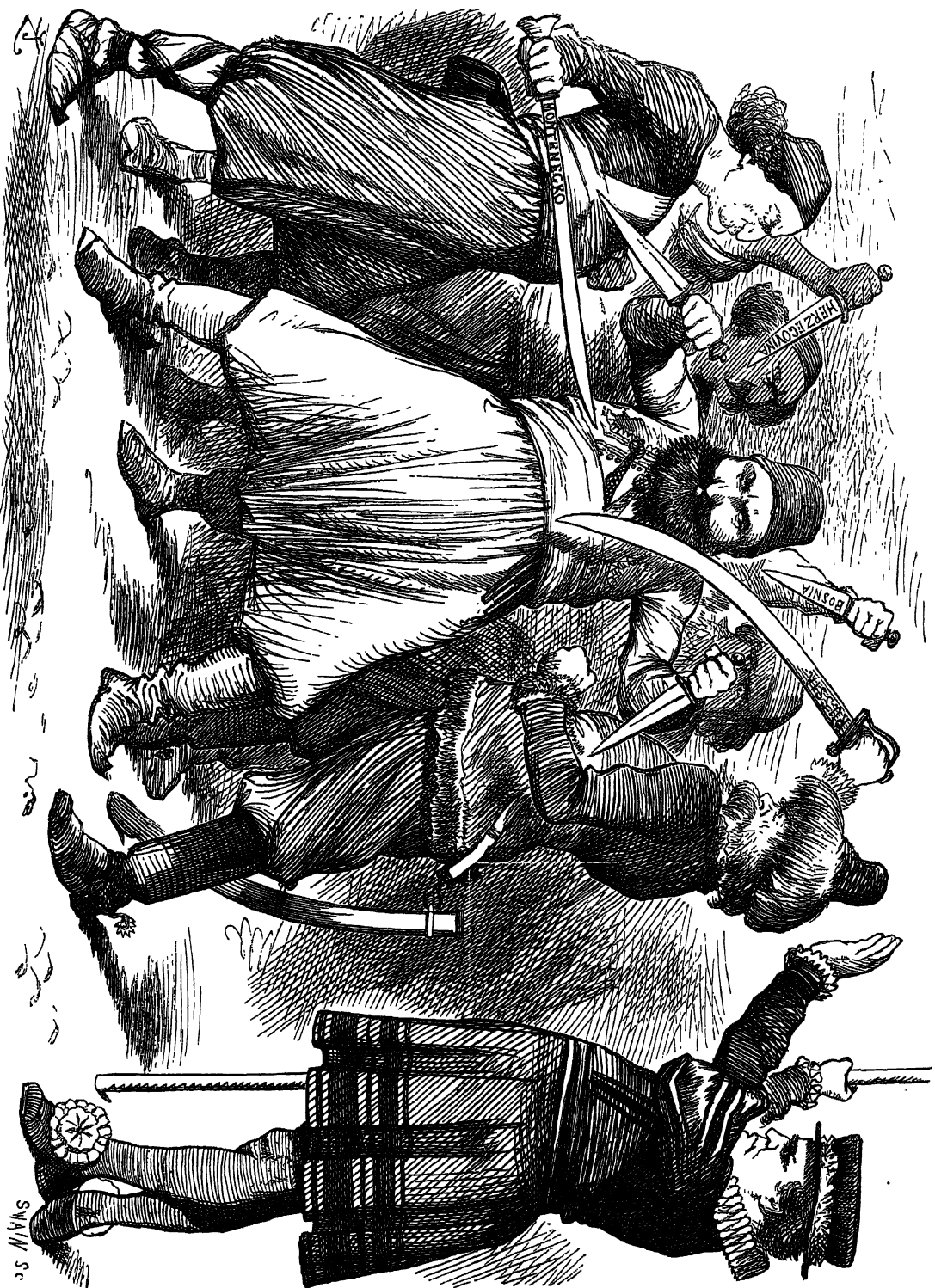
And o'er the Cock, that crowed o'er us, we crow!

Roasted Alive Oh!

In the advertisement for the letting of the Royal Holborn Amphitheatre we read that—

"Audiences of two and three thousand persons can be cleared in as many minutes."

—that is, in two and three thousand minutes. What would happen in case of a fire!



A "CRITIC"-AL SITUATION.

Enter BREEKATER.

"IN THE QUEEN'S NAME, I CHARGE YOU ALL TO DROP
YOUR SWORDS AND DAGGERS!"

SHERIDAN'S Critic, Act III.

[*BUT DO THEY?*]

BILL BUNKIT AND THE MASTER-AT-ARMS.

(A real Voice from the Engine-room.)

BILL BUNKIT was a stoker, in a British man-o'-war;
He could "slice up" with a poker, or shift a down-dropt bar;^a
He was like a salamander, when before a fire he stood,
And no tougher British bull-dog e'er breathed battle in his blood.

He could make a piece of gasket,^c he could knot, plait, splice, and point;

He could clean a fire, or feed one, or make or break a joint;
He was light and merry-hearted, and obedient to command;
Knew everything an A.B. should—to reef, and steer, and hand.

On deck he was no duffer, for the downhaul^d he did tend;
He was best oar in the cutter; good at bowline or at bend;
A Turk's-head or a Tom-Fool's knot, to him was simply fun;
The yard-arm was his station aloft; on deck, bow-gun.^e

But, as nothing lasts beneath the sun, at length there came a change,
And BILL BUNKIT he began to growl at all within his range;
After fifteen years of service, his patience it gave way,
And he swore he'd no more shift his rig^f a dozen times a day.

"Now look 'ee here, our side," he said, as once off deck he came,
Perspiring through his jumper,^g and his forehead in a flame;
"If this sail-drill rot was any use, I wouldn't care a cuss;
But *we* know as it ain't, and so do *they*, to make things wuss.

"Nine times to-day we've left our work, and had to shift our rig—
The first to cross to' gallant yards, the next to hoist the gig;
And now that the darned scurry they call 'smartness,' may amuse,
We're run to death, to drill at sails as the ship 'll never use.

"For fifteen year I've weathered^h the defaulters' book and list,ⁱ
But I don't no longer care a d—"^j (here he came down with his fist).

"They 'll neither let us stay on deck, nor let us stay below,
And while the ship's work's all adrift, we're bound to help the show.

"I only hope JOHN BULL may not be sold another 'pup,'
By being gammoned over, and his eyes with sails bunged up;
To find at last, and to his cost, things mayn't be what they seem—
For though our sails may show sky-high, our sailing's done by steam.

"We know the ship can't budge an inch with Engineers that's slack;
And some folks would be delighted to catch us 'flat aback,'
Which there's not a doubt within my mind they very quickly may,
When the British Fleet depends upon no better men than they."

Then up came JOHNDY^k, and he sez, "Did you mean that?"—"I did."

Sez BILL. Quoth JOHNDY, "Recollect, I've heard you term a 'kid' Your former second in command. Pray, Sir, how dare you laugh?"
"Excuse me, Sir," said BILL, "the word warn't kid—but sucking calf."

"Explain yourself," he growled, "or, as you know I am a nipper, I'll plank^l you straight at seven bells, and bouse^m you fore the skipper."

"Well, Sir," said BILL, "from this one fact the state of things you'll gather—

*The Junior Engineer, why he might 'a been his father."*ⁿ

Then Master-at-Arms he lays his hand on BILL, and sez, sez he,
"The more that's true, the less it ought to pass 'twixt you and me.
But blest if what you says is news. There's them as ships commands
As knows no more of *engines* than waisters or green-hands.

"We trust to steam till anchor's dropped, from the time as anchor's weighed:

And the less the sails is looked to, the more fuss about 'em's made.
Blest if I see how skippers, now-a-days, their work's to do,
Unless, besides their seamanship, they studies stokin' too!

"There was a time, as I've heard tell, when Navy Captains bold
Warn't no-ways swells like them as now sports Navy blue and gold.

^a Stir up the fires with the slice or poker.

^b I.e. when the bar drops into the ash-pit.

^c Plait gasket for packing. ^d Jib downhaul.

^e Stokers are *foreyard* men, and when gunnery is requisite, are stationed at the bow, and in small craft, at the pivot-gun.

^f "Rig" is a term for dress, and a man going on deck must be in the rig of the day.

^g Jumper, the blue or white frock. ^h Kept clear of. ⁱ Black List.

^k The Master-at-Arms, the chief of the ship's police.

^l "Planking" is bringing on the quarter-deck.

^m "Bouse," haul up. ⁿ Truth is stranger than fiction.

Sea-bears and sea-dogs they was called; chewed their quids and drunk their flip,
And, in language, wasn't over nice ashore or 'board o' ship.

"And if Engineers is roughish, and Stokers blackish show,
With polishin', I dare say, as their engines bright they'd grow:
Till with gun and ward-room officers their place they'd take and hold,
Nor, 'acoss they're from the fire-hole, be kept out in the cold."

THE BOLD BRITISH BALLAD.

Being an Epistolary Preface to the Revival in these Pages of an Almost Lost Art.

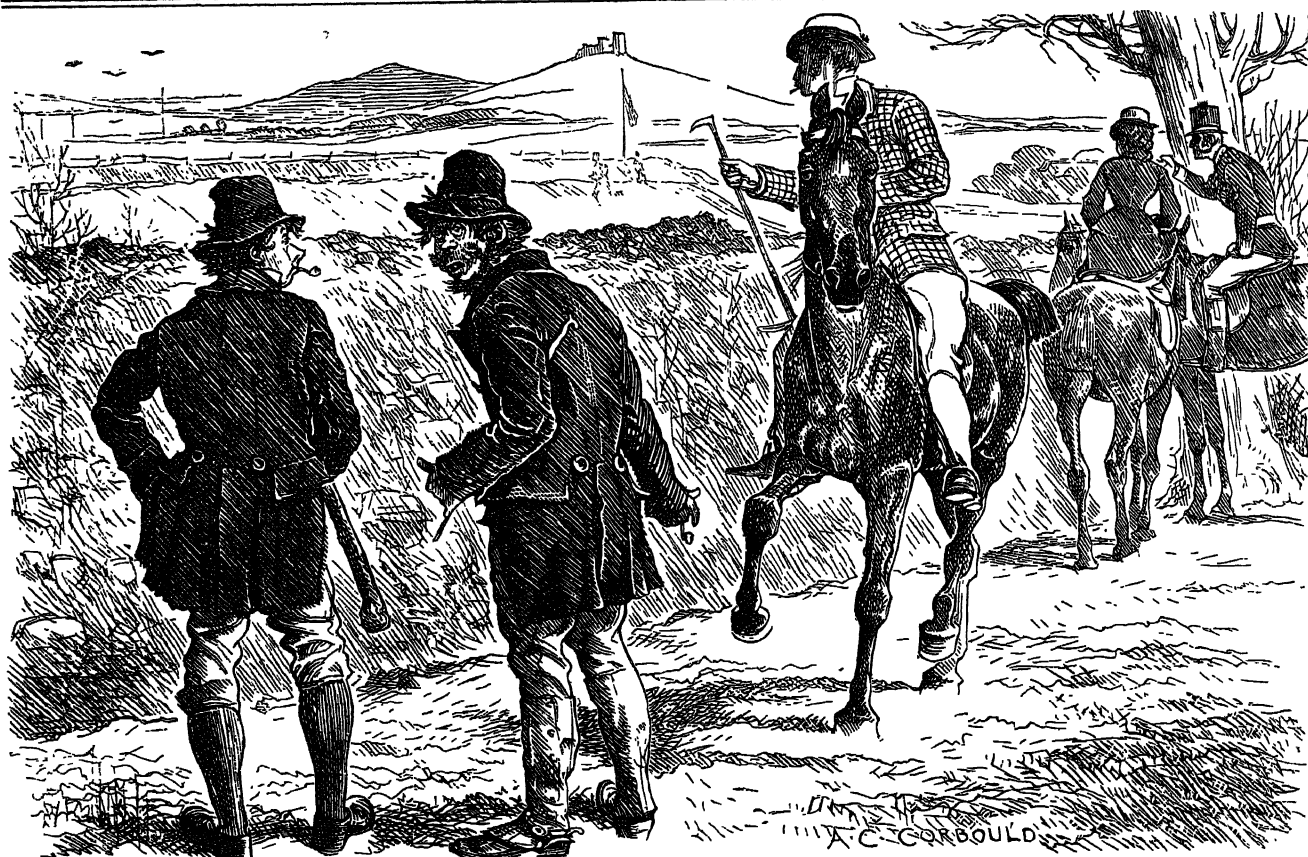


SIR,—I have long been under the impression that I was born to supply a want. True, that having been born, I do supply a great many wants—chiefly my own. But that is not what I was going to say—*this* is, and here follows my meaning. Sir, the fire of National Poetry is defunct—apparently, at least, it is out. Not so. 'It sleeps within this breast. The coal is still warm; let me but apply the bellows of the *Divine afflatus*, and once more the flame will blaze forth, and the sacred altars will be all aglow with the brightness of the True British Ballad.

Whence came this afflatus! "If you ask me, I will tell you." I dipp'd into DRYDEN, but 'twas not there; and, indeed, since the days, the glorious days, when [the *Ballads of the Baltic* appeared in your pages, Sir, the harp that once delighted the caboose and cheered the Hearts-of-Oak on a Saturday night at sea, has been unstrung, has been down a peg or two, and then up a peg or two, on the wall of my cottage by the sea. Well, your honour, I was roaming in maiden meditation, fancy free, down a street not a hundred miles from the Strand, when I saw a shop-window full of the good old Catnach Ballads! Four thousand of all sorts, shapes and sizes, with such illustrations! Sir, the price of these art-treasures was, need I say it, untold gold. To turn to my dear friend (who shall be nameless, or else he'd be bored to death with applications from— Well, no matter from whom; but I don't propose to kill the prolific goose until it's *all ova* with him), I say, Sir, to turn to my dear friend, and to borrow the sum requisite for the purchase of these Ballads, was but the work of a moment; in another, I was in the shop, addressing my purveyor of poems, and buying them by the metre—I mean, Sir, literally, by the yard.

Sir, I am going to favour the company with a few songs on this model. But I must first offer you a sample of the original, in order that the public, which has long been a stranger to *true* poetry, may see that the quality of poetry is not strained through cullenders; that it is not bound by any rules of rhyme, reason, or metre, but that, like Genius, it is unfettered, and, like Pegasus, it makes small account of its *feet*, seeing that it possesses wings, for flights of fancy. The specimen I will give you is from a soul-stirring ballad, entitled *The Gallant Poacher*, which commences with an invitation to—

"All you lads of high renown,
That love to drink good ale that's brown,
That pull the lofty Pheasant down
With powder, shot, and gun,"—



A CAPITAL PLACE.

SCENE—Irish Steeplechase Course. Just Before the Race.

Veteran Sportsman (to Country Cousin). "BEGORRA, JACK, THIS 'UD BE OUR SPOT; WE'D BE APT TO SEE A CORPSE HERE!"

I go on, and I read on through the entire poem; but the inspired Bard—such is the evanescent character of true inspiration, here one second, and gone the next—never states for what purpose he invites the lads of high renown to come to him, though I gather from the song that it is in order to relate to them, for the benefit of the Poaching public, the life and death of his gallant hero.

There are six verses. I give you the last, as being *my* model in future, and as being a specimen of real unfettered genius in the plenitude of its magnificent liberty:—

"The murderous hand that did him kill,
And on the ground his blood did spill,
Must wander sore against his will,
And find no resting place;
Destructive things,
His conscience stings,
He must wander thro' the world,
And ever feel the smarring thorn,
But pointed at with finger of scorn,
Condemned for to die."

There, Sir! Aren't you overwhelmed by its grand intense simplicity? TENNYSON! bah! BROWNING! pooh! PIGMIES! SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES,—not to be mentioned in the same breath with the glorious Bard, who, with one dash of the hand could sum up the tortures of the Inferno in these two brief lines—

"Destructive things
His conscience stings."

The use of the singular verb after the plural nominative is as forcible as it is remarkable. Again, is not

"Smarring thorn"

more than Shakspearian? To my great mind, which is gradually under this tutorship emancipating itself from the trammels of grammar—a difficult phrase to pronounce often, without calling it the "grammels of trammar,"—I say to *my* great mind (I am having my waistcoats considerably increased to hold it), this ballad is the work of a Master Hand, guided by a Master Mind. Show me with

what termination, in this Triumph of the Unshackled, do the words, "world," "place," and "die" rhyme?

But to my task. Expect to hear from me again, and speedily, for I intend to tap the cask of inspiration, and present you with some of the real unadulterated stuff, and none is genuine unless signed thus, "B.B.B.B.," which means,

Yours gloriously,
THE BOLD BARD OF THE BRITISH BALLAD.

THE BORES ON THE SEVERN, AND ELSEWHERE.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND has prophesied the appearance of "A Bore on the Severn," in time for every one to get out of his way. This is really kind. If only other people who know all about the movements of "Bores" would do as much!

We give particulars of *several* Bores that were to be seen in London on that day, and of which timely warning might have been given.

Preachers who improved the occasion by an hour's oration.

Leader-writers, who did ditto, to the extent of two columns and a half.

The CHASUBLES, who invited us to dine, and gave us salt fish and egg-sauce, with parsnips.

People who expected us to eat a horrible mass of warm dough and currants, called Hot Cross Buns.

MR. FITZWALTER RALEIGH, who seized the opportunity of an "off" day to read us his new Tragedy.

And, finally, the great herd of Bores, who met in Hyde Park to spout on some question they didn't understand, and prevented quiet folk from enjoying the Park.

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD SONG.

Oh, the Roast Beef of New England!
And oh, the New English Roast Beef!

THE REAL M.P. FOR GREENWICH.—Shri-M.P.

THE UNIVERSITY TIE.

By an Enthusiastic Demi-Teinte.



WHEN other scarfs on other necks,
 Their tale of tints shall tell,
 In harmonies whose nuance decks
 Blonde and brunette so well:

As *demi-teinte*, whose blue should rank
 'Twixt Indigo and Sky,
 This dead-heat I, at least, may thank,
 For Dark and Light-Blue Tie.

Each darling Cox, each glorious Eight—
 Their heads, their backs, their arms!
 How to decide by strength or weight,
 When both show winning charms?

As fairly matched all beauties in
 As beauties of your Blues;
 Thus only Cambridge ought to win,
 Thus only Oxford lose!

A Disagreeable Alternative.

MR. HENRY IRVING contributes an interesting Shakspearian note to the second number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on the Third Murderer in *Macbeth*.

He says, truly, that there has been a great difficulty in accounting for this Third Murderer, and that some commentators have maintained he must have been *Macbeth* himself; and some (he might have added), more recently, the Actor who plays *Macbeth*.

"THE SAME OLD GAME."

THE *Musical World* informs us that The ABBATE FRANZ LISZT has been invited to Loo by the KING OF THE NETHERLANDS. However, it is only, the paragraph states, "to the end of the month." So the Loo isn't unlimited.

THE EDUCATION "LEAGUE."—From making your own pinafore to the Sixth Standard.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND" &C.

Sporting Sub. "I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, COLONEL, FOR I'VE JUST HEARD MY FATHER'S HAD A BAD FALL OUT HUNTING."

Colonel. "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT!"

Sporting Sub. "OH, IT ISN'T THAT!—ONLY I WANT TO HAVE HIS HORSE!!"

THE BOAT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.

(A Prophecy which Mr. Punch most earnestly trusts will not be verified.)

It was the day of the Boat-Race. A bright, clear morning, with a glorious sun, reflected a thousand times in the smiling water! Great was the contrast between the weather and the crowd. The first was suggestive of everything that was fresh and innocent; the last recalled visions of Homburg, Baden-Baden and Spa in the bad old days of the cards, and spinning balls, and green-baized tables. Unhappily, all the rascality of the stable had found its way to the banks of the river. The public were raving with excitement. Men, women, and children no longer cared for the pleasures of lunch, the charms of conversation, the amusement of the race itself. All hearts beat but to learn the answer to one absorbing question, had their bets been won or lost?

Yes, it had come to this! The grand old University Boat-Race had been degraded by the love of play to the level of the lowest of sporting events. In 1877 (many years before) great complaints had been made about the matter. It had been said, then, that unless the conditions of the contest were altered, things would change from worse to worse; and that, corrupted by the pollution of London sporting roughs, sporting publicans, and sporting papers, the pleasanter features of the festival would give place to more and more hateful ones. It had been then suggested that the Race should be rowed at Henley or Bedford, or even distant Exeter. Nothing, however, had been done; and here more than ten years later, was the Boat-Race still on Thames waters, fouling and befouled. And had the prophets of ill-omen been borne out? Alas! a glance at the faces and forms around was enough to answer the question. When men forget to smoke, or eat, or flirt; when women care not whether or no they look their best, then indeed must both be lost to everything save the passion of play. And now the men were silent, cigarless, and *distracted*; the women were reckless in wearing the most unbecoming colours, the most ill-fitting gloves, the dullest and dowdiest toilettes.

It was but a few minutes before the start, when a shambling creature, who looked like something between a stable-help and a decayed churchwarden, made his way through the shouting throng to the part of the Grand Stand reserved for the University Officers, Heads of Colleges, and other Dons of the

most dignified orders. For many minutes he vainly attempted to attract the attention of a venerable Dean, who, betting-book in hand, was loudly offering the odds to two white-chokered Heads, a Proctor, and a Poker; for, sad to say, the betting fever had spread from Under-graduates' wine-parties to Fellows' Common Rooms. The shambling creature at last succeeded in attracting the attention of the venerable Dean, who hobbled towards him as rapidly as his advanced years would permit.

"What do you want?" he asked, breathlessly. "Unless it is something very important, I must not be disturbed. I have not nearly done all my hedging."

"You were very good to me once, Sir," replied the Tout, "when you got me leave to stay up, after the Master had ordered me down. You would scarcely believe, looking at my present degraded position, that I was once a Member of the dear old College."

"Indeed! indeed!" cried the Dean, impatiently. "I do not doubt your word for a moment. And if I was kind to you in the past, pray think no more about it. But I really must return, or I shall have no time to get my money well on. My book is a very heavy one;" and he sighed involuntarily.

"I have come to show my gratitude," continued the Tout, detaining the Dean by the button-hole. Then he whispered, "Take my tip, and put the pot heavily on Camford."

The Dean started, as in an undertone he replied, "But all the Sporting Papers declare that Oxbridge *must* win; and certainly I can personally testify to the superiority in strength, and excellence of style in their trials."

"Put the pot on the other side of the fire for all that," hissed the Tout. "They've been made safe, I tell you."

"But each man has had two doctors, and a policeman in close attendance upon him ever since he came to Putney, and the boat has been kept under lock and key in Scotland Yard."

The Tout closed his left eye. "Bobbies and boys have been hounded, horses and boats have been got at, before now. Put the pot heavily on Camford, I say again!"

"I will!" mentally ejaculated the Dean, as he rushed back as quickly as his great age would permit to the box on the Grand Stand reserved for the Heads of Colleges. He had scarcely been in his place ten minutes when the flashing oars of the two boats were seen coming round the bend into the last reach, amid a murmur that, as they approached, rose into a roar.

Oxbridge had been leading from the first. At Hammersmith she had two clear lengths in hand, and these two lengths had been increased by Mortlake to six. It was a dead certainty: the Dean, beside himself with excitement, in broken ejaculations from the Commination service, cursed the Tout who had put him in the hole.

Suddenly there was a mighty shout—the Oxbridge stroke let go his oar, threw up his arms, and fainted. There was another shout, and another and yet another, as Numbers Seven, Six, and Five followed their leader. At length the crew without exception lay doubled over their thwarts. Taking advantage of this strange *contretemps* the rival boat shot ahead, and passed the post an easy winner.

Again a mighty shout, which seemed to shake Mortlake, Putney, and the neighbourhood to their very foundations, told an expectant world that Oxbridge had been hounded for the third time, and that Camford had scored one more victory.

And, as that shout arose, the venerable Dean might have been seen dancing all over the stand, as well as his age and some remains of a sense of his clerical character would permit; for he had followed the grateful Tout's advice, and had put the pot heavily on the winners.

As for the cleaned-out Heads, Proctors, and Pokers, they were cursing—also under the thin professional shelter of the Commination service,—and telegraphing to their various Bankers.

On them, and still more on the young men and women of the hideous scene, let us draw the curtain.

A BIT FOR BUNG.

A FIRM of mechanicians advertise "Lifts for Hotels." Who will invent lifts for public-houses, too many of which require elevation to the level of respectability?



CAXTONIANA.

"I THAY, ADOLPHUTH, WHO THE DOOTH IS CACKHTON THEY'RE GETTING UP ALL THITH MEMORIAL ABOUT?"

"CAXTON—CAXTON. KNOW THE NAME, SOMEHOW. OH, YES, OF COURSE—AWF'LY CLEVER FELLOW; BUILT THE KWISTAL PALACE, YOU KNOW."

MY RIDE TO KHIYA.

BY OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE RIDER.

He informs the Editor of his preparations. The Editor begs to inform the Public that he (the Ed.) is not responsible for the scheme, and withholds his assent for the present.

SIR,—In a brief letter, two weeks since, I announced to you my intention of riding to Khiva. I knew that there was a large body among the public that would willingly pay my expenses by subscription to go away anywhere, and so why not to Khiva?

Now, Sir, I am perfectly aware, that CAPTAIN FRED BURNABY has made this ground, as it were, his own. And how? Because, forsooth, having ridden to Khiva, he made such a confounded fuss about it. A gallant exploit it was I admit, though I should be diffident in making the admission (however admission is free in this instance), as *I myself rode to Khiva years ago; thought nothing of it, and said nothing about it.* I took it in the day's work, and there an end.

But now the case is different. I must out—BURNABY BURNABY. He only rode to Khiva. *I shall ride there and back.* I shall keep you informed of my progress from time to time, either by special messenger or by private wire, which, with my own patented apparatus, I shall take with me in my side pocket. It occupies no space to speak of, and is paid-out like the Atlantic Cable. I am getting up a Company for it, and all shareholders, among whom I hope to number most of the Crowned Heads of Europe, will be presented with a beautiful engraved portrait of myself as the Russian Courier, dressed in *kremkin* (a peculiar sort of warm waterproof coat) and *kopeck* (a headress worn at night when travelling through the snow, and tied under the chin with a small *nyjousk*—a kind of leather thong with a silver clasp). Before starting for a ride to anywhere, whether Khiva or Kidderminster, one thing is absolutely necessary, *i.e.*, something to ride on.

Economy being the better part of valour, I have determined in

DATED THE FIRST OF APRIL.

PRINCE VON BISMARCK having set the fashion of resigning on the First of April, the following resignations of the same date have been announced:—

MR. GLADSTONE. Resignation of his pen, and repudiation of Post-cards.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. Resignation of his Coronet, and retirement from the Leadership of the Conservative Party.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON. Resignation of the Permissive Bill, and withdrawal from comic oratory.

MR. WHALLEY. Resignation of the friendship of "the unfortunate nobleman," and the post of Inquisitor-General into the criminal acts and intentions of the Society of Jesuits.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT. Resignation of the supervision of Indian Finance, and retirement from the discussion of the Eastern Question.

LORD HARTINGTON. Resignation of the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of MR. FORSTER.

MR. FORSTER. Resignation of all claims to the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of MR. LOWE.

MR. LOWE. Resignation of all claims to the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of MR. FORSTER.

MR. HOLMS. Resignation of the post of chief critic of Military Measures, for a Sub-Lieutenancy (on probation) in the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Light Infantry Militia.

MR. PLIMSOLL. Resignation of his seat for Derby, with a view to accept a Partnership in an "Unlucky" firm of Ship-owners.

MR. BIGGAR—

But here *Mr. Punch* draws the line—some subjects are beyond a joke. MR. BIGGAR, like potatoes, is one of them.

Church over State.

To judge by the cool Address just submitted to the Archbishops and Bishops by a body of Clergy of the Established Church, headed by the Dean of St. Paul's, and including three other Deans, eight Archdeacons, and a Regius Professor of Theology, which demands for Convocation the right to make laws for the Church, along with, but naturally, of course, over the head of, Parliament (the spiritual clearly ranking above the secular), the Church of England needs ridding not of one Tooth only, but a whole set.

view of the subscription list not being quite so full as I might naturally expect (it is not yet completed—and you haven't, I regret to see, exhibited it in your window in Fleet Street—why this delay?), not to purchase, but to hire. I forget the exact distance from here to Khiva. But one can't hurt much at eighteenpence an hour (half-a-crown for the first and eightpence for all the others—of course I take all the others and let some one else have the first), and a reduction will be made on taking a quantity.

I am off now to see about the horse. After that I must call in at MAY'S, the costumier's, about my dresses. The Courier of St. Petersburg used to have at least six, one after the other, appearing in the third as *Mr. Pickwick* (spelt *Kjgkkip* in Russian, which is spoken, as read, backwards, and takes some time to master), and finally as *Apollo*, but this is for a different climate.

I have got my saddlebags containing provisions, warming-pan (an article absolutely indispensable in the cold climate to which I am going), matches, saucepans, patent smokeless stoves, coals, and (by the kind permission of MR. CHATTERTON), the red-hot poker out of the last Christmas Pantomime.

A semi-grand piano, fitted up inside as a comfortable bed-room, all complete, a store of American beef, a cellaret of beer, champagne (*Pommery* and *Greno très sec*, because it keeps dry in all climates), and a few other articles, the list of which would make this article unnecessarily lengthy, complete my Christopher—I mean my kit.

Directly the last subscription is paid in to my account, or a sufficiently good promise to that effect, be deposited with my banker in writing, but not till then, I am off, till which happy moment, believe me to remain here pluckily and dashing as ever,

YOUR RIDING REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. I re-open this to say that I think I've just met with the animal to suit me. A quiet, steady, handsome cob, fourteen-and-a-half by ten, warranted sound, at one-and-sixpence an hour, or to be sold, by the pound, or square inch. I'm to try him in Rotten Row to-morrow. Look out!

A VISION OF ACCLIMATISATION.



EDWARD WILSON, in a paper read some months ago at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, treats acclimatisation, in its more general aspect. MR. WILSON views the problem somewhat enthusiastically, and considers that the command given to NOAH, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,' conveys by implication a direct order to take the work of acclimatisation in hand. . . . But it might, perhaps, be possible to acclimatise in England the beautiful little green and yellow Australian parroquet which has of late years been such a favourite in English homes. . . . What prevents an effort to add to our domestic poultry the savoury and easily-bred curassow and guan; why should the quail and the prairie-hen be unknown on our downs;

what forbids the rearing of flocks of llamas and vicuñas?"—*Daily Telegraph*.

MR. PUNCH,

I'd been reading my *Telegraph*. Excellent paper, no doubt, Only rather too nuts on big words, which do put a plain body about. And I nodded and napped o'er a leader on something as ended in "ation."

Let's see—'twas a double "c"—ah, I've got it, a-c-c-l-i-m-a-t-i-s-a-t-i-o-n!

It seems there's a party named WILSON, a lively Colonial chap, Whose notions had got in my noddle before I indulged in that nap. He holds that "Be fruitful and multiply" means that our duty is clear

To bring in beasts and birds from abroad, a translation which strikes me as queer.

Well, I dropped off to sleep, as I say; and, good gracious, the visions I had!

Which I don't think I've been to the Zoo since I fed the brown bears as a lad.

But the Regency Park broken loose, Sir, with Jamrach's all out on the spree,

Plus NOAH'S Ark emptied, warn't nothing to what in my visions I see!

MR. WILSON lets monkeys run loose in his garden—I'd shoot 'em or trap 'em—

But Gorillas was lambs to the creatures as larked in my garden, at Clapham.

Young crockydiles splashed in my pond, Sir, and gobbled my gold-fish like fun;

While a Grizzly had climbed up my flag-staff, and wouldn't be bribed with a bun!

If I have an aversion, it's Snakes (though they say they're like chicking when cooked);

And a thing, like six yards of green spangles, his tail up my poplar had hooked,

While he dangled below like a S, in a way as seemed playful and mild,

But which scared the Nuss into highsterics and druv little TOMMY half wild.

I casts a wild eye at my poultry-run. Bless you, behind its trim pales

There was twenty young Ostriches tramping, and feeding on pebbles and mails.

And there, in my paddock, where Blossom, the gentlest of Alderneys, grazes,

A Buffer, with two six-foot horns, was rampaging and rooting the daisies.

My rabbits and pigeons were banished by monkeys and squalling macaws,

And where my boy's "moke" had been tethered a Zebra was snapping its jaws.

In fact, Sir, both in-doors and out, 'stead o' creatures familiar and tame, There was nothing but quadrupeds queer and rum birds I'd be sorry to name.

Well, I woke with a jump, and no wonder. "But this is mere dreaming," says you.

Why yes. But if parties like WILSON ain't dropped on, sech dreams may come true.

"Replenish the earth!" Very proper; but not with strange varmint, say I.

Let each land keep its own, and, if that isn't Nature, I'd like to ask why?

I know these acclimati—thingummy parties of old. It was they As wanted to make us eat horse, snake, and cat. That game didn't pay;

And now they'd have apes in our gardens, and shrill parroquets in our parks.

Curassows and guans for poultry! No fear, while we've chickens and larks.

Their Llamas, Vicuñas, and similar crackjawish creatures may do For far furrin parts; but our Shorthorns and Southdowns 'ud make 'em look blue.

Let us stick to our own native produce, Acclimatisation's all fudge; At least, Mr. Punch, them's the views of

Yours faithfully,

JEREMY BUDGE.

"SHAKSPEARIAN NOTES."

(A suggestion, in dramatic form, made to MR. HENRY IRVING by a First Utility Gentleman, who has read his learned paper on "The Third Murderer in Macbeth," in this month's number of "The Nineteenth Century.")

THE question is, "Why were there three Murderers for *Banquo* when *Macbeth* had previously commissioned only two?" MR. IRVING has his view of the matter; it is a neat conceit. I have my view of the matter; it is a practical explanation. I have only to add, Sir, that but for the jealousy and spite of some parties who shall be nameless, and ought to be fameless, I, Sir, should long ago, ere this, have topped the pinnacle of my dramatic ambition, and have been billed all over the Metropolis and the provinces as *The* only Legitimate Tragedian. But no—I will not detain you further, Sir—a time will come,—it hasn't yet, but it will,—till then I am, till "this too solid flesh shall melt,"

Thine as thou usest me,

CHARLES, YOUR FRIEND.

P.S. I assume in the subjoined dramatic suggestion that *Macbeth* was produced before SHAKSPEARE was BURBAGE's partner in management. If there is anything wrong with my view of facts, why, Sir, as the late MR. DUCHOW used to observe, "so much the wusser for the fax."

Now then, walk up, walk up, and see:—

HOW THE "THIRD MURDERER CAME TO BE INTRODUCED INTO MACBETH."

SCENE.—*The Stage of the Globe Theatre. Date, 1606. A rehearsal of "Macbeth" is just over, and the Manager and the Author, MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, are standing together. The Company is not yet dismissed, as the Prompter has requested them to stop until he has ascertained what time the piece is to be "called" for to-morrow.*

Mr. William Shakspeare. Marry, come up! but my piece seemeth in a fair way to make a hit. The rehearsal went uncommonly well to-day, BURBY, eh?

The Manager (dubiously). Yes. I think you'll have to cut the witches and the cauldron after the first night. We don't want 'em to "guy" the piece in the first scene, and call for "Hot Coddins," as 'twere a Christmas Pantomime.

Mr. William Shakspeare. P'fakins! my dear BURBY, if they do but their witching gently, there'll be no pantomime in it, I warrant ye.

[BURBAGE shakes his head. At this moment a seedy looking person, with a strip of paper in his hand, approaches MR. BURBAGE deferentially, but with the constrained air of one acting under a painful sense of duty. He meets MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S affable smile with a scowl of the most intense resentment.]

Burbage (to seedy individual). Now then!—I mean marry come up, TYMKN. What is it?

Tymkn (presenting the strip of paper to BURBAGE). By my halidome, MASTER BURBAGE, I must ask to be relieved of this part.

Burbage (putting his hands behind his back and eyeing the strip of paper cautiously). What's this?

Tymkyn. B'yr Ladye, Sir, and you do well to ask. *This is what MR. SHAKSPEARE, Sir, calls a good part, I suppose (with an indignant glare at MR. SHAKSPEARE).* It may be good enough for him who can't do nothing much above Ghostesses in his 'Amlets and such like, but it won't do for TYMKYN, Sir. *(With dignified pathos.)* I have played, to oblige you, MR. BURBAGE, many a bad part since I've been in your company, and I've seen the fat given to others for the asking, but b'yr La'kin, never have I played such a bad part as this, and—and—*(stifling his emotion)* I beg to be relieved of it. Give it to the call-boy, or one of the dressers, but I have a position in this theatre, and by the merry maskins, i'fakins, and gadso, I mean to keep it!

Burbage (in a conciliatory tone). Well, well, I've no doubt MR. SHAKSPEARE can write it up a bit. Eh? *(Turns to MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE).*

Mr. William Shakspeare (dubiously twiddles his moustache and twitches the tuft on his chin). Hum! Well, you see—the piece is written—and to interpolate now would upset the whole thing. Besides *(determined not to yield if he can help it)* the part is really a very good one.

Tymkyn (superciliously). Not a length, Sir. I am only "The Attendant." *[Exhibits the strip disdainfully.]*

Mr. William Shakspeare (slightly bothered). Well, there's not much to say—but, in a drama of this nature, the doing is more important than the saying. Besides *(with the gleam of inspiration),* you are on the stage most of the time.

Tymkyn. Once, in the stage directions, MR. SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. William Shakspeare. But *(to Prompter)* give me my manuscript. *(Prompter hands it to him. He refers to it.)* Ah! I thought so. *(He had forgotten when the Attendant had to appear.)* You are on in Act iii., Scene 1,—a most important situation. You have to say—

Tymkyn (with a smile of ineffable scorn). One line, Sir; only one line, and that *(with inexpressible contempt)* as a mere feeder for *Macbeth*.

Mr. William Shakspeare (shifting his argument). But immediately afterwards you usher in the two Murderers—the most intense scene in the play.

Tymkyn (with well assumed indifference). Perhaps so, Sir. I have not seen it, as I am at once ordered off the stage by *Macbeth*, and told to stay outside the door until he and the two Murderers call for me. And—allow me to add, MR. SHAKSPEARE,—I don't know whether it were a noversight on your part or not, but *(in a tone of the deepest injury)* they never do call for me. *(Stifles his emotion, and resumes.)* The consequence is, Sir, that I do not appear again.

Burbage (half aside, to SHAKSPEARE). You know you do want a good man in the Attendant's part. TYMKYN'll do it for you, if you just give him a line or two more, and bring him on again with a line or two. You know he can speak the lines if you give 'em to him. Marry come up, WILL!

Mr. William Shakspeare (meditatively). I might make him a Fourth Witch.

Burbage. Now, by my halidome, that shalt thou not! No more of your aointed witches. No, no! Rather have another Murderer.

Tymkyn (overhearing and catching at the idea). Ay, b'yr La'kin', and give me a fight with *Bango*, or whatever his name is. I have friends, Sir, in front, who expect somewhat from RALPH TYMKYN—and sturdy knaves, too, I warrant you, whose hands are as horny for clapping, and their throats as potent for hissing, as their neighbours'.

Mr. William Shakspeare (after considering the M.S. attentively). 'Tis well, MASTER TYMKYN! Thou shalt have thy lines *(colloquially).* I'll bring you in, as MR. BURBAGE has suggested, as a Third Murderer. I'll give you some first-rate bits—short, but telling—and we'll arrange the business of the fight at rehearsal.

Tymkyn (determined not to lose his opportunity). I'm up to all sorts of combats, and, if necessary, can go through two or three traps. We've got one here that was used for the *Grave-Digger* in *Hamlet*, and b'yr leave.

Burbage (hastily). Nay, nay, MASTER TYMKYN, trap me no traps 'till Yule-tide be come again, and we play a *Mystery*. *(Dismissing him.)* You'll have your part with the new matter to-morrow.

[Looks towards WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, who is already seated at Prompter's table busily engaged in altering So. 1, Act iii., so as to introduce the Attendant who is to 'double' the part of the 'Third Murderer.' SHAKSPEARE looks up for a second, nods assent, then resumes his work.]

Tymkyn (saluting MR. BURBAGE with much courtesy). Give ye good den, MASTER BURBAGE. *(To MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.)* And you, too, MASTER SHAKSPEARE. Give you good den, Sir. *Sola! sola!* *[Exit strutingly.]*

The next day at rehearsal, MASTER RALPH TYMKYN was presented with a part carefully written out in the largest and roundest hand, extending over three pages, and containing several additional lines for the Attendant, who thenceforth doubled the character of the Third Murderer.

A SAILOR'S FRIEND.

THE subjoined paragraph of news may suggest a reminiscence to some of the elder readers of *Punch*:—

"THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY.—The PRINCE OF WALES has sent a subscription of £50 to the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society (late *Dreadnought*), Greenwich, through His Grace the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND."

A woodcut extant on one of *Mr. Punch's* preceding pages is also engraven on the memory of patriarchs. They remember LERON's representation of the PRINCE OF WALES as a sailor-boy, on tiptoes, presenting a British Tar with a glass of grog. That was a donation, suitable to the years of His Royal Highness, in testimonial of his kindly consideration of poor JACK. Another as suitable to his present age and position, is this contribution to the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society, which greatly needed it, and which are still open to liberal donations from all disposed to emulate a princely example.

Death Kept at Arm's Length.

A LINE has clearly been dropped out of the following advertisement:—

DO NOT UNTIMELY DIE!—BLANK'S STOMACH MIXTURE. Bowel Complaints cured with one dose; Typhus or Low Fever cured with two doses; Diphtheria cured with three doses; Scarlet Fever cured with four doses; Cholera cured with five doses.

The last line (to match with the first) must have been—

"Death cured with six doses!"

An Ill-used Sovereign.

GARTER King-at-Arms has been down at Windsor removing the insignia of the penultimate Sultan from among those of the Knights of the Garter.

Is it possible they are not going to put up those of his reigning successor?

What did ABDUL-AZZIZ do to deserve the honour that ABDUL-HAMID has done not to deserve it?

An Odd Want.

"WANTED, a Young Woman, to wash pots: to live in."—*Manchester Guardian*.

WE have heard of an advertisement, "Wanted, a Hermit," but we did not expect to see an advertisement, "Wanted, a Diogenes—Female." What can she be wanted for? To go about with a lantern looking for an honest Manchester man?

A Long Look Ahead.

THE Mayor and Town Council of Luton, in their address to the MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK on her marriage, expressed the hope "that her most noble consort and herself might witness the transmission to remote posterity of the illustrious honours of their great ancestral house." This is pushing their hopes very far indeed into the future.

"WHICHEVER YOU PLEASE, MY LITTLE DEAR."

MRS. MALAPROP writes to ask us to explain the difference, if any, in the meaning of two phrases she often sees in her paper; viz., "The question of the Eastern Position," and "the position of the Eastern Question." [*Punch* must decline the attempt. There is no difference, in one respect. Both are equally puzzling.]

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER IN DAHOMEY.

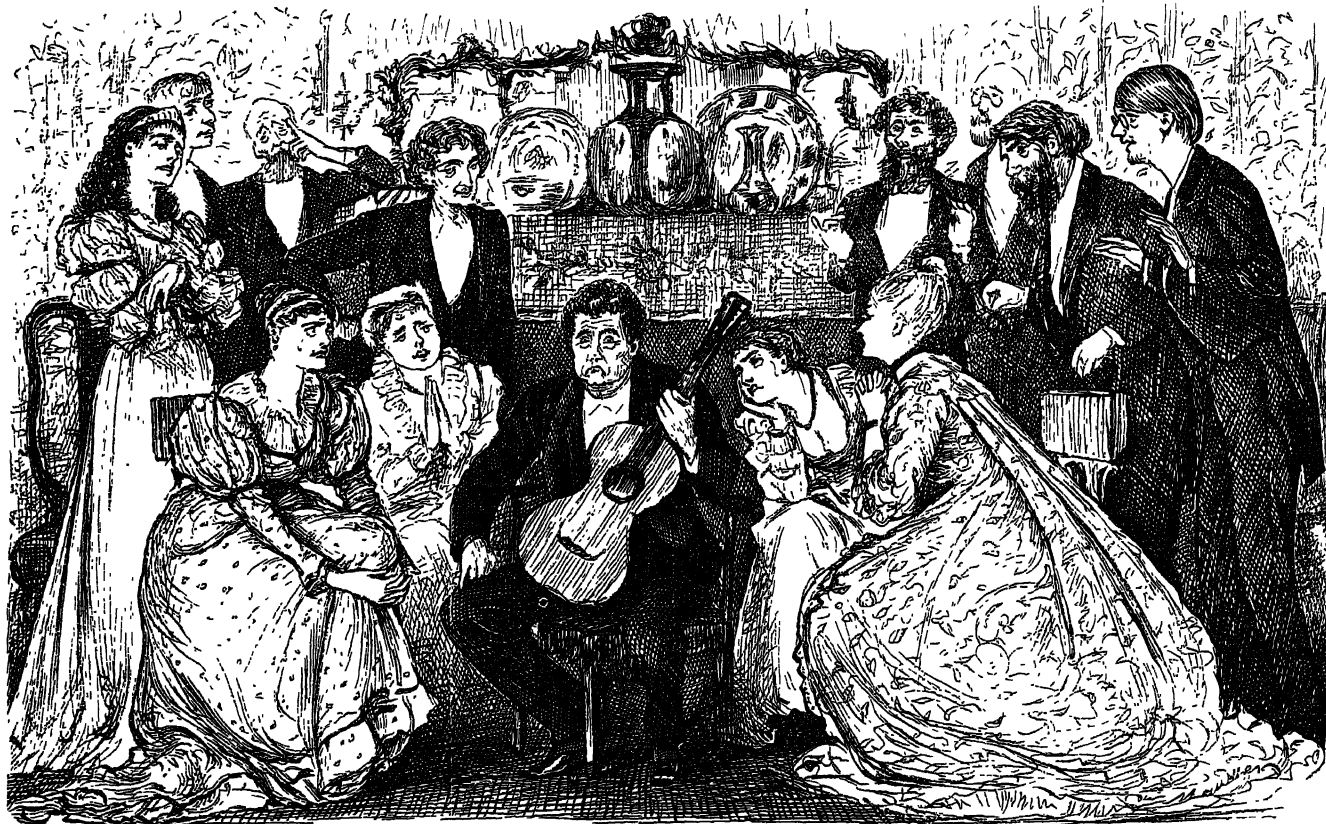
SINCE the capital of Dahomey is Abomey, suppose the country were re-christened Abomey(i)nation?

FROM THE ERA.

THE VOKES Family advertise their "Spring Tour." As if a tour of the VOKESSES could be anything but *springy*!

THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT.

APT quotation 'for the "Member for Jerusalem"—"Write me down an Ass."



FLIPPANCY PUNISHED.

THE CIMABUE BROWNS, AND THEIR FRIENDS, FORM ONE OF THE NICEST AND MOST ARTISTIC SETS IN BROMPTION, BUT THEY HOLD ALL THINGS MODERN IN CONTEMPT, ESPECIALLY MODERN MUSIC. ONE EVENING GRIGSBY VOLUNTEERS TO SING THEM WHAT HE CALLS A "FLORENTINE CANZONET OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY," BUT WHAT IS IN REALITY A MAUNDERING IMPROVISATION OF HIS OWN, IN A MINOR KEY, WITH MOCK ITALIAN WORDS OF THE MOST IDIOTIC DESCRIPTION, ALSO INVENTED BY HIM ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT. THE EFFECT IS MAGICAL, TEARS FLOW FREELY, AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC ENCORE GREETES THE PERFORMER. UNFORTUNATELY, THE PERFORMANCE BEING AN EXTEMPORE ONE, HE CANNOT REPEAT IT, AND IS MUCH EMBARRASSED BY THE SUCCESS OF HIS FEEBLE JOKE.

"ARCADES AMBO!"

SCENE.—A wooded valley in Arcadia with a view of rich pastures in the distance. Trees recently cut down in the fore-ground. English Shepherd discovered writing with extreme rapidity. To him enter Foreign Shepherd, leisurely.

Foreign Shepherd. Good day, busy Shepherd! You see I have come to join you for awhile, in hopes, under your kindly guidance, here to steep my soul in the refreshing balm of pastoral retirement.

English Shepherd (hurriedly). Glad to see you! but really I am so very busy. Should prefer answering inquiries by post-card.

Foreign Shepherd. Much-troubled Shepherd, you surprise me. I had imagined Arcadia the land of leisure.

English Shepherd. Ah! a vulgar error, I assure you. But as you are a stranger, I will try to spare you five minutes. Now then, what can I do for you? Is there anything you want information about—guidance—encouragement—give it a name?

Foreign Shepherd. Allow me first to give you my own—BISMARCK.

English Shepherd (politely). Prince! A thousand pardons! I had not recognised your Highness. I need scarcely say that I shall be only too delighted to give you any information you may require about this new scene—this land not of lotos-eating, but of laborious leisure, where it is *never*—rather than *always*—afternoon; at least, never after post-time.

Foreign Shepherd. Thanks! First, then, as *Hamlet* says, can you play on this pipe, and teach me to do the same?

English Shepherd. Theoretically I can do both, but perhaps you had better wait till my essay on the subject—written for the *Twentieth Century*, the Magazine of the Future—is published. In it I have gone into the matter of piping, and the varieties of *syrrinx*, *tibia*, and *adula*, with their different musical modes, rather deeply. I think you will find my authorities tolerably complete, and my deductions from them satisfactory.

Foreign Shepherd. I doubt it not, Shepherd. Next, can you put me up to anything in the breeding and care of sheep, and the shearing, and fattening, killing, and cooking them?

English Shepherd. I have touched upon all these matters incidentally in an *excursus* I am writing upon "the Pastoral Life and its Occupations," to be printed in the appendix of my treatise on "The Moon, and how to get there, with stray thoughts upon Balloons and the Electric Telegraph."

Foreign Shepherd. May I ask how you manage your own flock?

English Shepherd. Nay—my days of practical Shepherd-life are over. I am so busy with other matters, that I have pretty well lost sight of my late sheep.

Foreign Shepherd. Busy! Not with that most wearisome of all work—politics—I hope?

English Shepherd. I came here, like yourself, to avoid it. If I write a score of political pamphlets in a year, or deliver as many political speeches in a month, it is quite as much, in *that* line, as I can find time for. No. I have turned over my crook to my excellent young friend, HARTINGTON. A few hints a day about the leadership of the party is the limit of my interference. You see he must learn to walk alone. In fact I am too old for political work. I am here to enjoy ease with dignity, and a due allowance of letter-writing.

Foreign Shepherd. My case to a nicety, except the letter-writing. And how do you get through your time? Sleeping under the trees,—"Tityre tu patula"—eh?

English Shepherd. Well, no, not exactly. You see I am rather fond of wood-cutting, and should have made short work, ere this, with most of the timber in Arcadia, had not the native Shepherds, with less taste for strenuous occupation, violently interfered.

Foreign Shepherd. Dear me! I had thought that the inhabitants of this charming country were the peacefullest of people.

English Shepherd. Well the fact is, we don't quite suit each other. They actually got up an indignation meeting the other day to protest against what they call my "restlessness." I made



“ARCADES AMBO!”

PRINCE B—SM—K. “AH, YOU DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE ME IN ARCADIA—NEIN?”

RIGHT HON. W. E. G. “O, YOU’LL NOT FIND IT AT ALL DULL! LOTS TO DO! LOOK AT ME!!!”

a speech six hours' long, wrote four pamphlets, and entered into a correspondence with six daily papers to show how little ground there was for the charge. In the little game of pen and ink I soon tired 'em all out; but this threw my private letters into arrears. As soon, however, as I have brought up my correspondence, I hope to get back to my axe again.

Foreign Shepherd. Do the Arcadians ever dance?

English Shepherd. They did. The first day I joined them they wanted me to step a measure. In answer to their invitation I delivered a lecture, in two parts, upon dancing from the earliest days, illustrated with extracts from the Classical Authors. The delivery of that took me only a summer's day, but the Arcadians are a superficial people, and easily tired. They flatly refused to hear "Part Two," which I had reserved for the day following.

Foreign Shepherd. And pray how do you employ your time when not writing or wood-cutting?

English Shepherd. My leisure.—Oh, in the most delightful manner. I rise early to call the larks and look after the early birds in their pursuit of the worms. Then I give the wood-nymphs a field lecture on Botany; or may drop in upon Pan for a discussion of the music of the Past, the Present, and the Future; then I am putting into a form borrowed from the *Cynægetica* of XENOPHON a little catechism of Hunting in its various branches, for the use of Diana. By this time it is the hour to sit down to my regular work. First I dispose of my rather miscellaneous outer-world correspondence. Here is the list of subjects I have to write upon to-day, alphabetically arranged. Acrobatic performances, Butterflies, Cape Horn, Damson tart, Early potatoes, French polish, Geography of Eastern Australia, Hams, Insurance Companies, Jelly, King-fishers, Lent customs, Mormon history, Negro melodies, Pepper, Queer Street, Rope-rigging, Steam, Tide-waiters, Umpires at boat-races, Vehicles of the early Greeks, Warts, Xerxes as an organiser, Young Gentlemen's school-hampers, and *Zanoni*, in relation to MASKELYNE and COOKE's entertainment. Next—But a thousand pardons, your Highness, my promised five minutes are consumed, and I must hence.

Foreign Shepherd. Whither away, strenuous Shepherd?

English Shepherd. In search of atrocities amongst the Satyrs.

[Exit hurriedly.]

Foreign Shepherd (smiling). I wonder if there will be room in Arcadia for both of us!

(Scene closes in.)

POULTERERS AND POACHERS.



NATURAL History, of course, during the Easter Recess, turned up in the papers. One Correspondent announced that he had heard the cuckoo, another the nightingale; others had seen martins and swallows.

"OBSERVER," in the *Times*, said that he had observed golden orioles on the grass in Hyde Park. A subsequent letter-writer stated that his attention had been attracted there by some wheat-ears, and suggested that "OBSERVER" had mistaken

them for orioles; as though wheatears and orioles were birds of a feather. Can the wheatears so-called have really been, yellow-hammers, or green-finches, or large tom-tits?

However, in Hyde Park, both wheatears and orioles, if rare, would yet have been seasonable. Not so the birds seen by another *Times* Correspondent, "A NATURALIST," in sundry poulterer's shops, birds *par excellence*, partridges. Ay, and moreover, capercaillie, black game, ptarmigan, pinnated grouse, quail, golden plover, lapwing, wild-duck, widgeon, pintails, and teal—the Wild Birds' Protection Act notwithstanding.

The ptarmigan probably came from the North of Europe, the pinnated grouse are Yankees, but whence were the widgeon, teal, wild

duck, and the other wild-fowl? And above all, whence the partridges? Perhaps some poulterer may be penman enough to explain. On the first of February, say the Almanacks, "Partridge-shooting ends." Does it? Perhaps it does, and perhaps partridge-netting begins. What say the poulterers?

Everybody knows that the birds above enumerated ought all at this time to be hatching their eggs, or foraging for their young, and not hanging up for sale. Also, that to eat birds at breeding-time is the way to exterminate them and destroy food. Poaching, always bad enough, is, during the close months, too bad. It would have been scorned by the genuine old poacher, the burden of whose song was:—

"'Tis my delight, of a shiny night,
In the season of the year."

But your poulterers' poachers poach without limitation by the season. They poach, as zealous pastors preach, in season and out of season.

The poulterers will perhaps say that their poachers poach out of British bounds. In that case it may be worth while to consider LORD COLVILLE's question in the *Times*:—

"If no other method can be devised for stopping this illegitimate traffic, would it not be desirable that a Bill should be passed through Parliament entirely prohibiting the sale of any game, protected by British Game Laws, after the expiration of the time during which such game may be killed?"

In a quaint volume, composed in pre-scientific days, an old English writer, to account for the simultaneous appearance of birds of passage all over England, gravely broached the speculation that they descended from the moon. If poulterers could prove that their shops were supplied from our satellite, then indeed, perhaps, they might plead some justification for selling game and wildfowl out of season.

PADDY STOPS THE WAY.

PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.—"MR. BIGGAR, M.P., has placed upon the 'Order Book' of the House of Commons notices of his intention to move the rejection of the following Bills:—1. The Prisons (Scotland) Bill; 2. The Public Health (Ireland) Bill; 3. The Valuation of Property (Ireland) Bill; 4. The Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Bill; 5. The Marine Mutiny Bill; 6. The Mutiny Bill; 7. The House Occupiers' Disqualification Removal Bill; 8. The Supreme Court of Judicature (Ireland) Bill; 9. The Patents for Inventions Bill; 10. The Threshing Machines Bill; 11. The Peerage of Ireland Bill; 12. The Legal Practitioners' Bill; 13. The Divine Worship Facilities Bill. All these Bills the Honourable Member proposes to proceed with 'this day six months.'—*The Times*.

LONG Pat had been plotting to lay a new tax on
The soul of the slow and long-suffering Saxon.
Some new "Irish grievance," for pinching the toes,
Not of poor brogueless Pat but his Sassenach foes.
He has tried much manœuvring more or less clever
The links twixt himself and the Saxon to sever.
He blew up our prisons—the Saxon was steel,
And potting our peelers secured not repeal.
The dull British Pharaoh his heart could e'en harden
'Gainst patriot shines in O'B.'s Cabbage Garden.
He slanged us,—we spared him our toil and our time;
We gave,—it was nought: we withheld,—'twas a crime.
One party worked hard for him. Pat did his best
To bundle them out of the Treasury nest;
But when his best friends shivered out in the cold,
And their rivals sat snug in the Government fold,
Still Pat was not happy. Says he, with a groan,
"They refuse me a Parliament-House of me own,
And so, by me sowl, I'll be plantin' me snares
To play up the devil's divarshin with theirs."
At length, knowin' Pat thought of scoring a chalk,
By unlimited Blue-Book and infinite talk.
Wordy flux from wide mouths that no floodgates can shut,
The drawl of a BIGGAR, the flow of a BUTT,
Or PARNELL's Blue-Book readings, he hopes may avail,
Where spurts of seditious scurrility fail.
The Government carriage all progress must stay,
Because noisy Pat's patent-drag stops the way.
But surely the task doesn't happily fit
A boy of renown for his smartness and wit.
'Tis hardly the part of a patriot sublime
To dribble out Blue-Book, and talk against time,
With a view, so they say—is he quite such a fool?—
To bother the Saxon, and further Home-Rule.
No, Pat, it won't wash. It is all very well
For BIGGAR, and CALLAN, and KIRK, and PARNELL,
To block up the road, while JOHN BULL is at play;
But when he means business, he'll soon clear the way!

THE PLACE TO SPEND ALL FOOLS' DAY.—*Madame Tous-sots'.*



CIVILISATION.

"I SAY, GUV'NER—YEE AIN'T SEEN A COVE WITH MY SECOND MOKE, AR YER?"

OUR GLORIOUS RESTORATION.

DEAR PUNCH,

OUR Parish Church has recently had the benefit of restoration, under the stimulus of the zeal of our High young Vicar, and a party he has got to back him. This operation has been effected by the combined forces of a subscription, a restorative architect, a solemn clerk of the works, a gang of very beery workmen, and large libations of the necessary liquor, to keep their clay in the state of moisture required for working.

Great glory has been achieved by the powers that be—the Vicar, the Restoration Committee, the resident ecclesiologist, and others.

The old pews having been torn down, the memorial stones, thrust into holes and corners, many cartloads of consecrated earth, with a due proportion of humanity among the mould, used for filling up an old sawpit, the long series of triumphs has culminated in an auction, a sort of rag-and-bone sale of the *dissecta membra* of our Parish Church, now effectually turned out of windows. Imagine, dear *Punch*, the feelings of an unecclesiological parishioner, like myself, on reading the placard—

"To be Sold, &c., &c.—Carved Oak Pulpit—handsome Stone Font, date unknown—curious oak panelling, time of QUEEN ELIZABETH—all in consequence of the restoration of the Church."

Brisk firewood prices were realised, and marine-store-dealers seemed to be having what their American cousins call "a good time." Some of the decorators, probably members of Archaeological Societies, were heard to deplore the loss that had been sustained through much of the old wood having been appropriated surreptitiously by the workmen for their own fires.

I take the liberty of offering some suggestions to those who are about to have the same operation performed in their own parishes. For instance, the expenses of the Auctioneer might be saved by the Sexton being employed on Sundays to dispose of the various properties by retail, at the church doors, after service—when once service is set going again. The chance of purchasing a lot of nice firewood cheap would often be appreciated by the congregation.

Then why should an expensive gang of workmen be called in merely to destroy? Could not the Vicar, Clerk, and Sexton, in the

words of MACAULAY, "gird up their gowns, seize hatchet, bar, and crow, and aid in the work of demolition"? The National School children, too, would be edified by the spectacle and delighted, I am sure, to take part in it. We are at the present time teaching them, by books only, a great deal about the Goths and Vandals; we might thus give them an illustration by example of those barbarians in action. Besides it is such a great thing to sweep away all the incongruities of the last three hundred years—above all to get rid of all traces of what our High young Vicar is in the habit of inveighing against by the name of that "pernicious Protestantism," and to bring the Parish Church back to the beauty of what he calls "primitive times."

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours,

A LOW PARTY
Sludgecombe, Kent. (who liked the old Church).

Prejudiced to the Backbone.

THESE are hardly the days in which to establish a fresh class of privileged beings. Yet this is proposed by the Holt-Hardecastle Cruelty Bill, which contemplates protecting *vertebrated* animals only, and so opens a door for future agitation for removal of the Disabilities of Invertebrates. A learned Judge has been known to appeal to the "proud title" of "our common vertebration" as a ground for the courtesy of Counsel; but we doubt whether there is after all much to choose between the sensations of the live-bait, and those of the cold-blooded vertebrate who has swallowed it.

A Famous Name.

"OTTECROSSE.—March 24, at Eaton, Cheshire, the residence of her son-in-law, O. O. BUNNE, Esq., SARAH, widow of OTTIWELL OTTECROSSE, Esq., late of Eaton, in her 87th year."

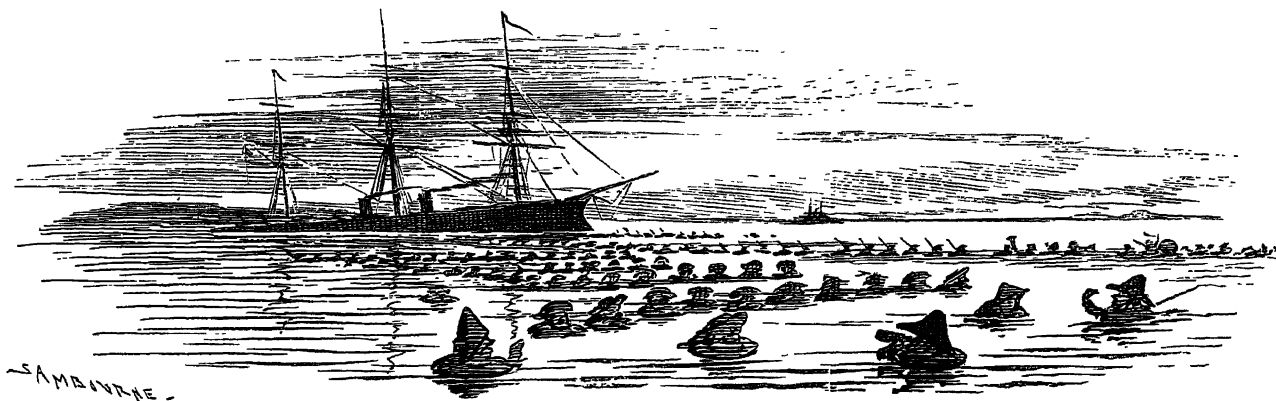
WE are sorry to add that OTTIWELL OTTECROSSE BUNNE has since given notice of a change of name. What a pity, as one of *Punch's* correspondents remarks, that the day when this venerable mother of the large family of the Eaton OTTECROSSE BUNNES departed this life was not March 30, instead of March 24.

OUR TARS OF THE FUTURE.

DEAR PUNCH,

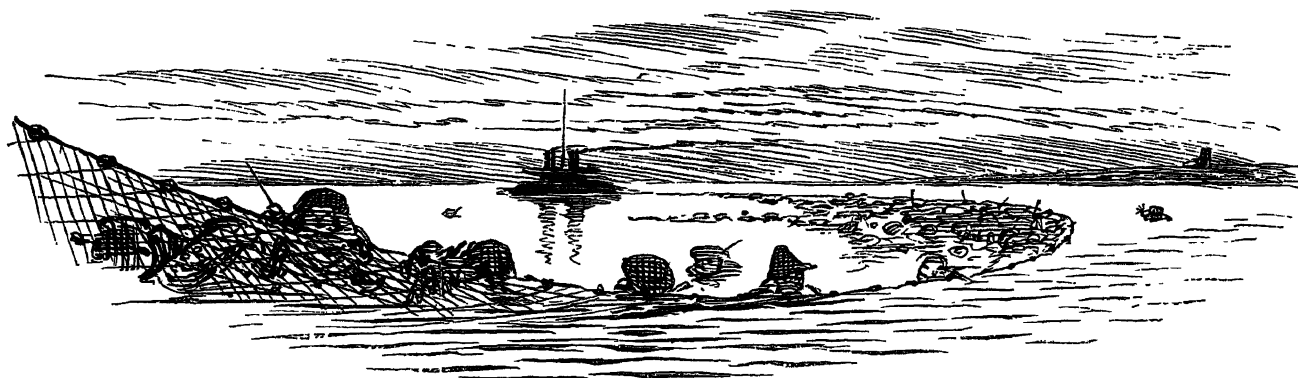
I HOPE that this letter, and the illustrations it contains, may save our gallant tars from any scare about the Whitehead torpedoes. Suppose our ships are destined to be blown to smithereens

to swimming quarters, their noses pointed to the nearest friendly port, and the word given to strike out in the order and at the pace best suited to the wind and weather. Cutlasses and axes would be served out to baffle any attempt of the enemy to catch them in nets,



by a submarine shock, or smashed by a floating gun-carriage. The worst that could happen would be that the crews would have to take the water. Of course they must be fitted for that element—

and provisions would be carried in watertight caissons. There would, of course, always be the chance of their "getting a ship" by the way. I think the future of the British sailor in war-time promises to be of



required to put on Boyton dresses before going into action, and trained to perform the usual movements in blue water as coolly as with dry deck-planks under their feet.

The moment their craft goes from under them they would be piped

the most amusing character—little more, in short, than a brief cruise in an iron-clad, followed by a prolonged period of aquatic sports and pastimes.

I am, Mr. P., yours ever,

A BUOYANT SPIRIT.

NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I READ the other day, in the *Western News*, of a difficulty that occurred at a marriage in Stoke Church, Devonport. The ring was found missing at the critical moment! This, I believe, has often happened before, but somebody has usually had presence of mind to find a substitute. On this occasion no ring could be found among the whole party, and the bride and bridegroom were going away—the one grumbling, the other scolding, when, happily, the missing link was discovered, in the bowl of the bridegroom's pipe, which he had been ill-bred enough to bring to Church in his pocket on that day of all days!

Surely, my dear Mr. Punch, this thing is an allegory—a warning against the use of the nasty filthy pipe by new married men, lest in that bowl, though not inebriating, the link between man and wife—as yet too tender to stand smoking—should disappear.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, your disobedient servant,

A SMOKED WIFE.

HOW TO CURE AN IMPRUDENT ATTACHMENT.

Materfamilias. What is to be done, my dear? He positively doats on her!

Paterfamilias. Well, we must try to find him an antidote.

SWIMMING IN THE CITY.

It may not be generally known that among the Institutions of the City of London there exists a special Society for the cultivation of the manly art of swimming. This is the London Swimming Club, quartered at the City of London Baths, Barbican, E.C. On the part of this Association, the Secretary, MR. J. WHALLEY, announces their offer "to instruct gratuitously all non-swimmers, or to recommend professional instructors to those who can afford to pay for tuition," and also—

"To assist the large wholesale houses of the City in forming swimming clubs among their *employés*, having been exceedingly successful in similar efforts in the East and West India Dock Company, where all candidates for employment must either swim or undertake to learn in a stated time."

There is an obvious sphere of usefulness for a Swimming Club in any Company employing persons about a Dock who may tumble into it. Their assistance must also be serviceable to shops and City *employés*, who often get into hot water, but not so often, as they might to their own advantage, into cold. The principals of some of those houses, besides, would be glad to learn how, under any circumstances, to keep their heads above water.

FOOD FOR THE STARVING BULGARIANS.—The "Provisions of the Protocol"!



A KIND SON.

Paterfamilias (to his Eldest Son, who is at Bartholomew's). "GEORGE, THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO SMOKE SUCH EXPENSIVE CIGARS AS THESE."

George (grandly). "FILL YOUR CASE—FILL YOUR CASE, GOV'NER!!"

THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND LAST."

PRIVATE and Confidential.—Look here, Mr. P. It really is not fair to pretend that your Reporter was overcome by the hospitality he experienced. I assure you it was the emotion; and if I *did* turn into Primrose Hill Station-House, it was simply because I mistook it for Mr. FIELDS' studio, where I understood he was painting a pendant to his great work "*The Casuals*," the title of which is to be "*The Rear of the Van*," an expressive and realistic view of the unfortunate convicts, as they are handed from the Police Omnibus to the cells. If I might suggest to the Artist, a better title would perhaps be "*The Cells and the Sold*." But this by the way. To say that I was there in either a prostrate or a ridiculous position is to stab me with a Primrose; and as to WILLS giving me Bird's Eye, I was not in his studio at all last round; and when I *was* there I was introduced to MISS CAVENDISH, who, no doubt, was ordering her portrait or a leash of dramas (a reduction, don't you see, on taking a quantity); and though her brilliant optic may have reminded me quite as much of Bird's Eye as of Cavendish, I know my manners better than to smoke before a lady. All this, as I have intimated above, is strictly private; and I shall take it as a personal affront if you further abuse my confidence and my conduct in your next number. Of course, if you didn't mean it, I apologise.

Your Reporter grieves to write "Round Last," but circumstances over which he has not sufficient control will get the better of him. The fact is, I have had a facer from cruel Fate that has knocked me into what is figuratively known as "a cocked hat."

I received a card—several cards—elegantly printed, embossed, and gilt-edged, from most of the Academicians, all the Associates, and crowds of the unappreciated outsiders, begging me "to honour them with a visit," in fact to accept their kind invitations to criticise their works with impartiality and enthusiasm, *only*—and there is much virtue in your "*only*"—I was expected to call on Sunday, the First of April! Now your Reporter has no conscience-troubled vacillations as to the right and wrong of visiting a studio on a Sunday afternoon. There are no cornfields for him to walk through at that time of year, and it is too chilly to be abroad in the meadows to view the young lambs—indeed I don't think it is good for the young lambs themselves. They run the

risk of cold, and though cold lamb, with mint-sauce, is not to be sneezed at, lamb, with a cold, and sneezing, is not pleasant. So as your critic can't pace the fields to study the works of Nature, he does the other thing, sauntering lazily from one work of Art to another, with much mental profit and æsthetic advantage at the same time. But your Reporter is not an ordinary bird, to be caught with chaff or salt.

Private views, on the First of April! No, you don't! Two can play at that old game! And yet—would you believe it?—it was all *bond fide*. Show-Sunday fell on the First this year, and the only—well, I will not say the only fool, for I was misled by the cards of invitation, and when I went round the studios on Tuesday (it was no use going on Easter Monday, you know, for I am told all the Artists go out of town on that anniversary to spend the proverbial and much-advertised happy day at Rosherville, or the best substitute for it they can find at Brighton or Woolwich Gardens), all the doors were shut in my face with a grin of the shutters, and the information that I knew very well all the pictures had "gone in."

What a loss this is to the critical and artistic public, my dear Sir, I need hardly point out. Had not this most unhappy *contretemps* interrupted the course of these "rounds," I might have described Mr. FARRIS' tremendous effort, which he has entitled "*The Crush—a Drawing-room at St. James's*." I might have told how on this crowded canvas the Aristocratic Countess, the Distracted Dowager, and the Delicate *Débutante* are seen tearing each other's lace flounces, brocade trains, and *damassés* fixings, in the desperate charge of the six hundred into the presence of Royalty.

I might have visited the studio of that Academician of delicate feelings who puts a fan up when you mention ETTY, and makes studies of the muscular system from the stuffed lay-figure—to whom the naked eye is an indelicacy, and the bare walls of his own room a painful impropriety. I would, probably, but for that unlucky First, have written a sonnet on Mr. SANDY'S grand drawing of "*Medusa Defying the Consequences*," or his poem in black chalk of "*Penelope Chewing her Back Hair*," though my lines could never come up to the Artist's in purity and grace of outline.

I would have told you how MONSIEUR TISSOT (who has become so English that he prefers being called SIR TISSOT, Esquire) received me in his *salon*-conservatory, and brought out for my decisive eye his charming study called "*The Female Four-Oar*,"—four bewitching ballet-girls, in sailor costume, rowing with the Artist as coxswain down at Henley. I could have given you valuable information about his allegorical picture, "*Beauty as a Beast*." "*Mon, cher*," (he always speaks French to me,) "the British Public wants more Poetry, more *Sentiment*. *Eh bien*, I will give it them, *mon ami*,—*tout chaud*."

You should have heard how I called on BOUGHTON, and saw his "*Primrose Family looking for themselves in a Wood*," how I revelled in a canvas of ORCHARDSON'S, fifteen feet long by two in height, called "*Bill Stickers Beware!*"—a single murdered page lying in the right corner with a dagger in his bosom, while the top of a middle-aged head-dress, just seen above the broken bottles, suggests a female interest in the unfortunate victim, or how I took part in PETTIE'S *Rapier and Dagger Fight*, all point and edge, snip and snap, slash and slash, like *Petruchio's* wife's gown.

I could have mentioned STOREY'S "*Pumps at Bath*," BRITTON RIVIERE'S "*One Little Pig had none*," HAYWOOD HARDY'S "*Stampede at the Zoo*," FRANK HOLLI'S "*Undertaker's Delight*," VANDYKE BROWN'S "*Definitive and Decisive Burial of Harold's Body*," and ROSE MADDER'S "*Caruliflowers and Melted Butter*." But as these pictures, like the *Critic's* Armada, were not in sight, I could not see them, and so am reluctantly obliged to be silent. And, after all, "silence is golden;" so pay me for mine—a cheque will do—and do not, in your satirical way, insinuate that I was incapacitated by numberless nips (*Number Nip*, by the way, is a malignant fairy who might have tempted me into excesses), from standing another Round.

No, Sir, this would be treatment worthy of low and scurrilous publications, not received on the drawing-room tables of Belgravia, or the boudoir chiffoniers of Carlton Gardens. I repeat, Sir, my silence was due to the fact that Show Sunday happened to fall on the First of April—a day of which I wish you many happy returns.

VICTORY OVER VANDALS.



ERILY, *Mr. Punch*, for a long time past, in daily perusing your contemporaries, your exclamation must have been "Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of dulness! No news, ye newspapers, but the most dreary, disheartening, and dry? No relief to Parliamentary prose and the pestilent Eastern Question?" Well, Sir, here is some set-off to discomfort, to common-place and twaddle; to tales of atrocities, outrages, and Vandalisms. Here is exhilarating intelligence. I quote the *Times* :—

"HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE RAILWAY.—MR. H. R. WILLIAMS writes to us from Oak Lodge, Highgate, N. :—'The Bill of the North Metropolitan High Level Railway Company has just been withdrawn by its promoters. Thus ends, after more than one fruitless attempt to launch it, a scheme which would have benefited no one (except its promoters), having no single feature of public utility to recommend it, and with the absolute certainty of spoiling two of the finest suburbs of London.'"

mend it, and with the absolute certainty of spoiling two of the finest suburbs of London."

Hooray! These are glad tidings, Sir, to myself at least, as one who has the heart that can feel for another. The defacement at the hands of the North Metropolitan High Level Railway Company, happily averted from Hampstead and Highgate, is the like of that which my Common has been threatened with by the London and South-Western. I hope their project of encroachment will be defeated also by the effectual opposition of the Open Space Defenders in Parliament to the Railway interest with their policy of steam and iron. But to insure my delivery from the hands of those Philistines who are doing their utmost to despoil me by adding inroad to Railroad, pray, Sir, exhort my Parliamentary friends and well-wishers to use careful watch for the preservation of the pleasant vicinage of your suburban

BARNES.

P.S.—It is all very well to remove all impediments to progress, but I dread the abolition of the toll on Hammersmith Bridge. One consequence will be that my little quiet promontory, or peninsula, will very soon be built all over, and I shall be surrounded and suffocated with slums. Who will not be very much the less happy for all this, and who any the happier but landlords and builders?

REVOLUTION AVERTED!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

My attention has been called to an article by the RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE, K.S.I., &c., in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* (a periodical I am free to say I never read before), in which he compares the feudal land-laws of England and France, and shows, with convincing clearness, how the main cause of the French Revolution—that which not only brought it about, but made it the horrid thing we all shudder at—was the peculiar hatred of the French peasant to the French seigneur. And yet, as SIR HENRY goes on to show, almost all the incidents of French tenure existed in England as in France. In fact the French peasant was but the English copyholder under another name. How then was it, he pertinently asks, that here in England we, having the same evils, escaped a like curse? Do not English hearts burn at injustice and wrong? Do not Englishmen nurse grievances, and thirst for revenge? SIR HENRY is not the man to ask questions and then run away from the answers. He tells us why it was.

No one of the incidents of feudal tenure was more oppressive and galling than the liability of the tenant to do taskwork for his lord. In seed-time and at harvest he had to give a day's work for nothing. He was driven reluctantly to the field, whither he went with a sore heart, and which he left at eventide with muttered curses and half-formed resolves. So grew the "rooted wrong," which it required a Revolution to remove.

In this England of ours the same liability existed, but instead of tears we had laughter—instead of curses, songs. How is this? There was, so SIR HENRY tells us, a custom in England that though the tenant was bound at certain seasons to give his lord a day's work, the

lord was bound to give the tenant, at the close of every day so spent, a DINNER!

There! How clear it all seems now! The mystery is solved. The true way of averting revolution is henceforth made plain to the meanest understanding. It lies round the dinner-table.

In course of time, when the lords grew economical, they found that HODGE ate a great many more potatoes than he hoed, and they therefore ceased to exact the labour and to give the dinner.

But the effect of the custom survived in the admirable propensity of our race to dine together on every possible occasion. It is the DINNER, which has saved us, as SIR HENRY shows, from horrors unspeakable in the past. That it may long continue so to do in the future, is the earnest prayer of

Yours truly,

BENJAMIN BOOMERSOUND,

(*Ex Toast-Master, with the sentiment, "May our Public Dinners never grow less!"*)

NEAR MENTONE.

EXPERIENCE OF AN EYE AND NOSE.

By an Englishman in Italy.

THE sheen of olive-leaved flickers o'er
The shaded valley depths, like guardian steel
To keep from sunshine's ravage the rich store
Of flowers that those cool treasures conceal.
In restful masses stand the pines on high,
In the deep hush of the unclouded sky.

The wind from seaward blows: no fitful gust,
But one harmonious march of fragrant air,
Brisk with the sharpness of the salt sea-dust,
Sweet with spring flowers and piny odours rare:
That breathes, as with a loving hush, to still
The voice of maidens coming down the hill.

With laughing eyes beneath the kerchief's fold,
And smiling lips and queenly pose and gait,
They bear their lemon-baskets, filled with gold,
Like Grecian nymphs who on some goddess wait;
A living picture in each vivid face,
And balanced form of free and simple grace.

A hush of converse as they draw anigh,
A coyness in the lift of nimble feet,
A consciousness of my regard, a shy
Half smile of welcome as our glances meet,
Like wind-swept sunshine over April grass,—
And, Heavens! the whiff of Garlic as they pass!

Opinions Differ.

"I think it is a matter for congratulation and rejoicing, in the circumstances, that I should have to state that there is a small surplus, no remission of taxation, and no intention on the part of the Government of imposing any new tax."—CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *Budget Speech*.

PERHAPS the tax-payer may think otherwise. Perhaps he may consider that it is hardly "a matter for congratulation and rejoicing" that there is "no remission of taxation." Or are we all (the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER excepted) wrong? Is taxation a blessing in disguise, one which ought to make us grateful for its imposition, thankful for its continuance, and discontented and murmuring when it is remitted?

No Smoke without (Poetic) Fire.

HERE is one of the neatest things in poetical advertisement *Punch* has come across for some time. It is from the *Burnley Advertiser*:

"Gaily Young FERGUSON
Purchases his Cigars
At BLAZER'S shop,
Where the best are.

"When he wants good Smoking Mix-
And Snuff for his nose; [true,
Gaily Young FERGUSON
Purchases those."

The air aimed at seems to be the once fashionable "*Gaily the Troubadour*;" but the advertiser may say of his metre, as *Fusobos* says of his tobacco, "Short out or long to me are all the same."

A SPEAKER TO SOME PURPOSE.

THE favourite interlocutory ejaculation of AHMED VEFIK PASHA, Speaker of the Turkish Parliament, it seems, is "*Süss*." Now "*Süss*" in German means "sweet," in Turkish it means "Shut up!"—which is short and not sweet.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 21, 1877.



A SYMPATHETIC SOUL.

TIME—*Saturday Night.* SCENE—*A London Slum.*

Bill Sikes. "IT'S A ORFUL SHAME, THO', AIN'T IT, JACK, AS THEY DON'T LET THEM FORE COVES GO 'ONE TO THEIR FAMILIES, AN' LEAVE THE STREET; A LITTLE QUIET JIST FOR *ONE* NIGHT IN THE WEEK!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LAY Committees have much to answer for. (Monday, April 9.)—MR. BOURKE, in answer to a question about reputed Turkish outrages on Christians in

Bosnia and Herzegovina, read long extracts from dispatches of MR. HOLMES, declaring he knew nothing about the outrages referred to, but giving, instead, particulars of outrages on inoffensive Turks by offensive Christians.

According to MR. HOLMES, all the mischief in these parts is owing to the Slav Committees which bring about Christian brigandage—miscalled insurrection—and that again has naturally drawn on Turkish retaliation, and then we have a fuss made about "outrages" and "atrocities."

MR. HOLMES apparently considers the Turks in Bosnia a very ill-used race. And MR. HOLMES is on the spot—and has been there ever so long, and knows all about it—in a general way.

MR. BOURKE evidently enjoyed reading his despatches, as much as the Ministerial majority hearing them. To be sure MR. FORSTER was ill-bred enough to ask, even after the reading, whether MR. HOLMES had been instructed to inquire into the particular cases of outrages referred to, and had so inquired; but MR. BOURKE properly rebuked such peddling, pettifoggery, and declared that as the Consul was on the spot, he must know best what was

worth inquiring into and what wasn't, and that it wasn't for people here to be giving him directions, and did MR. FORSTER know what telegrams to those out-of-the-way places cost? Altogether BOURKE's night wif HOLMES may be pronounced a great success. In Stock-Exchange style we should describe the Eastern market: "atrocities flat; and outrages below par"—with no symptoms of rallying, except among the more "chaffy" supporters of the Government.

A good deal of small picking and paring, nibbling and grumbling, in Supply, but, to the best of *Punch's* knowledge and belief, not a penny got rid of. Among the topics of conversation were House of Lords officers in general, their work and pay, and among them Black-rod in particular, who is to have a fixed salary of £2000, instead of twice as much from fees which now are to be paid into the Exchequer, out of which JOHN BULL is to make between two and three thousand a year. It occurs to *Punch* that, perhaps, those who pay the fees might claim to be heard in the matter. In cases of objectionable Office charges *Punch* has observed that the House's notion of reform, and still more the Treasury's, is not to abolish fees for doing nothing, but to transfer them from the Officer to the Treasury.

A good deal of grumbling about the cost of Surveyors and the number of Surveys under the Merchant Shipping Act. What would people have? First they insist on surveyors and surveys, and then they quarrel because the one find plenty of work to do, and the other cost money! Poor SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY may complain, as the drummer did, of the unreasonableness of the man he was flogging, "Hit high, or hit low, there's no pleasing you."



APPROPRIATE.

*Boy sings—"SAYS THE OLD OBADIAH TO THE YOUNG OBADIAH,
'I BEGIN TO FEEL RATHER DRY.'"*

When the Mutiny Bill came on, SIR A. GORDON rose to deprecate the bringing of the whole body of Militia Officers under that formidable measure. MR. PETER TAYLOR complained of the Mutiny Bill being rammed down his throat at a quarter to one o'clock. Fancy courteous HARDY ramming anything down anybody's throat, at any hour, in these mild days. Though he might have been excused if he *had* tried to ram something down the throats of that pestilent pair, BIGGAR and PARNELL, when they rose, like unwholesome exhalations, one after the other, against going into Committee, and HARDY, amidst a chorus of laughter, at once knocked under to the infliction.

If this goes on, *something will have to be done!* The idea of a discussion on the Mutiny Bill! We shall next have Magna Charta made matter of a motion by DR. KENNELLY.

Tuesday.—SIR. W. BARTTELOR—and no wonder—wants to know about Outbreaks of Cattle-plague at Willesden. A good many, besides SIR WALTER, want to know more on this very unpleasant subject than the Privy, or any other, Council can tell them. One particularly ugly fact in the matter is the possibility, if not more, that it may be the inspectors who disperse the germs of infection. If that be so, we may well ask, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"—who will inspect the inspectors and disinfect the disinfectors?

MR. COOPER is to have his Committee on aggravating old Father Thames's trick of getting out of his bed in wet weather, though the Lords are about to have their own Select Committee on River Conservancies and their duties, a reference one might have thought big enough to take in even Father Thames and his tricks.

PETER TAYLOR, that mortal enemy of the "harmless necessary Cat," was within 42 of getting it chivied out of the Navy—without leaving one of its nine tails behind. *Punch* is inclined to parody the Laureate, "The Cat is going—let him go?" Now we have come down to seven floggings a year, it would seem as if it can hardly be worth keeping so many Cats to catch so few mice. Still Captains like to know there is a Cat in the cupboard, to be let out of the bag on great occasions—as Judges like to have a gallows to fall back on, in extreme cases. But the Navy Cat is doomed, though all know Cats to be the hardest of diers, and this one seems to carry a life, if not nine lives, at each of his nine tails.

But if PETER TAYLOR all but triumphed over EGERTON and his Cat, SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER, with nothing stronger than justice and the national conscience for supporters, completely triumphed

over the Government, on his motion for completing the reparation still due by England to one of its greatest and most hardly-used naval heroes, the late LORD DUNDONALD. What need to tell the story that shames us all—of the hero's undeserved disgrace, and England's—or rather her Ministers'—long delayed atonement for it; and,—when after eighteen years' undeserved exclusion from the Service he had so helped to make glorious, LORD DUNDONALD, a grey-haired, shattered, impoverished, but still unconquered man, was restored to his naval rank—how his pay for all those years of unmerited exclusion from the field of honour, duty, and service, was still withheld.

Thanks to her blood, BRITANNIA has always had the good feeling to blush for this; and to-night showed she had pluck besides to brush aside the pitiful pleadings of the Government that would have sacrificed justice to miserable technicality or more miserable niggardliness. *L'Angleterre le veut!*—and, of course, *La Reine le veut!*—and so "LET RIGHT BE DONE." The death-bed demand of the grand old ill-used Admiral will be granted, and the little he could leave to the inheritors of his honours will be increased by what the Government so long kept back from the hero himself.

How SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE came to play, not for the first time, the childish game of first squaring up, and then knuckling down, *Punch* not knowing cannot say. But call you THIS "leading of your friends?" *Punch* calls it sneaking after them.

MR. JAMES moved to empower the House to poke its nose into the City Companies—their revenues, and the spending thereof. The House prefers dipping its beak into their loving-cups, and tucking its legs under their mahogany. "Not for JAMES"—such mighty matters. The Companies dine too festively it may be; possibly entertain "not wisely but too well;" but *Punch*, like Parliament, is an honoured guest at the guild-tables, and why should he, or it, turn round to rend its entertainers? Else why has England the inestimable blessing of a Conservative Government?

PEASE seconded the amendment! Green-pease, indeed, if he thought anything was to come of it! ISAAC forbade the sacrifice. COTTON thrust himself in the ears of the House to bar hearing of such an impious demand. BOWYER shot his bolt, and hit that centre of JOHN BULL's eye, on which is written "private propperty" in letters of gold. FORSYTH, lawyer-like, showed there was "no case" against the Companies, except that their dinners were too good, and had often disagreed with him (FORSYTH)—the only disagreement that had ever darkened the sweet intercourse between him and those dear guilds. JENKINS wrestled with SIR A. PEEL for the SPEAKER's eye, and caught it, but alas! catching the SPEAKER's eye is not winning the House's ear; and though E. J. discharged a volley of hard facts, they hurt not, only rattled. And finally the SOLICITOR-GENERAL laid the verdant wreath of a maiden speech upon the head of the guardian goddess of Guildhalla—and proved that the Livery Company was the Club of its day, only on a grander scale, and with nobler objects mixed with its baser elements of eating and drinking; and amidst the cheers of a jubilant majority, deprecated the idea that private property was to be unsettled by any impertinent rudeness of the Parliamentary inquiry kind.

Alas, what was JAMES's powder against such great guns! So JAMES got what he deserved—a majority of 96 against him, in a division of 168 to 72.

On the Town Councils and Local Boards Bill, BIGGAR stopped the way, as usual.

Wednesday.—MR. WADDY moved his Bill for Compulsory Registration of Newspaper Proprietors, which MR. COWEN opposed, unless coupled with repeal of the law which makes newspaper proprietors criminally as well as civilly responsible for the acts of their employees. MR. COWEN is a newspaper proprietor and knows where the shoe pinches. But everybody knew where MR. WADDY meant his shoe to pinch—and it was clear that it *had* pinched in that quarter, when the Irrepressible Doctor rose to defend those practices of the *Englishman* which Englishmen condemn. He declared that he had been ruined by "telling the truth" (!), and that had he been a slave, a coward, a liar, and a man ready to justify falsehood, he would not have been in his present position. Now the Doctor's position in the House *may* be a painful one, but he was scarcely wise to refer to it so pointedly. This reference provoked ironical cheers: they provoked the Doctor into scornful allusion to the "mean quarter" they came from; that provoked MR. SULLIVAN into as neat a thonging of the Doctor and his antecedents—press and other—as Irish cleverness ever succeeded in veiling under terms that the SPEAKER could not take hold of; that provoked the Doctor, when the Division carried the House into the lobbies, to call MR. SULLIVAN a naughty and altogether unparliamentary name—with no veil whatever; and that brought MR. SULLIVAN back to tell MR. SPEAKER what the Doctor had done; that brought the Doctor on his legs—to admit the naughty name; and that compelled MR. SPEAKER—after a moment's hesitation, as the naughty word had been used in the lobby and not in the House—on the suggestion of MR. FORSTER, seconded by MR. CROSS, to call on the Doctor to withdraw the naughty name and apologise for having used it, which the Doctor



SKETCHED IN OXFORD STREET, OVER PARKINS AND GOTTO'S, ON ALL FOOLS' DAY (APRIL 1st).

A GOOD BEGINNING.

As a student of Natural History and Esulent Economy, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in quoting the compendious Police Report annexed. The other day—

"At Bow Street, SIR JAMES INGHAM granted the first summonses, seven in number, under the Wild Fowls Preservation Act, 39 & 40 Vict. c. 29, s. 2, against three poulterers and fishmongers for having in their possession wild ducks, plovers, &c."

Since fishmongers turned poulterers by selling game and wildfowl out of season, they have lost that special character for probity which *Hamlet* gives them when, in reply to *Polonius's* disavowal of being a fishmonger, he rejoins, "Then I would you were so honest a man." Nobody can consider a dealer in habitual complicity with poachers and the like rogues worthy to be picked out as an example of honesty. That virtue, it is to be hoped, will be enforced on fishmongers and poulterers by proceedings under the abovenamed statute, now that the Press having taken up offences against it, the Police are taking up the offenders.

Disappearance of a Forger.

THE Italian Astronomers are seeking most anxiously for the Planet Vulcan, said to have disappeared suddenly from his usual post in the heavens. We are very much afraid the old smith will be found forging the weapons of Mars. Inquire at KRUPP's or ARMSTRONG's.

did, and so the matter ended—leaving Stoke to be congratulated on such a Member, the Press on such an assertor of its liberty, and the House on such an illustration of the liberty in practice.

Thursday.—The Irrepressible Doctor up again, declaring, in a notice he gave of questions he meant to ask, that he did not regret having called Mr. SULLIVAN by the naughty name yesterday, though he had been compelled to apologise for it. This is quite in the Doctor's manner. He was at once called upon by the SPEAKER to apologise for not regretting, which he did. The Doctor seems always ready to apologise, and then to "go and do it again."

And then came the Budget. And the Budget came to—nothing. As SIR STAFFORD calculates on a margin of £226,000, between his estimated revenue of £79,020,000 and his estimated expenditure of £78,794,044, he feels himself driven neither to the "inexhaustible bottle" nor the inexhaustible income-tax payer. That so long-growing boy—Revenue, having ceased to grow, there is no need of new measures for his financial suit in 1877-78. If only his last year's clothes prove big enough for him!

Friday.—The Lords reassembled. Creation announced of a new Chancery Judge.

(*Commons.*)—LORD HARTINGTON's motion for papers in connection with the Protocol, brought up his Lordship, SIR V. HARCOURT, MR. FORSYTH, SIR C. DILKE, and MR. GOSCHEN—to speak for the Turkish Christians, their claims on Europe, and the duty of enforcing these on the Turk even by co-operation with Russia and coercion if need be, under the paramount obligations of duty, right and humanity—and MR. HARDY, SIR WILLIAM FRAZER, DR. KENEALY, MR. ROEBUCK, MR. HANBURY, MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTONE, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,—to speak for the Turkish Government, its pluck in resisting the pressure of the Powers, the duty of standing aloof from Russia and coercion, and the paramount obligations of self-interest. The case on both sides was put clearly, strongly, and at length; but of course, no motion came of it, and no division. MR. HARDY does not admit that the last word for peace has yet been spoken, though the *Pons Asinorum* has broken down. Nothing like hardihood. *Punch* can only see the war-cloud drawing nearer and nearer. What will the face of Europe be like, when it rolls away after having discharged its thunders?

YORKSHIRE ATROCITY!

WE read in the *Times* that the bodies of the four Latin Doctors not long since removed from Bristol, have been fixed, one on each of the pinnacles of the tower of East Herlerton Church. MACCOLL to the rescue!

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HERE is a little bit of news, which may be interesting to some of your Young Lady readers:—

"An Armenian wife, until she becomes a mother, never speaks to anybody but her husband, excepting in a whisper. She is not allowed even to converse with her nearest relations. Her jewellery and dress can only be shown to those of her own sex."

What a comfort it is that England is not like Armenia! Who would ever wish to marry, if one was not allowed to speak, excepting in a whisper, nor to wear one's diamonds when one went out to dinner? Why, half the pleasure of a bride consists in showing her new finery, and in talking of her *trousseau*! and fancy being forced to do so in a whisper, as though one were ashamed of it! To be sure, Armenian wives may make exception of their husbands from their usual mode of whispering, and just conceive, poor things, how they must revel in the privilege! Oh, my goodness! how my tongue would go at my dear JOHNNY, if I might not raise my voice excepting when I talked to him!

GERALDINE GREYMARE
(née BOUNCER).

CHRISTIANITY PER ADVERTISEMENT.

PUNCH can quite understand the comfort of getting really god-fearing servants, for they are likeliest to be true to their masters and their duty. But he doubts if the best way to get them is to advertise this particular requirement in large letters, as thus, in these two advertisements—the one from a North of England, the other from a Scotch, paper:—

WANTED, a capable General WORKING WOMAN, in a small, quiet family in the country. A Christian at heart, a Teetotaler, and a Singer would be valued.—Address, &c.

WANTED, as HOUSEKEEPER, a Christian Female. Accustomed to Poultry.—Address, &c.

A TEETOTAL RECHRISTENING (*for the worst of spirits*).—It is a misnomer to call Gin "Old Tom." It ought to be denominated "Old Harry."

MOTTO FOR THE LONG FIRM.—"Order is Heaven's first law."

OH, IF WE WERE TURKS!—

AND the Speaker were AHMED VEFIK PASHA, then might we read in some night's report of the voice of our Collective Wisdom:—

"The House of Commons met at four o'clock.

"MR. WH-LL-Y rose to call the attention of the House to the condition of a certain unfortunate nobleman languishing in Dartmoor. He also wished to say a few words about the alleged fasting during Lent of DR. MANNING.

"The SPEAKER.—'Shut up, you ineffable donkey!'

"MR. B-G-G-R (MR. WH-LL-Y having retired) said that he had put on the paper motions for the reading that day six months of thirty-six Bills of avowed public utility. Still, he had no objection to learning from the Chair (for which he had the utmost respect) the opinion of the Right Hon. Gentleman upon the course he proposed to pursue.

"The SPEAKER said all he had to say on the matter was contained in his recommendation to the last speaker, which he begged to repeat.

"MR. P-RN-L (MR. B-G-G-R having withdrawn all his Amendments) said he was most desirous of reading a rather voluminous series of extracts from a miscellaneous collection of Blue Books. Before commencing his entertainment, however, he was very desirous of learning the SPEAKER's opinion upon the matter. He might here say that he regarded the Chair with feelings of the liveliest respect and admiration.

"The SPEAKER said it was very gratifying to him to hear such very flattering sentiments, and all the more so as his only acknowledgment of them must be conveyed in the same useful dissyllable—'Donkey!'

"SIR T-M-S CH-MB-S (MR. P-RN-L having retired with his Blue Books) said that he had several hobbies to ride. The exercise would consume a large amount of very valuable time. Under these circumstances he would be glad to take a hint from the SPEAKER—a Right Honourable Gentleman for whom he had the greatest possible veneration.

"The SPEAKER said the statement the House had just listened to he was sure did equal honour to the heart and head of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman who had just resumed his seat. The only hint of any value that he thought he could throw out was (under the special circumstances of the case), 'Donkey!'

"SIR T-S CH-MB-S then retired amidst much cheering.

"MR. H-LMS said that for many months he had been preparing a long speech about Army Reform. He knew very little of the subject, but was prepared to occupy the time of the House fully for several hours. He lived, as a general rule, in Scotland, and more than once had declined to be present at the inspection of the Militia Regiment stationed in the borough he had the honour to represent. He believed he had been invited to that inspection so that he might see with his own eyes that his absurd attacks upon that Constitutional Force were unmerited. Under these circumstances, before commencing his harangue, he would be very glad to listen to any remark the SPEAKER (who well merited his esteem) had to offer upon the occasion.

"The SPEAKER said he was always ready to oblige any Member of this honourable House, and therefore would confine himself to observing, 'Donkey!'

"MR. H-LMS having resumed his seat, the real business of the Sitting was commenced without further interruptions."



IN THE HEAD AND FEET.

Wife (reproachfully). "OH, GEORGE!—AGAIN!"

Husband. "BEG Y'R PARN, MY DYAR!—NORABIROFIT—BEEN T'SEE WESHT'N AN' O'LEARY WALKIN' ROUN' AN' ROUN' AN' ROUN'—MA' ME JUSH A LI'LE GERRY—THASH ALL! BESIDES, GOT A PAIR OF THOSE 'SCREWED BOOTS' ON. SEEN 'EM ADVERTISED—HAVEN'T YOU?"

Albert Hall—that monument of preposterous growth, which only empty sound, will ever fill, much to the chagrin of the shareholders. The Memorial is not a beautiful picture as it stands, but will hardly be improved by framing and glazing.

Art Intelligence.

Not satisfied with making the Albert Memorial like an over-grown drinking-fountain, it is now proposed to cover it with a gigantic cucumber-frame, as an antæsthetic pendant to the



“LET WELL ALONE!”

THE CONJUROR OF THE EXCHEQUER. “NO, NO, PUNCHEY, WE SHAN’T WANT THE ‘INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE’ THIS TIME! NO OCCASION TO ALTER THE BILL—FOR ONCE!”

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.



NOTE by the Editor to the Public.—Our Equestrian Representative professes to send us telegrams daily by the

private cable with which he has furnished himself. These messages are not transmitted to us direct, but through a friend of his, who can interpret the cipher. We do not, for one moment, throw a doubt on Our Representative's integrity, but we cannot forget that one of Our Representatives did *not* go to India, though he pretended to accompany H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES on his tour, and therefore as "once bitten, twice shy," we must make assurance doubly sure (though nothing can double or equal Our Representative's assurance, if he is not at this moment riding to Khiva) before we offer ourselves as guarantees to the Public for his good faith. We publish his last letter before starting, which we consider as an important item in the case.

DEAR SIR,

THE horse suited me to a T. He has been packed up, so much paid on account, and he is now off for Dover. Of course I shall not ride him this side of the Channel. My equestrian career will begin between Paris and St. Petersburg. At one time I had got a great mind (I always have a great mind, so that's nothing new) to ride to Khiva on a bicycle. But for political reasons, which you will appreciate, I have given up the idea. I was afraid that some confusion would arise in the Mahomedan or Russian mind between Bicycle and Protocol; and any complication at this moment should be, particularly, avoided.

I enclose the list of subscriptions for my Journey to Khiva. They look very well:—

	£	s.	d.
One who Knows You	0	10	0
One who doesn't Know you, and doesn't Want to	0	5	0
A Friend who would see you further first	1	0	0
A Few of the Inmates at Colney Hatch (<i>per</i> the Milkman)	0	3	1½
A Constant Reader, who is most anxious that you should go to Khiva, and stop there	19	0	0
A Real Lady	0	0	3
A Resident at Jericho	0	1	1
Three Stamp Collectors at Bath	0	0	4½
One who wishes you may get it	1000	0	0
A Believer	0	2	0
A Weary Admirer	0	12	6
A. S. S.	20	0	0
One who has met you once, and is glad to hear of your going away for a considerable time. (N.B.—This donation is on condition of your being away for six months. It will be continued yearly, if you never return to England.)	50	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A Job-master (who will willingly supply the horse for riding to Khiva, if paid in advance)	0	2	6
One who never wants to see you again	100	0	0
Central Pressure Association	0	1	6
A True Friend (on condition of your going to Khiva, and not writing anything at all for the next ten years)	500	0	0

With numerous others, with or without conditions. However, on the strength of a certain amount down, and promises, I have started—or, I should say, before you receive this, I shall have started; for

I'm off to Khiva early in the morning,
I'm off to Khiva afore de broke o' day!
I'll fill my bag with lots of little yellow boys,
I'm off to Khiva afore de broke o' day!

And so farewell to the present. You'll have a telegram from me in less than no time. Terms for telegrams will vary according to the length of the message, the value of the communication, and the distance to be travelled by the electric spark. But don't be alarmed, you are safe in the hands of

YOUR RIDING REPRESENTATIVE.

Here follows the

DIARY.

(On the road to Khiva.)

Tuesday.—Left St. Petersburg early. [I pass over my ride from Paris to St. Petersburg, as nothing happened of any consequence. I was belated for one night, and ran short of provisions; but—you know what a good Legerdemainist I am—well, I made an omelette in my hat, drank a glass of Pommard (this sounds like something for the hair, but it isn't, when properly pronounced) from the inexhaustible bottle (both tricks are worth a traveller's while to learn—and for a soldier the cannon-ball in the hat is most useful,—of course I have the whole bag of tricks with me), made an orange tree grow, took an orange for dessert, and went to sleep. Next afternoon I was ready—aye ready.] Rode for fifty miles. 7.30 A.M.—Came on a dead Flat. No name or address. Wondered who he was. Telegraphed to Necropolis Company to say there was a job on hand, would they undertake it?

8.50.—Very cold. Saw a Frozen Sound. This will give you some idea of what NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA might mean when they say, "How cold it has been to-day!" Always thought (till I knew they sold barometers) that NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA were clog-dancers, or nigger duettists, at a Music Hall, with a breakdown. Wonderful sight a Frozen Sound. Perhaps it was the last sound uttered by the dead Flat. I put it into my *cornet-à-piston*, and blew it to warm it. "No effects," as they say at my bank. My Driver, who accompanies me on a sleigh (this isn't a musical instrument, so you mustn't be misled when I say he "accompanies me on it"), observed that "he thought it was an echo from the hills, which had lost its way, and been frozen to death."

12 mid-day.—Stopped to *lunchski*, as we call it in this country. The Driver eats tallow candles, wheel grease, and drinks *wickski*—a Russian spirit distilled from candle-ends. A Russian never takes a bath, he always goes in for a *dip*.

2.—Between Drjnkomaviski and Bakkakhan. Lost our way, and dined with a farmer. He said he thought there wouldn't be any war. At least he hadn't heard anything about it. After dinner, I slept in a pigsty, and resumed my journey at 4 A.M. Took with me a little pig. Poor little chap, he squealed very much, and nearly woke the farmer, who would have been grieved to part with him. So I put a gag in its mouth, and thus avoided what might have been a painful scene. Removed gag when at a distance of two miles from the farm. I



DOWN ON HER.

Butcher. "YOU 'VE NOT BEEN 'AVIN' SO MANY JINTS THIS LAST WEEK OR TWO, MA'AM."

Lady (who has been dabbling in American beef, but does not dare say so). "ER—NO—ER—WE'VE HAD A GOOD DEAL OF GAME SENT US LATELY BY SOME FRIENDS IN THE NORTH, YOU KNOW!"

Butcher. "INDEED, MA'AM! NOW, WHAT SORT OF GAME DO THEY SEND YOU IN THE MONTH O' APRIL, MA'AM?"

A WORD ON WINE MEASURE.

IN a column of news the following remark is made in the *Morning Post* respecting an oddly named liquor described as "this in-defectible wine":—

"LORD BOLINGBROKE (we think) maintained ridicule was the test of truth: the *Spécialité* Sherry has passed this test most amply, for it has had no small share of ridicule; but, in spite of all, it holds its own."

But *non constat* that because ridicule is the test of truth, it is also the test of wine. Nobody dreams of ridiculing true port or sherry, although one hundred and twenty-six gallons of them, we know, make a butt.

Suppression by Hose and Jet.

THE House of Commons laughed considerably when ever-vigilant PETER TAYLOR described the very original way of the Holborn Vestry of bringing the law to bear on the Sunday traders in Leather Lane, viz., by drenching their goods with carbolic acid from a water-cart. The Vestry must have borrowed the notion from recorded cases of mobs dispersed by fire-engines. The Vestry deserves the credit of having discovered a short, sharp, and decisive process for abating what is, no doubt, to all respectable Holborners, a very serious nuisance; though, perhaps, small Sunday buyers, as well as Sunday sellers, may have something to say on the matter. But is the Vestry quite sure that the pale of the Law will hold carbolic acid?

Travellers See Strange Things.

"It would," says a commercial journal, with less elegance than perspicacity, "be curious to follow one pound of China or Italian silk through its various processes till it reaches a silk dress." No doubt; but would it not be still more curious to follow (at a perfectly safe distance) one feminine mind through ditto to ditto?

THE DEGREE OF BUNG.—Licentiate of the Bench of Beaks.

shall educate this pig: as he has commenced by having a "gag" in his mouth, perhaps I had better bring him up for the stage. Put my horse tandem-fashion in the sleigh, so as to allow myself more leisure for teaching the pig.

11 A.M.—Pig already beginning to master his letters. I fancy some one has given him his rudiments before. There is a twinkle in his eye that I don't half like. One thing is comparatively reassuring, he does not show much aptitude for cards.

Friday.—Came to a sign-post. Examined it. Found I had been for two days riding towards Persia. Worked my compass and took a turn to the right. After *lunchski*, had half a game at Beggar my Neighbour with the Pig, and rode on. Pig improving, but still stupid. He will cry whenever he sees the Ace of Spades, and I can't make out why. The sleigh-driver doesn't know.

6 P.M.—Cold and raw. So cold and so raw that I shall be very glad when it's hot and quite done. Arrived at a *shebenski* rejoicing in the sign of *The Rose Bud*. Called for some of their best, and "nipped" it in the bud. Gave Piggy a drop of strong *wickski*. It made his tail curl. Piggy vain of the effect, but evidently much pleased, and wanted to play me at *écarté*. Refused. But what I will do is to teach Piggy All Fours. If he learns it, I can make a fortune, as no one knows the game out here. Sat up all night hard at work with Piggy. Driver asleep.

Next Day.—Met a Tartar Gentleman on the road. He asked us to share his dinner with him—*potski-luckski*, as they call it here. We accepted; my sleigh-driver, myself, and the pig. The Tartar Gentleman got the worst of it at dinner, as we were three to one. After dinner played him at All Fours. The Tartar Gentleman won the first game, but we played three more. Cleared him out of his roubles, and rode on quickly in the direction of Khiva.

The Tartar Gentleman subsequently rode away to the nearest Police Station. In consequence of this, we had a difficulty later on at a Russian *Stashunhouski*, but fortunately made friends with the *Inspektorski*, who was much amused with the Pig's tricks, also with my omelette in the hat, inexhaustible bottle, and little Joey in the bag. I gave him an invitation to call on me whenever he might be coming to town, and then rode on, *briskli*, as we say in Russia, in the direction of Khiva. Rub a Russian the right way, and you won't catch a Tartar. Expect next telegram in a couple of days, as snow-storms have set in, and there's a talk of Wolves coming down and attacking Travellers. Now for real excitement!

I don't wish to throw any discredit on a gallant officer, but no one knows CAPTAIN BURNABY on the road that I am riding to Khiva. Odd. Just heard a Wolf in the distance. If one comes too near, I shall mention MR. GLADSTONE'S name to him, and see if that will frighten him. No signs of one at present. Great cry, but very little Wolf.

Note (private to Editor).—Please pay the livery-stable keeper, 2A, Green Street, Horsemonger Lane, for my last three weeks' hire. I told him you'd settle with him regularly, and I'll settle with you on my return. Mind, not more than eighteenpence an hour.

CHURCH AND STAKE.

AMONGST the distinguished Clergymen who have lately come forward to take part in the current clerical disputes, is one whose name may suggest a consolatory reflection, the REV. DR. IRONS. What a comfort to think that, for all the burning questions now in debate amongst ecclesiastics, the Church has not more than one of its irons in the fire.



HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE.

Irrascible Old Gentleman. "BUY A COMB! WHAT THE DEVIL SHOULD I BUY A COMB FOR? YOU DON'T SEE ANY HAIR ON MY HEAD, DO YOU?"

Unlicensed Hawker. "LOR' BLESS YER, SIR!—YER DON'T WANT NO 'AIR ON YER 'EAD FOR A TOOTH-COMB!"

COOL, VERY!

THE following impudent advertisement appeared the other day in a widely-circulated Western paper:—

A Comfortable HOME OFFERED, in a Clergyman's family, in South Devon, to a Lady willing to pay £40 a year and devote some time daily to instruction (good French and German).—Address, &c.

The young Lady who wrote to the address given with this wonderfully cool offer received the following reply, which *Punch* thinks worth giving *verbatim*:—

"MADAM,—MR. — has commissioned me to reply to your letter received this morning. MR. — is a widower; I have managed his household since his wife's death, for the last six years. Besides MR. — and myself, the family consists of two young ladies, aged sixteen and eighteen, and two little boys, eight and eleven respectively; the younger of these you would be required to teach, as he is backward. I think one hour a day would be sufficient for him at first. Could you teach the rudiments of Latin? as he would ultimately require it. Good French and German is necessary for the young ladies. They are preparing for the Cambridge Local, and attend classes under a Master for the other branches, Music included; at the same time they would much value any assistance you could give them in their English studies, by way of explanation, in Grammar and Arithmetic, for instance. They have no time at present for Drawing, but might be glad of it afterwards. May I ask if you Sing? I can most decidedly promise you a comfortable and happy home. We are a few minutes' walk from the sea, and the Plymouth Hoe is a pleasant promenade. The Devonshire scenery is very good. The young ladies, I think, would be able to take in French and German about three times a week, about two hours each day, as their time at present is very much taken up; however, this, if you come to us, you could talk over with them. Would you mind sharing a large and airy bed-room with them, if necessary? as I hardly know yet whether I should be able to offer you a separate one. You would find them pleasant and ladylike girls. We have one or two local associations in the town, if you like joining the classes. I think I have now mentioned all particulars, and shall be pleased to hear from you as soon as possible.—Believe me, &c."

The young Lady replied, expressing her regret that she could not avail herself of these proffered advantages.

"The truth is" (she added) "I have accepted an engagement at a salary of £100 a year, where my duties will be scarcely heavier than with you, and where I shall have a large

and airy room for my own separate use. I trust this delay will cause you no inconvenience in dealing with the many applications you have doubtless received, and hope you may soon meet with a lady, knowing four languages thoroughly, who, in return for her meals and the third part of a bed-room, will be glad to pay you £40 a year, and devote her time and acquirements to your service."

BIRDS AND BRUTES.

Blossoms on blackthorn bush are white;
On whitethorn opening leaves are green.
There's dandelion blazing bright;
There's shiny lesser celandine.

And there in yonder lane those three—
Where nigh the bank cow-parsley grows
'Mid nettles—did you ever see
Three more unlovely Cads than those?

Ill-favoured, unwashed, grimy knaves!
What is it that the fellows do
With nets and cages, traps and staves?
And on a Sunday morning too!

Bird-catchers they, their cruel trade
Who reckless e'en in close-time ply,
And the Act 'gainst such cattiffs made
In favour of poor birds, defy.

An Act by hands unskilful framed,
In phrase derisive styled "Tom-tit's,"
In which the Chaffinch ne'er is named,
And which the Linnet too omits.

And so their traps yon wretches lay,
And spread their toils from hindrance free.
"We're catchin' Chaffinches," they say;
Or, "Only arter Linnets we."

"What songsters else are those, then, pray,
Which you in several cages bear?"
"Oh, them, they're call-birds, all o' they;
We ain't cotch none o' them birds there."

"Say is there green in *Punch's* eye,
That with such chaff he should be 'had'?"
Sirrah, thou liest shamefully:
Thou dirty, graceless, vulgar Cad!

"For Goldfinch, Greenfinch, Mavis, Merle,
And warblers all, thy snares are set.
For scoundrels fresh from early purl,
All's bird, that comes within the net.

"Where's the Police? might be our cry,
To collar thee and all thy crew.
Too oft they've other fish to fry—
Offenders even worse than you.

"But when they can, your little game
They are the gamekeepers to end.
For whom more fitting can we name
Than Bobby, to be Dicky's friend?"

"Come, mild Persuasion!"

IN consequence of the report of the Committee on Railway Accidents, the Government—so says MR. ADDERLEY—is going to confer with the Railway Companies, to see what steps in the way of protecting the lives of their servants and passengers they are willing to take, voluntarily—not upon compulsion, mind. The Government hates compulsion "like an unfilled can." Like *Sir John Falstaff*—"If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, they would not give one upon compulsion." Their rule is, in fact, the reign of *may*, not *must*. After refusing to coerce Turks, with what consistency could they coerce Railway Companies?

LEAVES OF A DIFFERENT KIND.

It was said that PRINCE BISMARCK had taken leave of Power. It turns out that he has only taken leave of absence.

ÆSTHETIC ECONOMY.



LAST number of "*Fors Clavigera*" is curious as well as interesting, on account of the details there given of the author's budget. MR. RUSKIN, in his own words, has "unveiled the statue of his economy," and, though no one who reads will accuse him of ostentation, it would be difficult to say exactly what it is that has prompted imitators of the great art-critic's out-spokenness to besiege Mr. Punch's letter-box. Among the letters called into existence by the example of this high æsthetic authority the following may be cited:—

To Mr. Punch, Fleet Street.

SIR, April 1.

You will be glad to hear that, on the death of my father, who was a celebrated Liverpool miser, I inherited a sum producing something like £70,000 per

annum, which placed me above absolute want. My first financial investment was the purchase of a lovely wife of good family. By this transaction I realised considerably, as I introduced some excellent mortgages to my wife's relations, and disposed of much shaky property to an immense advantage. I thought it rather hard on my own family that my father should have left them nothing, and volunteered to invest their small fortunes in some excellent Companies of which I am paid Director. I relieved my conscience at the same time by purchasing for my wife a splendid suite of diamonds, left in pawn by a well-known Duchess. I have since assisted a young relation to a permanent situation in Portland Island, and am serenely happy in the certainty, so far as anything human is certain, that I shall die as far from poverty as possible. My annual subscriptions to various Charities, which advertise once a week the names of their subscribers in large letters and prominent columns of the public journals, amount to sixty guineas—in sums of one guinea, and, in some cases, two guineas, from

Yours faithfully,

THEOPHILUS SCREWDRIVER.

Skinflint House, Cheshire.

To — Punch, Esq.

DEAR PUNCH,

"*ANCH'io son pittore.*" I'm an artist, and generally considered a man of taste. I came in, a few years ago, to a fortune of £30,000, which I inherited from an uncle who was good enough to make room for me by joining his ancestors. My first extravagance was the purchase of a grand collection of spurious Majolica, imitation bronzes, and counterfeit china, for which I gave the modest sum of £2000. This necessitated naturally the lease of a set of apartments in the Albany, where I flatter myself the dinners I give from week to week are already celebrated among the best *bon-vivants* in London.

After studying Art and the Museums, my æsthetic tastes would not permit a man of culture to retain the mass of falsehood on my walls with which I had been satisfied at starting. When I transferred my interest in these I lost about £1995 upon the transaction.

However, by the judicious expenditure of £18,000, I soon became the happy possessor of some of the best examples of the arts of CHERUBI, PALISSY, BUHL, and others, besides hanging on my walls several gems of MEISSONIER, GÉROME, &c., &c. I am now in the hands of several intelligent members of the Lost Tribes; and I am persuaded that when I have sold my lease, collections, and plate, I shall not be in a position—if I satisfy my Israelitish friends—to leave even hay for life to my Cousin's pet donkey, the only creature with whom I have any personal sympathy.

I beg to remain, yours, poorer than ever,

RAPHAEL SURFACE.

MYSTERIES REVIVED.

THE Stipendiary Magistrate at Sheffield has inflicted penalties for performance of an unlicensed drama, on the subject of "*Joseph and his Brethren*," holding, with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, that the Stage is "not for JOSEPH"—or any such subject.

A SLAP AT A SATIRIST.

(MRS. GINGHAM communicates her Opinions on Plain Cooking, and the pertness of certain Newspaper Parties.)

"The real difficulty about cooking is that it is in the hands of woman, and that woman is too ethereal a creature to interest herself in the matter. She is rather like Calypso, who partook of nectar and ambrosia, while she saw that her mortal guest had pork, almost always pork, and Pramnian wine. Woman, for her part, could live on tea and bread-and-butter for ever, with an occasional egg once or twice a week. These things are her nectar and ambrosia, and as long as man has his barbaric joint she thinks that all is well. The English joint is the bane of domestic life. . . . 'Plain cooking,' says a doctor, 'is an abomination; avoid it as you would poison. If you are tired of life, I can find other means of ridding you of it. Plain cooking,' this outspoken physician goes on, 'brings more grist to our mill than miasmas, drains, or either extreme of temperature.'—*Daily News*."

MRS. CALYPSO I don't know. (Tom says she's not a Missis, But a Greek nymph as doted on a party called Ulysses.) But what I've got to say is this, this chaffy sort of mocking At Woman's works and Woman's ways is getting simply shocking.

Housewife or nymph, Calypso found, there's not the slightest question, That men are a contrary lot. But as for that suggestion, That Woman's too "ethereal"—which what's *that*?—to care for dinner, That's all the writer's artful spite, as sure as I'm a sinner.

They're always downing on us thus, a hinting round and sneering; Better abuse than this 'ere sly and niminy-piminy jeering. If "nectar" and "ambrosia" 's Greek for "tea" and "bread-and-butter," The feller's words is right-down fudge—a falsehood base and utter.

Women ain't butterflies, no fear, nor likeways gals ain't chickings, Though some of them in public play at bird-like sips and pickings. But when they on the quiet feed, d'ye think they pick and sip so? No, not a bit of it: no more, I'll warrant, did Calypso.

Barbaric joints, the bane of life? I do declare it's awful! Such revolutionary rant should be, if 'tain't, unlawful. Which our Constitution and our joints are England's greatest glories; Leastways, so Tories used to say; and I say so with the Tories.

That fellow must be kickshaw-mad, a nasty French-fed glutton, Who feels no respect for sirloin and is rude to leg o' mutton. Which they're English institutions to be kept in all their purity; Or, as Tom says—that lad's so smart—our national joint-security.

Plain Cooking? It's a precious boon our land alone possesses. Don't tell me of your German mucks nor yet of your French messes. This fad for foreign feeding 's rot; the Swells may patronise it, But no, not me, nor yet my sort—we utterly despise it.

I don't ask JOHN to "live on pork and Pramnian wine for ever," (Which I wonder what *that* wine may be? Must ask young Tom—he's clever.)

But if an English joint's his bane, plain cooked as I can cook it, He'd better hire a Parleyvoo, and as for me—I'll hook it!

Paradise for Paupers.

MR. BUMBLE was thrown into a violent fit of indignation by the following paragraph, which he encountered in a newspaper:—

"FEMALE GUARDIANS.—On Saturday MISS MAUD STANLEY, cousin of DEAN STANLEY, was elected a guardian of St. Anne's, Soho."

The election of Ladies to the office of Guardian is regarded by MR. BUMBLE as a most unpurochial innovation. He is highly scandalised to see that it is an increasing 'abit, and thinks the rate-payers might just as well put them wicious paupers under the wings of guardian hangels at once; which would be making the work-house the very reverse of the place as it was intended for.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

OUR excellent and enthusiastic friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, is much annoyed at the bad taste of his countrymen in encouraging Classical Concerts into which no Scotch music is admitted. It is reported that he has written to RICHARD WAGNER, urging that great musical reformer to add to his orchestra the Bagpipe and the Scotch Fiddle.

A COUNTER IRRITANT.—A Shopman who will insist on knowing if you want any other article to-day.



THE SIGHTS OF DUBLIN.

Irish Car-Driver. "SHURE THAT'S THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, SOR; BUT IT'S ONLY THE RARE AV IT YOU'LL BE SEEING THIS SIDE, SOR—THE FRONT'S BEHIND!"

A WARNING TO NOVEL-READERS.

A VERY vulgar and silly book, purporting to be a novel of high life, has been published by a person signing himself by a ducal title with a foreign ring unknown to the *Almanach de Gotha*. In this offensive work real persons are introduced under the thinnest disguises. Anyone who knows anything about English society will throw the book down in utter disgust at its prurient, ignorant, and offensive caricature. However, as certain scandal-lovers of the lower middle class may be enticed to buy the book with a notion of finding in it what they may, in their innocence, believe to be a true picture of the Upper Ten, *Punch* begs to furnish a sample of the sort of thing that they may expect to get for their money:—

CHAPTER XLVII.

It was ten o'clock in the supper-room at BLACK'S Club in St. James's Street. The waiters were moving about amongst the members, on the look-out for tips. BLACK'S is the most fashionable Club in London, and many are the twopences that find their way into the hands of the pampered menials (masses of gold, velvet, and hair powder) who wait upon the patricians of the Metropolis.

At one of the tables (that, like the rest, was groaning under the weight of artificial flowers and costly plate) sat three "men" eating their supper. All day long these "men" (as even their Graces Lord Dukes are sometimes called in Mayfair) had been drinking champagne and eating *patés de foies gras*. The first was a foreigner. He was called PRINCE VON DISMARCK, and had been Prime Minister to His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF GERMANY. The next was MR. SADSTONE, an ex-Cabinet Minister. The last was the Right Honourable the EARL OF DEACONSFIELD—a new creation, and therefore not of great account in Mayfair.

"Where shall we go?" said MR. SADSTONE. "Prince, my Lord, what do you say to the Alhambra?"

"I prefer the Cambridge Music Hall in Shoreditch," replied his Lordship, filling his tankard with a fresh supply of "dry creaming." "I am blasé with West-End pleasures. Let us go 'east of Temple Bar.'"

And with a joyous laugh the three "men" left BLACK'S, and throwing themselves on to the top of a private coach-and-four, rattled down St. James's Street *en route* for the City.

In the meanwhile LORD BROMPTON was still talking in the bay window to his brother, the MARQUIS OF ISLINGTON.

"The DUCHESS OF DITCHWATER'S *soirée*, my Lord," said the elder patrician to his young relative, "was certainly dull. I give you my word that I couldn't get anything more substantial than a penny sandwich at supper. They had no 'fizz,' and the sherry had been watered."

"My Lord Marquis, you are right," replied the young aristocrat, with a bow. "It is very strange that in good society you can't get such luxuries of the season as those supplied by the lowest cad giving a Bayswater hop. I always bribe the Greengrocer when I visit her Grace, till he brings me some cold fowl."

At this sally several young aristocrats laughed heartily—their experience had been the same.

LORD LAWN (who had married Royalty) was greatly amused, and repeated the story afterwards to his connection the handsome PRINCE OF TICK.

"Well, you titled chaps," cried the Marquis, "are you game for any fun?"

LORD BROMPTON bit his lip. His brother approached him hurriedly.

"My Lord," he whispered, "at last by your emotion I have divined your secret. Last night at the DUCHESS OF BANCHESTER'S dance I saw you footing a schottische with the LADY BLANCHE TEMPLEBARS, much to the disgust of her noble mother, her GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SCARBOROUGH. Tell me, my Lord, do you love the gal?"

"I do, my Lord Marquis," replied the younger nobleman, firmly, "but I know it is of no use. I am a younger son, and shall never be able to afford the bundle of five pound notes which LADY BLANCHE (were she my wife) would use for making her cigarettes. What is blue blood without £ s. d.? I have been born under the shadow of a coronet, and I have scarcely enough money to buy champagne for breakfast. I wish I had been born a snob, on my soul I do!"

"Stuff and nonsense, my Lord," said the Marquis. "And now which of you titled chaps are game for the Gardens?"

There was a shout of laughter, and the young aristocrats, leaving BLACK'S, threw themselves into Victorias (each harnessed to three horses arranged tandem-wise), and drove to Kremorne.

Within five minutes all the young Lords were talking and chaffing with pleasant companions.

LORD BROMPTON soon forgot his love in shooting for nuts, and, when the time for the fireworks had arrived, was quite heart whole.

He was on the eve of following the crowd to a distant part of the gardens, when the Marquis arrived, bringing with him a friend, clothed in rather gorgeous garments.

"My Lord!" cried the Marquis, "let me introduce MR. SNOOKS to you. SNOOKS, this is my brother!"

The Gentlemen and the Nobleman bowed to one another.

"I am trying to persuade him to come home with us," continued the Marquis, "as I want to introduce him to our brother and the Marchioness, and their Ladyships, our SISTERS FANNY, FLORENCE, SUSANNA, and GWENDOLINE."

"Who is he, my Lord?" whispered LORD BROMPTON.

"The Lion Comique," replied the Marquis. "I tell you what, my Lord, he is no end of a stunning cove!"

And then the two Noblemen and the Comic Singer returned together to Grosvenor Square.

THE LAST WORDS OF DIPLOMACY.

France.—"A neutral tint is the present Paris fashion, my dear friends."

Greece.—"Ready, aye ready."

Germany.—"All's well that ends well."

Persia.—"Your money or your life."

Russia.—"So very sorry."

Turkey.—"Kismet!"

England.—"Are you quite sure you would not like another Congress, or a few more pamphlets, or a debate or two, or a brand new Protocol, or anything else in the waste-paper line?"

The Rest of the Civilised World.—"Curse you, my children!"

Curtain.

BLOOD RELATIONS.—The news of the next few months.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ND has it come to this! So completely has the Asses' Bridge broken down, that it cannot even support a night's talk in the Lords. On Monday, April 16, LORD GRANVILLE was booked to call attention to the Protocol, but, as in the case of *Glendower's* call of spirits from the vasty deep, *Punch* must ask, like *Hotspur*, "will it come?" It would seem not; for the audience of the Upper House, not the densest—*Punch* begs pardon, not the most crowded—as a rule, hardly rose beyond the average to hear what LORD GRANVILLE had to say against, and LORD DERBY for the extinguisher that has taken—or is taking—fire.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a rule for Lords as for Commons. The Protocol is dead. As nothing good can be said of the deceased diplomatic abortion, the only alternative is to say nothing. LORD DERBY said nothing, at consi-

derable length. The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE and the EARL OF DUDLEY said their dittos to LORD GRANVILLE. The Protocol having received its fitting "finis" from four flat speeches, the conversation collapsed; and the Protocol, with its declarations, passes away into the large limbo of Diplomatic Fizzles.

(Commons.)—MR. BOURKE has received a partial return of arrests, sentences, and executions of sentences on account of the Bulgarian uprising, and is ready to table them whenever MR. GLADSTONE will move. A partial return, no doubt, it must be, omitting, as it does, the name of every Moslem of rank or note who took the lead in the atrocities. While ACHMET, SHEKER, and TOOSOON, so far from being punished for their share in the Bulgarian horrors, have been promoted, MR. BOURKE may as well put the Turkish returns in his pipe, and smoke them, as lay them on the table of the House. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* ("I make no returns") might be the Turks' motto for massacres and massacred alike. "Why should I, when I neither retrace my steps nor punish my offenders?"

The Pera Correspondent of the *Times*, the other day, reported the bastinadoing to death of one NASIM, a student in the military school at Constantinople, who had ventured to draw up a memorial demanding the recall of MIDHAT. MUSURUS PASHA has categorically denied the fact. That is MUSURUS PASHA's business. MR. JOCELYN now repeats the denial, and so does the *Telegraph* Correspondent. The last declares he has seen and identified NASIM. That is evidence or would be if the identification is clear.

Let us hope the story is not true, and that its falsehood is disprovable by something more trustworthy than Turkish official denials.

A lively debate on the Mutiny Bills, Army and Navy, with lots of amendments moved. This is a novelty. PARNELL, POWER, and SULLIVAN, to say nothing of PETER TAYLOR, all busy in moving reductions of punishment, from solitary confinement to the Cat upwards. MR. PARNELL was rude enough to ask MR. WARD HUNT how he would like, if he unfortunately fell asleep on his post, to incur the punishment of penal servitude, death, or imprisonment with hard labour. Really, that is rather too personal, MR. PARNELL. Besides, you forget the First Lord's excuse if he should fall asleep on the Treasury Bench (which we presume is his Parliamentary



MUSICAL EGOTISM.

Herr Maestro (who has been indulging the Company with two Masses, three Symphonies, a dozen Impromptus, and a few other little things of his own). "WILL YOU NOT NOW ZING ZOMZING, MISS ANGELICA?"

Miss Angelica (with diffidence, pulling off her gloves). "H'M!—H'M!—I'M AFRAID I'M A LITTLE HOARSE TO-DAY; BUT IF——"

Herr Maestro (with alacrity). "ACH SÖH! IN ZAT CASE I VILL NOT BRESS YOU. I HAF GOMBÖSET A ZONATA IN F MOJL—SHALL I BLAY IT FOR YOU? YES?" [Proceeds to do so.

post), that he has been obliged to listen to a PARNELL and a BIGGAR. If the Soldier, the Sailor, and the Marine have to dread the Cat, has not the House its Irish Obstructives, with their more than nine tails of blue-books, and their knotted and leaded yarns? MR. WARD-HUNT succeeded in getting the Cat into the Mutiny Act. Henceforth the Statute will specify that the Cat is to be of a pattern approved by the Admiralty. Fancy my Lords at their Cat Inspection—to approve the Admiralty pattern! We recommend a Naval Cat Show—as a *succursale* to the feline display at the Crystal Palace—with a Naval Lord in attendance, to explain the points of the Cat approved of by the Admiralty!

Tuesday.—As dull as ditch-water in Parliament, in both Lords and Commons. My Lords were on Legal Education. The Inns of Court don't like my LORD SELBORNE'S Bill. Legal Education is the Benchers' business, not my LORD SELBORNE'S. Who is he, that he should set up to overhaul the Benchers, and educate the Bar? LORD CAIRNS is the Benchers' organ, and grinds their favourite tune of *Auld Lang Syne*. The pious PALMER will not reach his legal Holy Land *this* pilgrimage.

(*Commons.*)—MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN could move the abolition of the Railway Passenger Duty, but could not move the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to give up the £600,000 it produces, nor the non-Directorial element of the House to see any sufficient reason why he should. Though potent, the Railway Directors do not yet direct the House of Commons. MR. K.-H., as the clever author of some capital fairy tales, should publish one with a transformation beyond all the wonders of fairy-land, and as yet adventured in no published volume of fairy tales or Christmas transformation-scene—the transformation of Railway Passengers' duties into the duties of Railway Directors'. And if, after setting forth the latter, he could get the Directors to do it! As for the £600,000, there is a prevailing impression that if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER were to give it up, it would be to find its way not into passenger pockets, but shareholders'. The passengers prefer, for the present, to take

out their share in the shape of duty. When they find Directors showing an amiable concern for passengers in other matters, they will be ready, perhaps, to give them credit for paternal anxiety to save their pockets in the matter of the Railway Duty.

EARL PERCY moved the rejection of the Motion, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declined to give up the money. So MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN withdrew his Motion, and the Earl his Amendment.

But the fun to-night was out of the House in the great Donkey Demonstration, which *Punch* has immortalised in another part of his columns. It was a touching sight to see WHALLEY conducting DE MORGAN and the Rump of the heroic ten who managed to reach the Lobby, to the Tea-Room, and there treating them to the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." Such was the worst rioting that came of the great Tichborne Demonstration. As Tea to Old Tom, so is WHALLEY to LORD GEORGE GORDON.

As for DE MORGAN—"who leads great asses should himself be ass." And he seems perfectly to possess the qualification.

There was a DE MORGAN—mighty in mathematics and pitiless prostrator of paradoxes. We can imagine the *Q.E.D.* he would have arrived at over his namesake. A good deal like *Punch's*, elsewhere.

With WHALLEY and KENEALY in the House, and DE MORGAN out of it, the Unfortunate Nobleman in Dartmoor is even more unfortunate than his worst friends have painted him.

Wednesday.—When the foreign steamer *Franconia* smashed the *Strathclyde*, within two miles of Dover, no law could be enforced against the foreign offenders, the Court of Appeal holding, by seven men to six, that our Courts had no jurisdiction.

MR. GORST now seeks to stretch the grasp of the law over foreigners within a three-mile range of the coast. Something will have to be done; but it was agreed, after a legal talk—SIR G. BOWYER, STAVELY HILL, WHEELHOUSE, and FORSYTH against the Bill, and SIR W. HARCOURT and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL not exactly for it, but

discriminando—that the Government should do it." So GORST made way for CROSS—in due time.

MR. ANDERSON wants to assimilate the law of Scotland as to Married Women's Property to the law of England. And what for no? Unless it be, that your canny wedded Scot's grip of the siller—his wife's as well as his ain—is too strong to be loosened even by law, if he can help it.

MONTGOMERIE against, McLAREN and MR. EWING for the Bill. SIR G. CAMPBELL pathetic on the horror of converting wedlock into "chumming," and degrading the Scottish marriage tie to the Mahometan. This a new view of Moslem marriage. *Punch* had always thought the objection to that was from the point of polygamy, not property. But what SIR GEORGE objects to is not that the Turkish law allows too many wives, but that it makes all the wives independent in money matters. In fact, it would seem, according to SIR GEORGE, that the most Terrible Turk, in wedded life, is the one in petticoats. Thence, perhaps, the usage, among the Turkish ladies of wearing trousers—however baggy, still unmistakably of the unmentionable order.

The Bill was read a Second Time, but with a distinct intimation from the Lord Advocate, that Scottish women should not have an inch more right over their own than English.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD ENFIELD called attention, not before it is wanted, to the unsanitary condition of the Public Offices, old and new—the newest, to the shame of somebody—suppose we say BRITANNIA?—about the worst. Is it irony of the powers that watch over official undertakings, that the basement of the Office, which keeps such central eye and hand as are kept over the drainage of town and country, has been fairly flooded with liquid sewage, like the lover of HORACE'S *Pyrrha*, "*Liquidis perfusus odoribus*," though not exactly, "*Grato sub antro*," but in a stinking cellar. Or is it the Board's offences of omission in sewerage matters that are being brought home to its own doors, in the form of liquid sewage?

LORD BEAONSFIELD promises a speedy cleansing of the Augean stables of Whitehall and Pall Mall by that rather shaky Hercules, the Board of Works.

LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL showed at once his simple-mindedness and oddity by another last word for the Treaty of Paris, 1856. Let this be written on his Lordship's tombstone—may it be long before it is erected!—"He believed to the last in the Treaty of Paris, 1856."

LORD ROSEBERRY *did* show how we might be put in an awkward fix under the Tripartite Treaty of the same year, if either Austria or France appealed to its obligations. But, as LORD DERBY took comfort in pointing out to the House, they haven't, and are not likely to. So the Tripartite may go, with its predecessor, "Where de old Treaties go."

His Lordship should issue a new treatise. "On Treaties and their Obligations," *Punch* offers him some mottoes:—

"*De non existentibus et non apparentibus, eadem est ratio.*"

"A Treaty that the signatories don't insist on is no Treaty."

"Circumstances alter cases."

"Sufficient for the time being is the Treaty thereof."

"No bother, no bond."

(*Commons*).—Much miscellaneous talk, including a conversation on a department with the objectionable name of the Petty Bag Office. *Punch* is sorry to learn that petty-bagging has rather increased than diminished under the Judicature Act, so that MR. W. H. SMITH finds it impossible to abolish the office that works the petty bag business. *Punch* had flattered himself all these official petty-bagging had been done away with.

On report of the Mutiny Act, repetitions of the lively debates and divisions on Second Reading by PARNELL, BIGGAR, POWER, and their followers of the Irish Obstructive Brigade. They are evidently going in to curry favour with the Forces, as the "poor" soldiers' and sailors' friends. GENERAL SHUTE said the one thing worth recording in the night's talk—that "want of discipline was the failing of the age. There was a want of discipline in the Church, and at the Bar. He might even say he believed there was a want of discipline in that House." I believe you, *Mon Général!*

Another talk on the incidence of Imperial Taxation. MR. GOSCHEN doubted the Budget calculations, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stands by them. He pointed out that if new taxation had been needed, there is always the Income-Tax. And the Inexhaustible Bottle, SIR STAFFORD. As SIR WILFRID might say,—"Don't pass the Bottle."

Friday (Lords).—LORD CAMPERDOWN raised the ugly question why, after CAPTAIN HOBART, R.N., was dismissed, our Service in 1868 for accepting service with the Turk without leave of the Admiralty, HOBART PASHA was in 1874 restored to our Service, whence he is now drawing £400 a year half-pay. LORD DERBY could only admit the fact, with a feeble attempt at explanation, which explained nothing.

We are still at peace with Turkey and Russia. But they may any day be at war with each other. Would not Russia have some-

thing to say, and with reason, to an English Rear-Admiral commanding the Turkish Iron-clads? A question to be asked, and not to be answered except in one way—by striking CAPTAIN HOBART off the Navy List—(on which, with all his unwillingness to hit a British sailor, *Punch* must say the Captain ought never to have been replaced while he wore Turkish uniform)—from the date of the declaration of war between Russ and Turk.

(*Commons*).—The House thrilled to-night with a common pulse, as the country thrilled next morning, at the news of the rescue of the five Welsh miners from their ten days' living burial in the Troedyrhiw mine. God bless the brave fellows who risked their lives to rescue their brethren! It is something to have set thirty-two million hearts beating to one tune. It is something to be one of these thirty-two million hearts, and to feel one's heart beat the throbbing link between oneself and thirty-one millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

And then, to take down its excitement, the House went in, as if it really meant it, on MR. HANBURY TRACY'S waggish suggestion of an official staff of Reporters, to give verbatim reports of the Parliamentary talk! Talk of BIGGAR and PARNELL! Had he been serious? Think of the House weekly or monthly confronted with its own verbiage! "*Litera scripta manet*," too. "The evil that men do, lives after them;" for that we have SHAKESPEARE'S warrant. But that the rot they talk should live after them as well!—*Deus avertat!*

The House dabbled with the appalling idea, as seeming-reckless men might play with a loaded shell, knowing—the rogues—all the time there wasn't a light within a league of them.

No. Parliament is safe enough from verbatim reports, till a BIGGAR and a PARNELL—twin obstructives risen to con- and destructive—are set loose to work their wicked wills upon the Saxon speechmaker.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

NEW VERSION.

(Penned by W. E. G. in Arcadia.)



OME live with me and
be my love;
And we will all the
pleasures prove
That, in these days,
Arcadia yields
To one who seeks its
peaceful fields.

We'll sit beside our
letter-box,
Seeing the missives
come in flocks;
Big piles of post-cards,
destined all
For answering ques-
tions great and
small.

And I will pen you
pamphlets long,
And essays on Ho-
meric song;
Or spice my lectures
sage and solemn,
With brave orations
by the column.

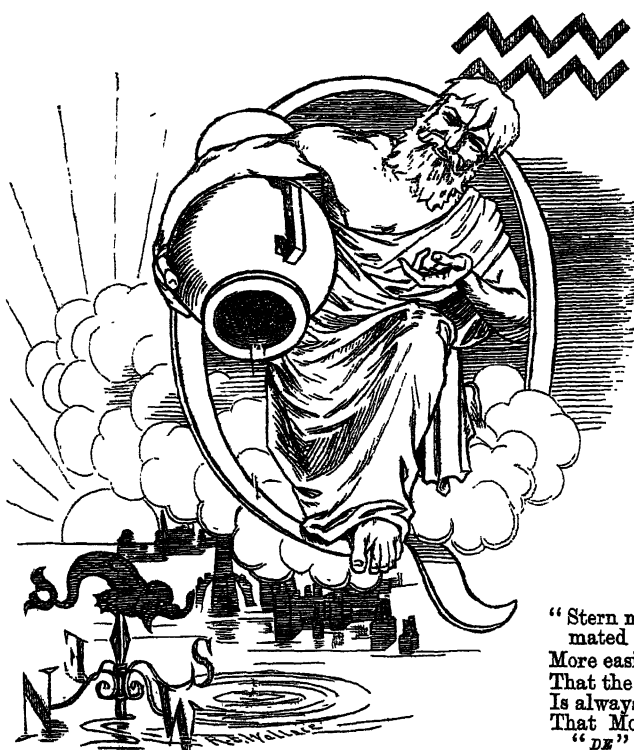
I'll show thee how a Wolff to keep
From harrying Arcadian sheep;
And how to counter, "fib," and "plant,"
And play the Shepherd-militant.

I'll teach thee how to ply an axe,
And mind and muscle jointly tax;
Or quit the pastoral pipe and crook,
For wordy bout and big Blue-Book.

The Daily papers,—morning treat
To lend a relish to our meat,—
Shall on our breakfast-table be
Piled up each day for thee and me.

The lazier Swains may dance and sing;
We'll toil and fight like anything.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love!

A DEMONSTRATION.



VERY—meant to demonstrate what? That "patriots" are a seedy lot; That spouters of seditious rant, With tongue alone are militant, And, spite of bellicose pretences, Don't "disregard the consequences"; That swaggerers, who Police defy Of Jupiter Pluvius fight shy, Whose water-pot has proved a damper To many a loud potential trumper; That heroes game to spill their blood Will funk chill wind and clinging mud, Oblivious of valorous vows; and That those defiant hundred thousand "Stern men and true" got decimated

More easily than congregated; That the arithmetic of bluster Is always falsified at muster; That MORGAN of the knightly "DE" Is not the pink of chivalry;

That ROWLAND TYLER is not WAT; That muffs who swear they'd rather rot In dungeon than as recreants live, Would funk what Beak might haply give; That martyrdom is not their walk, When "rot" is mainly all their talk; That 'tis an anti-climax rather When fools who in their thousands gather, Have to depute ten leading "gabs" To charge the foe in four-wheeled cabs!

That geese will stray when given free room, And that the House of Commons tea-room With counsel and applause from WHALLEY, Forms fittest finish to such folly; That loud DE MORGAN can but bray Like other "mokes," and lose his way; That blatant TYLER and crass SKIPWORTH Are scarcely serious Satire's whip worth; In fine, that the egregious three Are utter donkeys—Q. E. D.!

FOR THE MASTER OF THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE following Regulations have been issued by the Police for the maintenance of order and the satisfaction of the Great Composer on the occasion of the Wagner performances at the Albert Hall:—

The Public will be admitted to the Albert Hall on presentation of vouchers signed by HERR WAGNER or HERR DANNREUTHER, and on production of a certificate from any two Professors of Aesthetics in any University at home or abroad.

No person who has ever been heard to scoff at the Music of the Future, or is known to prefer MOZART's, BEETHOVEN's, or MENDELSSOHN's works to the Recitatives in *Lohengrin* and the *Ring der Nibelungen*, or who has ever confessed to having derived pleasure from the Operas of AUER or ROSSINI, BELLINI or DONIZETTI, or who has at any time degraded himself so far as to listen to the garbage of OFFENBACH, HERVÉ, LECOCQ, or STRAUSS, will on any account be admitted to the honour of assisting in this audition.

Any one of the audience assembled who shall blow any one's trumpet but that of RICHARD WAGNER (always excepting the ninety-nine trombones in the orchestra), or who shall sneeze, cough, or blow his own nose, or any one else's, during the ceremony, or who shall show any sign of disapproval or weariness, either by audible word, gesture, exclamation, or whisper, shall, on detection, be removed by the police agents at the first pause in the programme.

Only specified admirers will be permitted to bring up to the dais on which the august WAGNER will be enthroned crowns, wreaths, or bouquets for his acceptance.

All crowns must be of gold or silver-gilt. Wreaths and bouquets to be composed of the poshest exotics.

The Police have special orders to prevent the audience in their enthusiasm carrying HERR WAGNER round the Galleries, or crowding to kiss his hand, so as to impede his respiration, or otherwise interfere with his personal comfort.

A powerful lime-light will throw a halo round the head of the Professor during the performance.

Three of the most noted aurists of Savile Row will be in attendance at the Hall for the reparation of defective drums.

Sal-volatile and chloric ether, for the use of persons of exceptionally fine-strung nerves,

may be had in the basement of the Hall, on application to the Chemist of the Medicines of the Future, who will have his laboratory on the premises, with every description of restorative appliance and apparatus.

Special trains will run from the Kensington High Street Station to Colney Hatch, Hanwell, and Earlswood after each concert.

OUT OF RANGE.

WE rejoice to hear that the British Army already possesses an excellent range-finder, and has only to bring it into use and train men to work it in all branches of the Service. This is very encouraging, and all would be well did but the British Army possess also the following useful articles:—

A Commander-in-Chief who did not disapprove of his own General Orders.

A Field-Marshal who did not rest his claims to distinction upon his years rather than his laurels.

A Mobilisation Scheme that did not exist only on paper.

A War-Office which did not quarrel with the Indian Department.

An Indian Department which did not, whenever possible, snub and ignore the Horse-Guards.

A Reserve able to fill up ugly gaps in the event of our Army being called on for serious operations.

And, lastly, a few more horses, a good many more guns, and, if it could be managed without quite breaking the back of BRITANNIA, a great many more stalwart men in her Line and our Reserve.

STANZAS ON A SHOWER.

YON Butcher's ruby face is gleaming
With copious moisture, like the rain,
Whose big drops, fast and frequent streaming,
Run races down the window-pane.

From pores cutaneous such effusion
In heat of business oft appears.
That thought were now a fond illusion;
For ah, those cheeks are bathed in tears!

News of the last great importation
Of Yankee meat hath caught his eyes:
O'erwhelmed with grief and consternation
So now the blue-frocked Bobus cries.

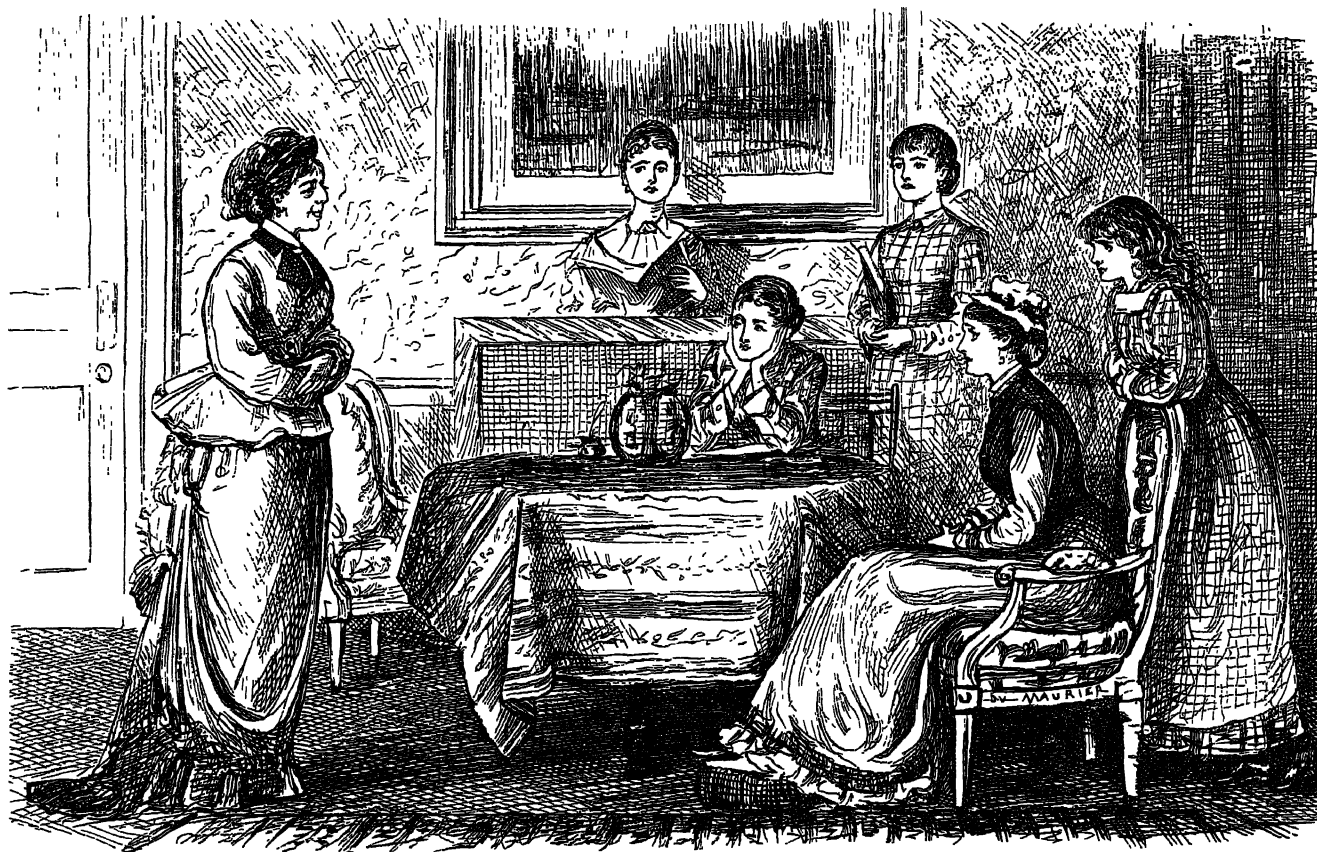
From Commoners to Cads.

MR. PUNCH, if infallible, is yet not omniscient. Knowing that MR. JOHN DE MORGAN had headed commoners in the destruction of illegal enclosures on commons, he did not know at the time that MR. DE MORGAN was capable of heading cads in an Orton demonstration of tagrag and bobtail. But *Mr. Punch* never pronounced MR. DE MORGAN, *ex cathedra*, to be a wise and sensible man, or declared him, authoritatively, actuated by any sentiment superior to the enthusiasm of a demagogue inflamed with a passion for notoriety.

That Terrible Turk.

AN assertion commonly passing current is the saying that "the Turk is a Conservative." This however should be taken with grains of salt fully amounting to a scruple. In Bulgaria and elsewhere the Turk has abundantly shown that, when his monkey is up, he can be an out-and-out Destructive. But, Conservative or Destructive, as the occasion of a threatened European war, confound his politics!

SENT TO A TEA.—"MISTER" DE MORGAN in the House of Commons.



A PARAGON.

Lady's-Maid (enumerating her Qualifications for the Place). "I MAY LIKEWISE HADD, MEM, THAT I HALWAYS MANAGES TO MARRY MY YOUNG LADIES MOST SATISFACTORY!"

"TAKING THE LEAD."

"For the last few months England has been taking the lead."—MR. WARD-HUNT, at Portsmouth.

"What was it we promised in that paragraph of the Protocol, which some people have urged, but I think with signal ill-success, involves or implies the idea of coercion? It was this: that if certain things were not done by the Turkish Government—we being the judges of whether they were done or not—then, at some future time, which was not fixed—we being the judges as to when that time had arrived—we should consider with certain other Powers, and say what we should then do."—LORD DERBY, in the House of Lords.

TAKING the lead? Well, it's flattering, very.
To picture JOHN BULL in that masterful rôle.
But, perhaps, ere we make too much haste to be merry,
'Twere well of that lead to consider the goal.
Blind leaders have been, and we know where they guide to.
A *dux* such as DERBY should better succeed.
Let him point out the fair winning-post we're to ride to,
And show the result of our taking the lead.

Peace? No, not precisely, for war-cries are rumbling,
And baffled diplomacy comes to a halt.
Treaty-rights? Those old bulwarks appear to be tumbling,
By gradual sap, if not daring assault.
Amelioration of down-trodden masses?
Our help to that end has been trifling indeed.
What else? Well, the wreck of that poor Bridge of Asses
Remains as result of our—taking the lead.

And that? A. hits B. "Now," says B., "I must mention,
My friend, that your manners are scarcely urbane,
And, if you evince any obvious intention—
That is, in my judgment—of punching again,
I fear I must really, at some time or other,—
I won't fix the date to a decade or two,—
Take measures to—well, my annoyance to smother,—
And consult as to what 'twere well, some day, to do."

That's Protocol policy! "Safe?" Some may think so;
JOHN BULL has his doubts whether making it plain
That his pluck may at pinch from the sticking-place shrink so
Is certain to issue in ultimate gain.
At least, if his goal is this queer congregation
Of "Ifs," that as peacemakers do not succeed,
He fails to perceive any special temptation
To jubilant bounce about—"Taking the Lead."

THE CLOTH AND ERMINE.

GREAT and grievous disappointment was caused in the City by the discontinuance of the custom wont hitherto from old time to be annually and religiously observed by the Judges and Serjeants of the Law on the first Sunday in Easter Term of going in state, arrayed in full-bottomed wigs and ermine, to St. Paul's, "where," as the *Echo* says, "the LORD MAYOR, the LADY MAYORESS, the Sheriffs, and the proper City officials, with sword and mace, and Aldermen and Common Councillors, in fur and mazarine gowns, each with a bouquet in his hand, waited patiently for the Judges and Serjeants who did not come." Ostensible excuses were made for this portentous dereliction. But what if, considering the attitude assumed by certain ecclesiastics towards the Public Worship Act and the Court of Arches, the Sages of the Law thought proper to absent themselves from Church in order to signify what they think of certain dignitaries of the Church defying the Law?

A New Torture.

WE are informed (though we make this announcement *sous toutes les réserves*) that one of the sufferings endured by the Unhappy Nobleman pining in Dartmoor arises from the shoals of letters addressed to him, through an erroneous interpretation of the following words in the form to be used by the large number of persons desiring abatement of Income-Tax—"All the blanks in the Notice must be filled up, and the Notice must be signed by, the Claimant."



THE EXTINGUISHER ON FIRE!

LORD D. "CON-FOUND THE THING!—IT'S ALL A-BLAZE!!"

LORD B. "AH, MY DEAR D., PAPER *WILL* BURN, YOU KNOW!!"

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(CONTINUED.)

(Forwarded to us through a Friend by Private Wire.*)



His day after the one last mentioned.—Met sixteen wolves to-day all wrapped up in sheep's clothing to keep themselves warm. Tried MR. GLADSTONE'S name on them with excellent effect. Haven't seen them again. Pig getting very clever. Met a

fair Circassian coming home. She was quite the Circassian *crème de la crème*. In fact as I said to her, "You're so much the cream as to be quite the cheese!" She blushed and replied, "O son of thrice noble parents"—they are uncommonly polite these Circassians—"O well-fed and much-caressed one"—she must have meant the Pig, not me—"O funny little fat father"—she must have been thinking of some one else when she said this—"I am afraid that your words are *chaffinski*"—(a Circassian expression for not meaning what you say)—but I assured her she was mistaken. "O beautiful one! O unhappy one!" I replied, my memory furnishing me with appropriate expressions from the translations of the Italian *libretti* to which we are accustomed at the Opera, "how strangely thou art mistaken! Ah Heaven! my divine enchantress (*divina incantatrice*), my words are the voice of truth!" Then I spread out the Alphabet before her, and the Pig grunted at each letter which made up her lover's name. She parted with two roubles, and left us much pleased with the entertainment.

Wednesday.—Came up to Fort Number One.* Found GENERAL KAUFFMANN here taking care of Number One. Gave KAUFFMANN some lozenges for his voice. "Kauff, man, no more," said I, pleasantly, and he went into fits. I asked him if we should be stopped before we got to Khiva. He answered with considerable caution, and put his finger to his nose. The last thing I saw of the old General was his left eye, as he winked at us through a loophole in Fort Number One. Thermometer going down to twenty degrees below nothing. Never was so cold. I have a warm sack with a hot-air apparatus in which I live the greater part of the day, and ride side-saddleways like a lady. As in this climate one dare not show one's eyes, or nose, or hands, I have ingeniously contrived holes through which the reins pass, and so I manage to guide my animal. If this cold increases, I must do in Russian Tartary as the Russian Tartars do, and, when riding, get inside and pull the blinds down. But I'm a Cosmopolitan, and can live anywhere. I find the piano a great comfort. It affords considerable amusement by day, and forms an admirable sleeping place at night. This evening played two games of Double Dummy with the Pig. He won the last rubber. If he repeats this, I shall watch his play closely. The Sleigh-driver backed the Pig. I begin to suspect collusion. How will this end?

Day after.—Came across a *Vodki*, which is a sort of Russian Punch-show, only without Toby. It was being carried by its spirited proprietor, who complained bitterly of the decay of the drama. The *Vodki*-man admired the Pig and made an offer. Refused it, but played the *Vodki*-man at *écarté*, with which he was not previously acquainted:—at least, so he said; but, for a novice, I never saw a man cut the king so often. Fortunately, as I explained to him after he had won a dozen games, we were only playing for amusement—not for money

—or I should have lost considerably. Row with the *Vodki*-man. Appeal to the Sleigh-driver. Sleigh-driver sided with *Vodki*. I offered him an I.O.U. They both said that in the middle of a snow desert this was of no use to them. Obligated to pay in roubles. *Vodki*-man wished me to bear no malice, and offered me a glass of native *wickski*. Not liking to offend him, took it.

* * * * *

Next Morning.—Everything disappeared, and everybody—*Vodki*-man, Sleigh-driver, Piano, and Pig. All gone. I am alone in the Great Snow Desert—houseless, friendless, unprotected. Policeman only makes his rounds here once in three months, and then finds it dull, as there are no arrearings, cooks, or cold mutton within fifty miles. Please send me a cheque at once (by Private Wire*), or I shall not be able to get on to Khiva—not even on foot.

You wouldn't like to hear of Your Representative perishing of cold and starvation in the Great Snow Desert. The British Government would take up the subject warmly; but the subject would be precious cold before the British Government stirred itself, and even then two or three years might elapse before an Honourable Member would call for the papers, relating to the mysterious disappearance of a British subject somewhere in the snow between St. Petersburg and Khiva, to be laid before the House. Send the cheque *per* my friend, whom you can thoroughly trust, and who knows all about it. Do not delay. If you've any misgiving,† just look up the people whose names are down on my Subscription List, and who haven't paid up. If my hands are not too frozen to write or to wire, I will send you my diary as usual. But should the wolves get hungry * * * *

Next Day (Diary continued by Private Wire).—Luckiest chance in the world! Found a *mhoka* (a Tartar donkey) and a boy going to Khiva. Boy says he knows the way. No saddle or bridle. Only a *Joée* (a small sum equal to about fourpence of our money) by the hour. Away! upon my bare-backed steed.

Day after.—Hooray! (This again is by Private Wire.) The Pig has come back safe and sound. He had a squeak for his life. The *Vodki*-man had religious objections to eating him, and the Pig fortunately getting hold of the letters of the Alphabet which he carries with him round his neck, spelt out the words, "I'm a Christian."

The *Vodki*-man instantly released him, as, being a Turk, and not a Tartar, he never tortures Christians. In fact they never do out here. That's all a mistake. The Pig is as happy as possible, and has already made great friends with the Donkey and the Boy.

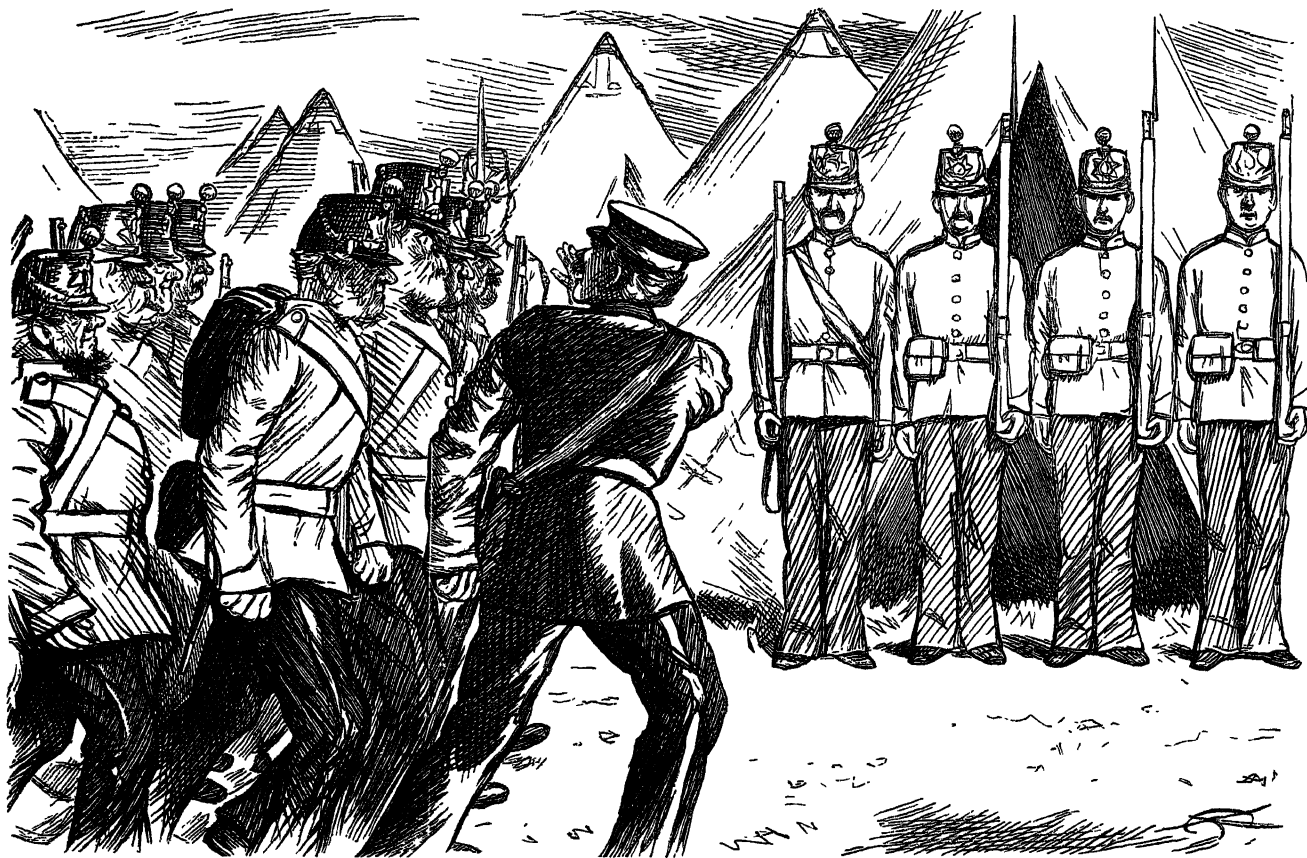
1 P.M.—Luncheon time. At this point I came on CAPTAIN BURNABY'S track.‡ He

* We are struck by the mention of this name again in connection with sending a cheque. Can Private Wire be really a soldier, and not a telegraphic apparatus? We have told our Confidential Boy in the front office to make inquiries.—ED.

† We have. But still if our Representative is really, through no fault of his own, in such a pitiable condition, something ought to be done. To be on the safe side, we shall consult a Solicitor. We have had no information as yet concerning this "Private Wire."—ED.

‡ In warmly congratulating CAPTAIN BURNABY on his safe return from his recent tour in Asia Minor, we also congratulate ourselves on the opportunity now afforded us of testing the correctness—by which expression we show ourselves far from impugning the veracity—of our Special Representative's statements. Be-

* To prevent mistakes, we think it as well to state, that the "Private Wire" in question is not a soldier—at least we suppose not. We merely print the words as written at the head of the MS. left at our Office by one of Our Representative's many friends.—ED.



OUR ARMY RESERVE.

Sergeant of Pensioners (marching party of the Army Reserve into Camp—approaching the Guard). "Now, MY MEN, PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER! YOU'RE NOT SO DRUNK AS YOU THINK!"

has left his footprint in the snow. I telegraph over this news at once, as I know the publishers are all rushing *en masse* to buy his works, and I want to know what they'll give for one of his foot-prints? The print is a proof—of his having been here; and I'll swear to it—for a consideration. My friend at the livery stables will receive tenders and forward them to yours truly by Private Wire. On we go again to Khiva.

sides, if our Riding Representative has gone wrong, we are sure that the gallant officer above mentioned will be only too delighted to telegraph to him all such necessary directions as "Go ahead!" "First turning to the right!" "Halt!" and so forth. . . . Since writing the above, a map of the country, drawn by our Representative, exhibiting its strong and weak points, and showing the route he is now taking, has been delivered by his agent, the Livery-Stable Keeper. We were out at the time, but our Confidential Boy in the front office took it in, and gave the man five shillings on account. It will be on his own—the Confidential Boy's—account if the map is not both genuine and authentic. The Boy quite forgot to ask about Private Wire, but he says that the man who generally brings the MS. has a "millinery hair." Still—the Boy is to blame.

Latest Intelligence.—Boy in tears. His mother has arrived. The five shillings belonged to her. Further complications. Result in our next, as we must go out (by the back door) and call on CAPTAIN BURNABY. We are most anxious to see the horse that he has ridden so much on. It must be his hobby.—Ed.

Erin's Three Graces.

(New version of a well-known Epigram.)

THREE Members in three different counties born,
Dundalk and Meath and Cavan did adorn:
The first in rude vulgarity surpassed;
The next in stubbornness; in both the last.
Force of obstructiveness no more could do—
To make the third, she joined the other two.

THE LATEST FORM OF LUNACY.—Faith in the Crescent.

THEN AND NOW.

THINGS are not what they used to be in days not distant far—
Old fogies were no striplings then, when NICHOLAS was Czar.
And people dreamt—how came so strange a fancy to extend?—
That Russian rule was tyranny, and conquest Russia's end.

"Atrocities" in Poland, deeds of bigotry and ire,
Were told, and even credited, of ALEXANDER's sire!
The "Nuns of Minsk" a by-word were that passed beyond a doubt.
JOHN BULL believed the story of the Sisters and the Knout.

The Cross against the Crescent when good NICHOLAS unfurled,
The bombs of France and England on Sebastopol were hurled.
Against him, with the Ottomite the Western Powers took part,
And thwarted him, and baffled him, and broke his gentle heart.

The Turks were then our trusty friends, our true and good allies.
We all thought Turkey in the scale of Nations on the rise.
Alas, these good opinions Britons backed with British gold:
Investors lent the moneys which they'll ne'er again behold.

But now in vain may Turkey to BRITANNIA look for aid.
The Muscovites the Porte's domain can unopposed invade,
So they assail our interests not, for anything we care,
'Tis almost a Party question if we should not help "the Bear."

Bulgarian horrors were the cause which, sole and simple, wrought
On the Oriental Question all this change of British thought.
Mere righteous indignation bids us throw the Moslem o'er,
Bleed not e'er a drop to save them; lend them ne'er a penny more.

A POKE THROUGH A PARCHMENT.

It is said that the "Tripartite Treaty" of 1856 gives the parties to it "no loophole." True; but there appears to be a hole in it through which another party will be able to fire.

VERS NONSENSIQUES À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



UN Ténor ambulant (de Bruxelles)
Fasciné par les bières si belles
Qu'on fabrique à Burton,
Entonna la chanson :
"Que je (hic) voudrais avoir vos ailes !"



À POTSDAM, les totaux absteineurs,
Comme tant d'autres titotailleurs,
Sont gloutons, omnivores,
Nasorubicolores,
Grands manchons, et terribles duffeurs.

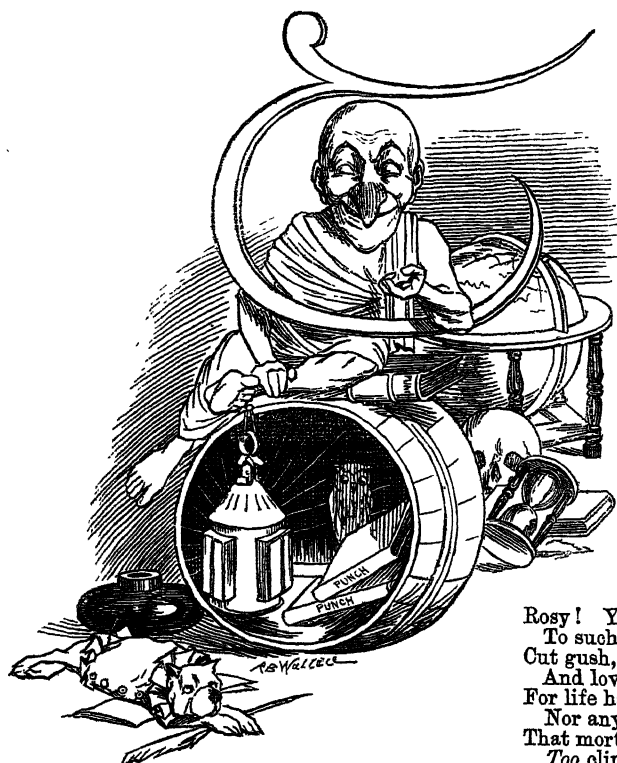


SMITH voudrait avoir assez de jous
Pour parler à cet homme à la roue,
Et pour oser, en cas
Qu'il ne répondît pas,
L'appeler—"Vieux bâton-dans-la-boue !"



PAUVRE ÉDOUIN ! ANGÉLINA t'aimait !
Mais un jour qu'ANGÉLINA chantait,
Tu fis une grimace
Qu'elle vit dans la glace. . . .
Dès ce jour, Pauvre ÉDOUIN, c'en est fait !

THE LAY OF THE LATTER-DAY CYNIC.



HE CYNIC! Ay; but *à la mode*,
Not as per ancient sample.
'Tis not the modern *Timon's* code
On luxury to trample.
DIOGENES was but a dunce
Who scorned the choice and cosy,
We moderns know that life's at once
Ridiculous—and rosy.
Ridiculous! Most men are fools,
Most women food for mocking.
But Cynics of the ancient schools
Were coarse, ill-clad, and shocking.
We dress, and dine, and dance, and wine,
Smart scoffers, gay and airy;
For dirt and dulness don't define
The new *Nil Admirari*.

Rosy! Yes, life is rosy, too,
To such as take it rightly;
Cut gush, eschew the sourly true,
And love and labour lightly.
For life has no abiding sting,
Nor any binding snare for
That mortal who no mortal thing
Too clingly will care for.

And if there's that beneath which makes
Sour zealots hold their noses,
The course is smooth, and Mirth awakes
To strew the stream with roses.

We've shut the door on Sentiment,
A guest who gave us trouble;
For glory!—fools may be content
To chase that flying bubble.
Your Cynic-epicure will try
A pleasanter employment,
Combining general mockery
With personal enjoyment.

Not mine DIOGENES's rules—
Roots and tubs may suit Vandals;
Give me my *trois plats*, togs from POOLE's,
And last new thing in scandals,—
These are my joys. Down, dullard Care!
Out, Zeal, thou Simple Simon!
My cane! my weed! I take the air—
The fashionable *Timon*!

Since life's a jest, he fares the best
Who makes a trade of jesting;
And only zanies spoil its zest
By seriously contesting.
'Tis fun to watch the squabbling Schools,
Creeds, Councils, Crowns, and Mitres.
The wise look on, and only fools
Are found among the fighters.

Fight? Who would stoop to sweat and dust,
Or handle hilt or trigger,
When he might watch War's cut and thrust,
And, snug in safety, snigger?
Hot dolts may join the strenuous close—
No choice could well be queerer—
I cook a cool-contemptuous nose,
And read the *Sixpenny Sneerer*.

The dread *régime* of gush and rush,
To restless GLADSTONE owing,
Thank Heaven, is o'er. With sleepy hush
Our stream of life is flowing.

STRANGE FOOD IN THE STABLE.

PREUX CHEVALIER PUNCH,
ALTHOUGH a Vegetarian—yet not a Teetotaler—for when thirsty and fatigued, I can drink my pot of strong beer off at a pull, let me implore you to exert your great influence amongst the Equestrian Order for keeping the regulation of provender in their stables strictly and steadily up to the mark of good old English fare. As beef, mutton, and veal hold their place in the banqueting-hall, so let hay, beans, and corn in the manger. This sentiment must commend itself to every stable mind.

But, esteemed Sir, there has appeared in several of your contemporaries a statement, representing a certain French gentleman—so to call him—a M. LE BRIAN, to have invented a substitute for oats. It seems to have answered so well in France, that innovators propose to introduce it into this country. The fodder designed to supersede oats is—what do you imagine? Parsnips?

Parsnips of all subjects of the Vegetable Kingdom! Roots! What next! Turnips, I suppose—Swedes, mangold-wurzel, kohl-rabi, food for cattle, including THORLEY's, perhaps, or oil-cake even, who knows?—materials for the growth of meat. It is easy to see what all this points to. No doubt, parsnips are highly nutritive in their way. Everybody knows that they contain a large quantity of sugar, wherewithal they served your great-grandmothers to make parsnip-wine. But sugar is carbonaceous food, simply fattening. It will not support the condition requisite for the hunting-field, or the turf. It

will only qualify a creature for the stall. Such as the stalled ox is, such will it render the superior quadruped—degrading it to a stalled horse. Parsnips are recommended in lieu of oats, mainly because they are cheaper—four times as cheap as oats. They are means by which horses can be fattened at small expense, like pigs. Presently, perhaps, horses also will be supplied with wash; and education on parsnips, comprising an excursion upon acorns, will conclude with a brief course of barley-meal.

The plain fact is, *Mr. Punch*, that if given to horses, instead of their proper food, parsnips will be the thin end of the wedge. In France the wedge has been driven home. Hippophagy has long prevailed there; as, no doubt, anthropophagy will very soon. Parsnips for British horses will be the beginning of the end; and that end will be the butcher's shop. In the meanwhile you will have Horse Shows, wherein the horses will be shown as fat cattle. You will see horses, ere long, near Christmas, exhibited amongst the rest of the beasts at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, and graziers and meat-salesmen coming and punching their sides. From the knuckles of all such connoisseurs defend—with your cudgel—the ribs of your humble servant to command in any work according to his capacity,

HOUYENHNM.

Brobdingnag News, April 25, 1877.

TAXES IN RESERVE.

PUNCH hears that the following suggestions for new taxation were struck out of the Budget at the last moment. He would suggest the substitution of them for the Income-tax in a future year.

A Tax on three-volume novels written by women.

A Poll-tax on rinkers.

A Poll-tax on bachelors over thirty.

A Tax on the sixpenny journals of society, which retail scandal and call it news.

A Tax on false hair.

A Tax on photographs.

A Tax on high heels.

And, finally,—a source of large addition to the revenue of the country,—a Tax on all the imbecility in the shape of correspondence which *Punch* has daily to sift in the forlorn hope of finding the one grain in the measureless bushels of chaff.

To Sir Henry Hawkins.

(By a Bothered Barrister.)

TWINKLE, twinkle Legal star,
How I wonder *what* you are!
Up above the Court so high:
Please enlighten us! Do try!

“Nor owns the Flattering Falsehood of the Brush.”

HERE is a curious, and, so far as *Punch* knows, a new offence charged against a butcher who contracts for the meat supply of a Metropolitan Union; viz., that of “painting the head of a sheep, to give it the semblance of a South Down.”

Till now we had thought the painting up of sheepish heads, so as to give them the appearance of better blood and breeding than rightfully belonged to them, was the work of the portrait-painter, not the butcher. The accused butcher, it is only fair to say, repels with indignation the æsthetic impeachment.



AN INDUCEMENT.

Pép. "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS DO WHAT MAMMA TELLS YOU, SIBYL. IF YOU ALWAYS
HAD, YOU'D HAVE BEEN IN HEAVEN LONG AGO!"

BEAUTIFICATION FOR BARNES COMMON.

THERE are actually those who deprecate Railway extension on Barnes Common! Still more, *Mr. Punch*, will they object to the improvement designed for that pleasant place by other and even more tasteful parties than London and South-Western Railway Directors.

Going towards Richmond by way of Hammersmith Bridge Road, turn down the lane there diverging at the "Red Lion" Pub. It takes you out on the Common. You pass between meadows on the right and left. The meadow close on the right has in it a rookery among tall elm-trees. On the left the meadows are besprinkled and bespangled with daisies and buttercups and marsh-marigold and cuckoo-flower; and as the season advances, and when haymaking is at hand, the grass will have grown up luxuriantly, crested and tinted with red gold.

On this side, just where the lane opens on the Common, nigh to your elbow stands a pole, displaying a red flag. A series of like poles and flags, a few yards apart, extends all the way up to the Cemetery. In the midst of them is hoisted a black board, exhibiting, in white letters, the following legend, "Site of the Proposed Sewage-Manure Works." Danger-signals these, apparently, hung out by absurdly alarmed conservators.

The site of the proposed Sewage-Manure Works is at present occupied by nothing prettier than furze richly out in bright yellow bloom. On a hot sunny day, to be sure, blooming furze exhales a delightful odour. Fancy that of the Works!

A background to the site of the proposed Sewage-Manure Works is formed of mere rows of trees coming out in leaf. Would not *DR. JOHNSON* have been right in saying that a grove of chimneys in a place like that was better than any grove of trees? Particularly such chimneys as the chimneys of Sewage-Manure Works.

I am informed by members of the parties who propose to embellish Barnes Common with Sewage-Manure Works that they are princi-

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(With the kind Permission of the Authorities.)

SMITH PASHA (a Captain in the 30th Hussars, Prince Leopold's Own) is marching northwards with a large Turkish army. He is likely to be opposed, on reaching Russian soil, by GENERAL COUNT SNOOKSKI, another English officer on half-pay.

BROWN EFFENDI (of Her Majesty's Tin Tax Office) has accepted the post of Director of War Telegraphs to the Turkish Government. He will leave England immediately (on long leave) to undertake the duties of his new post.

M. THOMPSONOFF (of the British Foreign Office) has been intrusted with the mission of stirring up an insurrection on the borders of the Danube by the Russian Government.

JONES EFFENDI (a Captain in the Royal Navy) is in command of four Turkish Iron-clads. He has been ordered to bombard Odessa. He has received no instructions to spare British property in that port.

CAPTAIN BROWNOFF (of the Royal Engineers, Chatham) has accepted temporary service in the Russian Army. He will be intrusted with the construction of a road from Khiva to British India. It will be remembered that CAPTAIN BROWNOFF has recently returned from service with his company in the North-West Provinces.

ROBINSON BEY (of the English Treasury) has accepted a contract from the Turkish Government to set the Suez Canal on fire with torpedoes, powder, and patent wood.

Members of the Indian Civil Service have been engaged by the Russian Government to furnish confidential reports of the state of native feeling in the Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras.

In Re Beetle-Crusher.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As it seems we are doomed to dance Polkas this season, and as the old "Stamp Galop" has gone out of fashion, *do*, like a dear old man, suggest to MR. GODFREY to give us a "Please don't Stamp Polka." The name might convey a gentle hint, not before it is wanted, to some over-heavy-footed partners. I am, &c.,

CAMILLA SWANSDOWN.

pally certain parochial pigs of the *Bumble* description steyed a Mortlake, where they have close by them an almost unfrequented and quite out-of-the-way common in their immediate neighbourhood, between the road and Richmond Park, to build upon if they must build Sewage-Manure Works upon a common rather than expend enough money to have their sewers connected with a system of main drainage.

Their foes also affirm that the project for the invasion and defilement of Barnes Common, as they call it, is opposed by the people of Barnes and Putney, and even by those of remote Kensington, very naturally, they say; for, should it be executed, the next step in sanitary progress may be expected to be the erection of Sewage Manure Works in Kensington Gardens. And why not?

I was greatly surprised, as no doubt you will be, to hear that the Barnes Common Improvement and Odourisation Scheme is likewise opposed by the Metropolitan Board of Works. But its worthy promoters are said to have prevailed so far as to have got a Government Inspector appointed to report on the merits of their lovely design.

Sound the alarm, *Mr. Punch*, summon all the right-minded Members of Parliament, and arouse the Society for the Preservation of Open Spaces with your most raucous *pro-too-too* for a trumpet-call to aid public benefactors in the attempt to enrich Barnes Common with a delight to the eye, and a pleasure to the organ which duly appreciates

A Nosteday.

Most Questionable Recommendation.

HERE is about the worst recommendation from a man's last place we ever heard of:—

VENTILATION, DRAINAGE, and WARMING thoroughly effected at the least expense. Sixteen years' experience in the War-Office. —Address, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ARK! (Lords, Monday, April 3), LORD DERBY (as Call-Boy): "War Overture on, my Lords!" MR. LAYARD reports the fitting of the Russ *corps diplomatique* from Stamboul; COLONEL MANSFIELD, the arrival of the first Russian detachments at Bucharest. Exeunt words. Enter swords.

The EARL OF CARNARVON, most laborious, well-meaning, and clear-headed of Colonial Ministers, introduced his skeleton South African Confederation Bill. It turns the Bill's "mays" into "shalls." The problem before the Colonial Office is not an easy one—how to combine into a harmonious, well-guarded, and well-governed whole, the motley mixture of Dutch Settlements, English Colonies, and Native States now dividing South Africa, in more senses than one. At present Dutch Boer, English Settler, Malay Coolie, Tottie, Bechuana, Griqua, and Zulu, only agree to differ. The Bill provides how, if they can but agree to try to agree, they are to go about it, all the ticklish points being left open for local discussion and settlement. No doubt this is the best way of managing a most difficult job. If LORD CARNARVON had sent out a ready-made constitutional suit it would never have fitted. As it is, he empowers the Colonial tailors to take their own measures, and cut their own coat of many colours according to their own cloth and the wearer's figure.

(Commons).—A nice go in at the House's favourite game of question and answer. More outbreaks of Cattle Plague, worse luck, in big suburban herds, too, at Willesden, Kensal Green, and Notting Hill. Nothing for it but stamping out. "That's the sort of plague I am!" Budget talk; CHILDERS and MUNDELLA croaking, W. H. SMITH sanguine, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER cheerful.

SOLATER-BOTCH asked for a credit of Four Millions for Local Loans. CHAMBERLAIN congratulated the country on the increasing indebtedness of local authorities. It meant expenditure on remunerative and much-needed works of drainage, gas, water, and street improvement. Bar jobs and blunders, MR. CHAMBERLAIN—a biggish bar too. But it is the Local Government Board's business to knock that bar down and keep it down. If only the Board could contrive to use a little less red-tape in the process!

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD DERBY announced the crossing of the Roumanian frontier by 17,000 Russians at Bolgrad and Jassy.

LORD GREY wanted to know whether what is called the D. T. Draft Protocol (in which Turkey undertakes to do all that the Conference asked, and to allow the Ambassadors to overlook their doing it, if Russia will only take the armed hand off her throat), was ever considered while the Asses' Bridge was building. LORD DERBY said no doubt the D. T. Draft might represent the SULTAN's idea, but it was never before the Asses'-Bridge-builders; and if it had been, he really did not believe it would have altered matters.



THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

Fare (out of patience at the fourth "jib" in a Mile). "Hi, THIS WON'T DO! I SHALL GET OUT!"
Cabby (through the trap, in a whisper). "AH THIN, SOR, NIVER MIND HER! SIT STILL! DON'T GIVE HER THE SATISFACTION AV
KNOWIN' SHE'S GOT RID AV YE!!"

The row was to be, and nothing anybody could have said or done would have prevented it. What a wonderfully useful business Diplomacy appears to be, as represented by LORD DERBY! In fact, his Lordship seems to design BRITANNIA, very much as *Punch* might, as a Dame Partington, armed with the Diplomatic Mop, trying to sweep back the sea of Russ aggression. If that is a right view of the matter, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"—what business had LORD SALISBURY at the Conference, or LORD DERBY at the laboriously useless building of the Asses' Bridge?

(*Commons*).—MR. SHAW moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the nature, extent, and grounds of the demand made by a large proportion of the Irish people for the uncoupling of the Keltic cat from the Saxon bull-dog. The night's division proved, as a fact, what the mover began by admitting as a statement, that the concession of Home-Rule is out of the pale of practical politics.

MR. KING—HARMAN seconded the Motion; MESSRS. BUTT, BLENHERHASSET, O'SHAUGHNESSY, SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN, and SIR W. LAWSON, supported it; MR. C. LEWIS, MR. W. JOHNSTON, and MR. BRUEN, for Irish constituencies, protested against it; the Right Honble. W. E. FORSTER knocked it out of time; PROFESSOR FAWCETT danced over it; LORD HARTINGTON gave it a parting kick, and finally the House administered the *coup de grâce* to it by a division of 417 to 87, of whom thirteen only were English Members. In fact there was no need of a *coup de grâce*. The Motion was still-born. MR. O'DONNELL, the Secretary of the Home-Rule Confederation, had killed it in embryo by his letter to the *Times*, proclaiming that the Irish vote, in English constituencies, would be given "solid," to the highest bidder, and that the Liberals must choose between supporting Home-Rule and exclusion from Office "till the crack of doom."

As MESSRS. FORSTER and FAWCETT both gave the Home-Rulers clearly to understand, the Liberal party would a thousand times rather take their chance of exclusion for ever from the Government of a United Kingdom, than their chance of a share in the government of a divided one, by aid of the Home-Rule vote. In a word, the Parliament of the United Kingdom will not help the agents of Irish disaffection to take the muzzle from the Kilkenny cats, and set those

vicious and vindictive animals worrying each other in the ring of a Palace Green Parliament-House, to the delight of cynics and the shame of intelligent and civilised men.

If Home-Rule means merely Local Self-Government, it can be given under that name. If it means Repeal of the Union—as it *does* mean in the minds of its sincerest supporters—it cannot be given at all. The sooner Ireland puts *that* into her *dudeen*, and smokes it, the better for her.

Tuesday's debate was chiefly valuable for the emphasis with which it records that determination. We may thank MR. O'DONNELL's letter for bringing the Home-Rule imposthume (our printer had printed "imposthure") to a head. To-night's talk quite discharged it. Time and prosperity must be left to cure the ill-humours in the Irish body politic of which the itch for Home-Rule is a symptom.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH flung a little-needed new apple of discord into the debate by charging MR. GLADSTONE with having written to recommend MR. KAY to the Liberal constituency of Salford, after, and although, he had taken the Home-Rule shilling. SIR MICHAEL was out in his dates. MR. GLADSTONE showed that his letter had been written in MR. CAWLEY's lifetime, long before MR. KAY was a candidate for Salford even, much more before he had made friends of the solid Irish of that highly-Hibernianised constituency.

Wednesday.—MR. HORWOOD moved the Second Reading of a Summary Proceedings Bill, dealing with the subject-matter of a Government Bill already before the House. Why cross CROSS? So the House settled HORWOOD by 228 to 164.

Scotch Bill for doing away with Hypothec floored for the time being by a quarter of an hour's severe operation of GREGORY's Mixture of hard fact and hard law.

Thursday.—Seven hours in the *Lords* over the DUKE OF RICHMOND's Burials Bill—for aggravating the Dissenters' grievance, under the show of removing it. They want equality in the parish churchyard. The Bill gives them toleration. They want their own services over their dead. It gives them "silence." Silence does not imply Non-conformist consent—or content either; and LORD GRANVILLE became the mouth-piece of their non-content, in his Amendment that in this matter no measure would be satisfactory which did

not leave friends and relatives free to use at burials in parish churchyards such Christian and orderly observances as to them might seem fit.

To this complexion it must come; but bigotry and exclusiveness die as hard as ever; and on Thursday they had a field-night; though it is to be noted as a cheering sign of the times, and a proof that the harvest-time of common sense and Christian charity are nigh, that both Archbishops, in principle, and the BISHOP OF OXFORD by his vote, supported LORD GRANVILLE'S Resolution. There was a great crowd. The Bishops overflowed their benches. There were old ladies, besides those who were present *virtute officii*, young ladies, intelligent foreigners (including the Christian Greek and the Heathen Chinese), a large muster of the Commons, and many eldest sons of Peers—supporting, as is their right and duty, the Throne on the steps thereof.

It was as much a matter of course that the Resolution should be lost (141 to 102 was a small majority against it for the Peers) as it is that it will be carried in due time. Do not the BISHOP of LINCOLN and the EARL of DARTMOUTH oppose it? Do not the MARQUIS of SALISBURY and the Archbishops pray a settlement, ere an offer of worse terms come with worse,—i.e., better,—times? But the Conservative Tarquin will not listen to the Sibyl; so her books are withdrawn from sale, to reappear in due season, at the inevitable higher figure which will have to be paid at last. The question is not one to be laid at rest by a "silent burial."

(Commons.)—HOBART PASHA will cease to be HOBART PASHA, R.N., from the outbreak of the War. There is no rupture of Diplomatic relations between Russia and Great Britain.

In Committee on the University Bill, LORD FRANCIS HERVEY moved the wrath of GRANT DUFF and SIR JOHN LUBBOCK by protesting against Professors, and backing College education by Tutors against University education by Lecturers. The Member for the Border Burghs seconded him. Between LORD HERVEY, TREVELYAN and LOWE on the Fellows' side, and GRANT DUFF and LUBBOCK on the Professors', SIR W. HARCOURT took the mediatorial line, and Jove-like weighed in equal scales the fates of Scholarship and Science, Colleges and Universities, Fellows and Professors, Endowment of Research, and Research of Endowments. At last the Bill got into Committee, and there was a fight over the names of the Commissioners, PROFESSOR PRICE, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, DR. BATESON, and DR. HOOKER being in turn set up as Aunt Salleys, to be knocked down by majorities varying from 10 to 32.

The House adjourned at a quarter past one, much delighted with its little game of three scientific sticks a penny.

Friday (Lords).—A Railway Accidents Commission has lately reported, recommending measures for enforcing on the Companies punctuality and safe speed of trains, reasonable hours of service, and an effective block and brake system.

LORD BURY moved a Resolution pledging my Lords not to do anything to carry out these recommendations. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! The House is not going to. It was hardly necessary for LORD BRACONSFIELD to say as much. This is the merry month of May, not must. A Government that won't join in coercing Turks has no *locus standi* for coercing Directors. So far from its being necessary for LORD BURY to raise the subject, my Lords are quite ready to burke it first and bury it afterwards—with a "silent burial," of course; so the less said the better. Leave the Companies to provide blocks and brakes, as they do now, in all senses of the words, on the principle of undivided responsibility—tempered with damages.

(Commons.)—A talk to be taken into consideration by owners of ships trading to Odessa, still more of sailors shipping on board thereof. The Russians have given notice that if such ships get among the torpedoes the crews are "to go below." Nothing more likely. It hardly needed a Russian notice to tell us that.

The House declines, by 189 to 65, to accede to THE O'DONOGHUE'S Motion, first for a Resolution pledging the House to take further steps to turn the Irish tenant into a fixture, and the Landlord into a rent-charger, and if the House won't grant that, for a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. The House declines to follow the Home-Rulers rule, of fooling Irish tenants to the top of their bent. Parliament does not mean to grant fixity of tenure any more than Home-Rule, and prefers to say so in plain majorities, let BURY pipe never so persuasively.

BLOWING (OUT OF) GREAT GUNS.

MR. ROBERTSON, the active Manager of the Aquarium, suggests to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the HOME SECRETARY that, if they have any doubt as to not only the perfect safety but even the pleasurable of ZAZEL's sensational performances, they had better come and try being blown from the mouth of the gun themselves. The courteous MARQUIS OF HERTFORD has replied:—

DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

It is my business to blow up Managers, not to be blown up

by them. If ZAZEL finds it as pleasant to be blown up by her machinist as Managers assure me they find it to be blown up by me, I am delighted to learn the fact, for the young lady's sake as well as that of your business. But I see no sufficient reason for my making the experiment, as you kindly suggest. Modestly as I may think of myself, for the credit of my Office I cannot allow that a Lord Chamberlain is a "corpus vile."

Yours faithfully, HERTFORD.

MR. CROSS is terser, but as much to the point:—

DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

I AM accustomed to being blown up by (if not blown out of) great guns in the House of Commons, and can't see I have ever found it hurt me. I suppose ZAZEL's machinery is on the Parliamentary pattern, and may be warranted not to do any harm. So fire away.

Yours, R. A. CROSS.

THEN AND NOW.

"I can especially call to mind a remark which was made to me years and years ago by MR. DISRAELI, when we were sitting in Opposition, in the presence of a very eloquent and distinguished leader of the Ministry, who, MR. DISRAELI may have thought, was, perhaps, too much given to the exercise of his remarkable powers of speech. MR. DISRAELI, on that occasion, said to me, 'I have always considered that one of the principal qualifications for a leader of the House of Commons is, I will not say an inability, but an unwillingness to speak.'"—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, at the Banquet of the Middlesex Conservative Registration Association.

WHAT DIZZY in the Commons held a grace,
He puts in practice in "another place."
(Some hint his silence does not please the Lords.)
But was he *always* chary of his words?
His speech was once ornate, and arabesque,
Frequent and fluent as Don-Juanesque;
Then, being young, and prone to mount the stilt on,
He vowed to give my Lords a taste of MILTON;
Now, old, and over friends and foes victorious,
Our MILTON's mainly mute—if not inglorious.
A golden silence? So his friends proclaim.
His foes say *brazen*. Well, what's in a name?
At worst he proves, in times with talk abounding,
There are some kinds of brass that are not "sounding."

A HINT TO THE JAPS.



OO-SO, the first iron-clad frigate built in this country for the Japanese Government, was launched on Saturday from the works of MESSRS. SAMUDA BROTHERS, at Poplar.—*Daily Paper*.

As the Japanese have thus introduced one of the many blessings of modern Western civilisation into their country, *Punch* calls their Ambassador's attention to the following items which we could well spare, and which the Japanese perhaps might appreciate—

The Great Eastern Railway.

All the four-wheeled Cabs of the Metropolis.

A good many of the Statues in our streets and squares.

The Editor of the *Englishman*.
The Rector of St. James's, Hatcham.
The Golden Image from the Albert Memorial.
The Claimant.
Three-fourths of the Music-Halls and Gin Palaces.
The Comic Singer of the Period.
The Man-Woman of Ditto, with her "movements," fashionable, political, and social.

FROM ANGELINA (DURING THE HONEYMOON).

THE Heroine EDWIN always invokes before meals.—"GRACE DARLING," of course!

OPINIONS ABOUT THE WAR.



respondent. I was quite upset when I heard the news. Remembering, as I do, the terrible scenes of 1866 and 1871, to say nothing of '54 and '55, I am more sorry than I can say. Still, I expect my letters from the seat of war will create a great sensation.

The Gun Manufacturer. Fearful! The worst of it is, no one can say where

HE Butcher. Terrible thing, indeed! How the poor Russians and Turks are to get proper food, I am sure I don't know. Still, I can't do any harm by raising the price of meat two-pence a pound.

The Editor. A disgrace to civilisation! Infamous that diplomacy should have allowed nations to drift into war. Still, it will certainly give us plenty of leading lines for our Contents' Bills, and capital subjects for leaders.

The Newspaper Proprietor. Horrible! It's merely butchery by thousands and thousands. It is very hard not to call it murder. Still, I have no doubt that our circulation will be considerably increased.

The Special Cor-

respondent. It will be so very difficult to localise the war. Still, I am glad to say that everywhere gun-manufacture is looking up, and we have more orders on hand than we can get through with.

The Shipowner. Almost too painful to think about. It will be a dreadful blow to commerce in every part of the world. Still, it is only fair to admit that it may give freights a fillip, and that neutral bottoms are likely to be in demand.

The Doctor. Sad, very sad! The amount of misery that will be caused by the war will be immense. Gun-shot wounds and disease of every kind will carry off both the combatants and the non-combatants with the greatest certainty. Still, we ought to learn something out of it all.

Mr. Punch. Dreadful, horrible, terrible, and lamentable! Still, my dear friends, none of you seems inclined to forget, what is, no doubt, true, that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

A Brand-New Song.

After GOLDSMITH.

(On the SPEAKER having his pocket picked of his watch at the Folly Theatre.)

WHEN a grave Speaker stoops to Folly,
And finds with tickers roughs make way,
What charm can soothe his melancholy—
Can *Laughing Gas* his loss repay?

Yes! the one way to hide vexation,
To shield himself from pungent chaff,
Save dignity of House and nation,
And keep his temper, is—to laugh.

A PROBLEM.

GIVEN the amount of *Kurds* in the Turkish army in Asia Minor, required its *Cream*.

A REIN PAST BEARING.

OUR valuable contemporary the *British Medical Journal* has lately uttered a seasonable reminder to its professional readers (to which *Punch* is glad to give publicity beyond the professional pale) of the cruelty of bearing-reins, *Punch's* protests against which, from FLOWER, have, *Punch* is glad to see, borne already abundant fruit—and will yet bear more. *Punch* quotes from the journal in question:—

"We are reminded, by the recommencement of the season in London, to say a few words by way of directing attention afresh to the powerful and humane pleas of Mr. FLOWER against the cruel practice of driving horses with bearing-reins. It is a pleasure to notice that by far the larger number of the leading medical practitioners in London have discontinued altogether the use of bearing-reins; and we hope that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to point to the equipage of every medical practitioner in the country as a practical protest against the use of this most unnecessary, painful, and mischievous appendage to driving-reins. Physiology protests against the strained and artificial attitude which the horse is compelled to assume, and which must certainly lessen his power of drawing weights. Humanity and common sense protest against the infliction of this constant gagging strain upon the sensitive mouth of an animal whose mouth is used by the driver as the principal means of guiding and directing him. Nor can any one who has any real knowledge of or pleasure in the study of animal forms feel otherwise than gratified at the free and unconstrained attitude of a horse driven without bearing-reins. Their use is a mere matter of senseless fashion. No good coachman uses bearing-reins for a horse from which he desires to get the full amount of work, or which he desires to leave at ease. Their employment is, indeed, merely a senseless fashion, which has absolutely nothing to recommend it; and in favour of abolition there are reasons so many and decided that we hope that not many years will pass before they are not only disused but forgotten. The members of the medical profession owe much to horses, and they can so well appreciate the reasons for dispusing bearing-reins, that we may fairly look to them to set an universal good example in this matter. And now that London is filling with fashionable people, whose horses are much disfigured by this cruel instrument of torture, we hope that before the season is over we may be able, in directing attention to this subject, to say no medical man in London uses bearing-reins for the horses which he drives."

Can it be true, by the way, as *Punch* has heard, that BARONESS BURDETT COURTS allows the use of bearing-reins on her carriage-horses? If it be, let our sweet ANGELA, in her character of the animals' friend, just trouble herself to investigate the matter. Let the Angel take counsel of the Flower—and we will answer for her.

abolishing the gag forthwith—not *coûte qui coûte*—for it will cost nothing to do it away, though it costs poor horses more suffering than her kind heart knows, to bear it.

And can another strange story *Punch* hears be true—that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has shrunk from any manifesto against bearing-reins, through fear of annoying wealthy and fashionable subscribers who like to see their horses hold their heads up?

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

AN ancient aphorism, sage and true,
(Though it will scarce to Protocols apply,) So HICKS-BEACH thought, and searched his pockets through,
For written proof to poke in GLADSTONE'S eye.

But when at last SIR MICHAEL found his letter—
Official pockets should be ordered better—
He found his demonstration missed the mark

Wide as DE MORGAN'S.
Undated history leaves one in the dark,
Though set to music of "the Party's" organs;
And so SIR MICHAEL learnt, midst general laughter,
Proofs before letters may not be proofs after.

A Chancery Rasher.

A HEALTH to MR. FRY, Q.C., on his appointment to be a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice! In an account of his professional career, and literary and scientific achievements, we are informed that—

"Since he became Queen's Counsel in 1869, the Court selected by MR. FRY to practise in has been that of VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON."

BACON first, and now FRY? Is not this rather likely to suggest to suitors unpleasant associations with the frying-pan and the fire.

WHAT DR. KENNELLY GIVES THE HOUSE, WHEN HE APOLOGISES TO THE SPEAKER.—Its due, instead of his dew-drops.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Objecting to allow that SIR HENRY HAWKINS has any right to "Justice."



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

"MY DOLL CAN OPEN HER EYES!"

"MY DOLL NEVER SHUTS HERS!"

"TRIAL BY BATTLE."

PEACE, with her olive-branch dust-stained and torn,
 In sad and hopeless silence sat forlorn.
 Storm raged around, but on each wind there came
 Tumultuous invocation of her name.
 "Peace! Peace!" the echoes answered. Peace upraised
 Her sad, sweet eyes. The maddening tumult 'mazed
 Their clear regard. Red Murder, with his hand
 Clenched in fierce strain upon a blood-dyed brand,
 Howled for her aid; Ambition, with his hordes
 Massed in dense myriads for the feast of swords,
 Uplifted solemn eyes, as who should love
 The Lady of the Olive-branch and Dove;
 Hypocrisy, the Cross clasped to her breast,
 And armies at her heels, with unctuous zest
 Lipped the loved name; and sleek Diplomacy
 Even in Peace's name gave Peace the lie.
 Grey wolfish rancours of race, creed, and hate,
 Eager to cool in blood their hot debate,
 Drew over their wolves' backs the sheep's disguise,
 And masked their wrath with fair philanthropies.
 Poor Peace! Perturbed, perplexed, she fain would ask
 Why all invoke *her* help, and to what task
 They'd call her hands. She looked around. The skies
 Suddenly darkened. Ere those crossing cries
 Had died upon the wind, War's naked blade
 Flashed lightning-like athwart the deepening shade.
 Diplomacy, its formal protests hushed,
 Skulked from the scene, with torn waste-papers crushed
 In shaking hands; and, panoplied in pride—
 The wolf revealed, sheep's clothing cast aside—
 Two champions stood forth, stern face to face,
 Hot for the red arbitrament; the Mace,
 Poised menacing, the Scimitar, at guard;
 Strong sinews strung, against wrist quick to ward,
 Bear-crested, broad, the stark mace-wielder towered;
 Lean, lissom as the pard, with brow that lowered,

And eye that quailed not, crouched his Moslem foe.
 Trial by battle! Who the end may know?
 Who tell what warriors more may join the fray?
 Or who the spreading strife can hope to stay?
 Peace pressed her fluttered dove to her pale breast,
 And with one wistful look towards the West,
 One low-breathed prayer of "Heaven defend the right!"
 Athwart the deepening darkness took her flight.

Destination of Donkeys.

THERE are persons who must have seen many dead Donkeys. They reside in the country, where they carry on a manufacture. At an inquiry held the other day under the Artisans' Dwellings Act, a MR. HAYWARD, a young costermonger, was examined. Incidentally—

"He said:—'We deal in the provision line, bacon and cheese. We sell our donkeys in the winter at the Cattle Market. We don't know what they do with them.' He assented to MR. RODWELL's insidious suggestion that at that time sausages come up from the country."

Perhaps it is rather the case that the Donkeys go down to the country at that time, and the sausages come up soon after.

Slaughter on Railways.

A CITY Article in the *Times* contains the remarkable, not to say startling, announcement that "the 19th number has just been published of MR. MIHILL SLAUGHTER'S *Railway Intelligence*." A great part of Railway Intelligence in general might be said to consist of Slaughter's autobiography, if one could imagine Slaughter personified, and writing a life consisting of Railway reminiscences. There are, however, SLAUGHTER and Slaughter connected with Railways. Would that the only Railway Slaughters that could be named were MIHILL and Nihil!

NEW PLAY (by the Author of "Pink Dominoes").—*Black Draughts*.



“TRIAL BY BATTLE.”



'BENEATH THE LOWEST DEEP.'

Swell. "AH, PORT-AR, IS THIS TWIN—AH—COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF SECOND-CLASS CAWVIAGES?!"

Glasgow Porter. "NA, NA, MAN, THERE'S A WHEN THIRD-CLASS ANES FURTHER FORRIT THERE!!"

DE PROFUNDIS.

(In the Rhondda Valley.)

TEN days, far down, those five drew painful breath,
And heard, at last, their strokes that hewed a way
Through the black wall: a race 'twixt strength and death:
Hunger, and Water waiting for their prey.

Ten days, above, that valley poured its life,
Men, women, children, round that sudden grave,
To watch, with heart-sick hope, the stubborn strife
Betwixt men's power to bear, men's power to save.

Ten days, wide England through, the nation's heart
Hung on the struggle, with one pulse, one breath,
Answering the wires, which told the yards that part
The savers from the sufferers—life from death.

Great strife in little space was theirs to wage:
That black wall their least foe; with poisonous flame,
Pent air let loose, and prisoned water's rage,
Still rising, as salvation nearer came.

One side that wall, the life that ebb'd away,
As inch by inch the cruel waters crept;
The other side, strong arms the pick that sway
In face of many deaths—till forth there leapt

The shout of victory, for life and strength
Had been too much for death; the five were won
From famine, water, fire, and clasped, at length,
Their savers' helping hands—the fight was done!

And England's heart from common sympathy
Broke forth in common burst of thankful prayer;

"CURSED BE HE WHO MOVES MY BONES."

THE Bunhill Fields' Burial Ground, in which are laid the bodies of GEORGE FOX and JOHN BUNYAN, has lately been the cause of much controversy. MISS OCTAVIA HILL has offered to the Committee of Friends, in whose hands the matter lies, almost any sum for the possession of the land, that it might be made into a garden for the wretched and over-crowded population of the district. The Committee of Friends, however, prefer to sell the land for building sites, caring little that for that purpose the bodies of thousands have to be removed. An eye-witness of the *modus operandi* says:—

"Under the direction of a 'careful undertaker' (who, however, was not present at the time), the remains of some 5,000 of the dead were being disinterred."

Those who had lain side by side for two centuries were now separated, and the bones of the young and old were placed together in coarse deal boxes, and reinterred in a large hole at the other end of the ground. Many of them, whilst awaiting this fresh burial, were piled in a rude heap in a corner, and the fumes of the carbolic acid which had been poured over them testified to the care extended to the living by the disturbers of the dead. The bones were only separated by severe ill-usage; and the ribald language of the workmen who undertook the task, when added to the method of the work, was such as to justify the term, "Raised in Dishonour."

Facit indignatio versum.

In old times for scorn's sake and spite's,
Our Foes plucked up our Dead;
Now, to bring pelf as building sites,
Our Friends do it instead.

ADVANCES made on LAND in Europe and Asia, without Interest.—Apply at the Russian Arms.

A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT LINE FOR THE AQUARIUM.

(A Present from Punch to MR. ROBERTSON.)

"SEEKING the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."—ZAZEL.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Russia can't contemplate a naval war, or why has she sent for her Pacific Fleet?

And from the cottage to the throne, one cry
Went up, "Well done!" as England had been there.

And she was there: the Lady of the Land
Had with her people watched that ten days' fight:
Her eager voice of question crossed the band
That bore those wasted sufferers back to light.

Oh! well for them that suffered, them that saved,
Her that rewarded with a rich reward;
The medal till now for sea-savers graced
Is theirs who fought that battle long and hard,

Nor ever bated hope, or heart, or hand,
But showed how deep, in that Black Country's core,
Courage and brothers' love un-noted stand,
Ready to do their duty—and do more.

"In the Black Country"—when we see that name
Before some ignorant deed of wrath or wrong,
Let us remember the brave eight that came
With life in hand, one eight out of a throng—

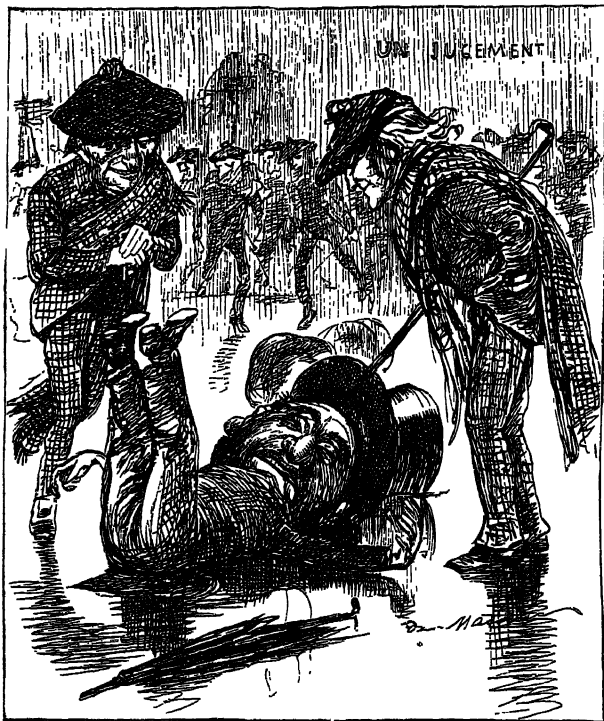
But of a throng that more such nights had found,
Had these been stricken down—God bless them all!
Such proofs of brotherhood may not abound,
But, when need comes, long may such proofs befall!

And long may England feel the trust in Heaven
That nerved those sufferers' hearts, those savers' hands;
Trust that to England's millions was given,
To prompt the thanksgiving that faith commands.

QUESTION FOR THE CLERGY.—What objection can you possibly have to a *decent* Burial Bill?

VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



Il était un Hébreu de Hambourg,
Qui creva d'un mauvais calembourg,
Qu'il eut l'audace extrême
De commettre en carême,
Un Dimanche, au milieu d'Edimbourg.



Cinq fois veuf, il a cinq belle-mères,
Dont il fait les délices si chères
Qu'elles vivent chez lui
Pour charmer son ennui
Ses regrets n'en sont pas moins sincères.



Je me suis demandé bien souvent
Ce que c'est qu'un "Breton Bretonnant" ?
N'en déplaise à personne,
Quand un Breton "bretonne,"
Par où "bretonne"-t-il ? . . . Et comment !



CHAQUE époque a ses grands noms sonores ;
Or, de tous ces défunts cockolores,
Le moral FANÉLON,
MICHEL ANGE, et JOHNSON
(Le Docteur), sont les plus awfuls bores !

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Continued by Private Wire* as before.)



EXT Day.—Up all night with Pig, teaching him something new. MASKELYNE AND COOKE would do good business out here with Psycho and a sleigh. Many a snow-farmer in these regions would be glad of Psycho for an evening's amusement, and would pay high for the entertainment. Piggy nearly as good as Psycho, *only not so dependable*. The advantage of my Pig over Psycho is that *no machinery is required*. This is a hint to MESSRS. M. AND C. But I won't say another word if—Need I add a condition to men of such business-like habits as MESSRS. M. AND C. *If I know the secret of Psycho, what am I worth?* I am sure that my friends, M. AND C., at a distance, will, after this intimation, at once add their honoured and valuable names to the list of subscribers by whose assistance I am to be kept out here. When I return, I shall, with my Pig, my Horse, my merry Tartar

Boy, my Mechanical Piano, and perhaps a Fair Circassian or two (something like the lady with long hair on Mrs. ALLEN's wall advertisement—only much more so), have such a Show for the Egyptian Hall as will astonish all London. My Entertainment will be announced as "My Ride to Khiva, illustrated with a Pig! a Piano!! a Panorama!!!" *Note.*—Crossed a river to-day. The Oxus, I believe.

Same Afternoon.—The Donkey is an ass. He won't stir a step. Fortunately, my horse has thrown the Vodki-man who returned him to-day with a note, saying that, as he couldn't ride, and as he should probably be sued by me for eighteenpence an hour (as he infallibly would have been for my own sake, and that of my friend the Livery-stable keeper in town), he thought he had better return him with *thanks* (i.e. Tartar expression of gratitude). The horse will be of the greatest use to me. *Note.*—Crossed another river, or the same. The Oxus, I fancy.

Same Night.—I am in luck! A discovery! I had just finished practising the Pig at *écarté* (he won four games out of five to-night, so I shall begin to teach him something else, because my Sleigh-driver and his Boy always back to the Pig now, and I lost more than a rouble and a half—odd!), when, accidentally, I whistled the favourite movement from the Overture to the *Cheval de Bronze*. In a second, my steed had broken from its moorings, and was cantering round and round *in exact time to the tune*. Struck by the coincidence, I put on the steam, and went *presto*—so did the animal,—*prestissimo*—so did the animal; while the Pig sat up on his tail, which doubled under him, and grinned from ear to ear (just as you've seen the mouth of the boar's head at Christmas time with an apple, or a lemon, in it), and the Sleigh-driver and Boy applauded violently. *Prestissimo-issimo*—"again he urges on his wild career;" and as I repeated this most happily applicable line to myself, a thought—a happy thought—if I may be permitted to use the expression—struck me. "Am I not in the very region of the Scenes of the Circle? Am I not in the country of *Mazeppa*?" Then the idea formulated itself into poetry, and, like an inspired *Vates* of old, I exclaimed—

"'Tis the spot for bold *Mazeppa*,
There the Steppes, and here the Stepper!"

And then I stopped; inspiration had reached its limits, and why should I force inspiration by suggesting to inspiration that the next line ought to end with "Pepper," and that "Leper" wouldn't be a bad termination for line four? Ah! if poets only knew when to halt, how many halting lines should we be annually spared! Why pump at a dry well? Why bring up the muddy water? Why not, in fact, leave the Pierian well alone? "O Inspiration!" as the Poet has feelingly sung—"O Inspiration! what crimes have not been committed in thy name!" But to go into the subject of what crimes have not been committed, would be to wander away from my present fixed intention, which is to write a Diary of my Ride to Khiva, and not a disquisition on Inspiration, the Divine Afflatus, and burning the bellows.

Next Day.—Crossed the Oxus again. Slept well. Up early. Horse out. Whistled Overture, and then tried fresh music on Mechanical Piano, while the Pig turned the handle. Another of his increasingly numerous accomplishments. Horse up to a great deal more than was ever suspected in the philosophy of my noble friend the Livery-Stable Keeper, or I shouldn't have got him for one-and-sixpence an hour. I find that he (the Horse) has been accustomed to sup with the Clown; that he can fire off a pistol; that he can dance a waltz, a polka, and march in quick or slow time. I aimed at him with my umbrella (or somebody's which came with me from England), and he fell down, pretending (with much spontaneous humour) to be dead. We try to lift him. "No good pulling at a dead horse," I exclaimed (this will be part of my dialogue for my Entertainment—registered already), and then, after asking him to get up to see his mother, then to have his dinner, and other facetious suggestions, I cried out, "Here's a Policeman coming!" whereupon he jumped up on to his all-fours, pulled himself together, the Pig turned the handle of the Mechanical Piano, which at once struck up the *Bronze Horse, prestissimo et fortissimo*, and away went the gallant steed round and round, with me clicking the whip, and singing "Hi! hi! Hoopla! tohki!" while the Sleigh-driver and the Boy applauded to the echo. Fortune is before us.

Midday.—Pig sulky, in consequence of Horse's success. What jealousy there always is among *artistes*! Now the difficulties of an *entrepreneur* commence. I wish we could get to Khiva. *Note.*—River again. Crossed the Oxus for the fourth time. How it

* We hope soon to be able to say something definite about this "Private Wire," the question being, is he a soldier or a telegraphic communicator? We have our doubts—but who hasn't?—ED.

meanders. Good name for a Tartar love-story, *Hero and Mæander*—of course all about me-and-her.

2'30.—Met a sign-post going the other way. We've taken the wrong road again. Getting nearer China; most provoking. Where are we now? The Pig, as a native, ought to know. * * * Have just put the letters of the Alphabet before Pig, hoping he would spell out the name of the locality, and give us further information about our road to Khiva. Pig either obstinate, stupid, or still in a sulky jealous pet about Horse. All he would do was, first to spell out—"S-H-E-L-O-V-E-S Y-O-U," and then to grunt at the Sleigh-driver, as if under the impression that he was going through the ordinary performance, and answering my question, "Who is the handsomest man here?"—when he ought, by right, to select a visitor. Pig no use. Sleigh-driver doesn't know country. He says, "O overfed and much-caressed Son of distinguished Parents,"—this means me—"there is a *shebeenski* nigh at hand, kept by a brother of mine. Let us go thither, and inquire our way." Refused.

Saturday.—Crossed the Oxus. This is the fifth time in three days that we've crossed the Oxus. Either the river winds (I don't mean breezes, but winds with a long poetic "i") considerably, or we are travelling in a circle. Perhaps we are; if so, it's the fault of the Circus Horse, who, having been accustomed to going round and round, can't go straight. Met a Kirghiz-man. A Kirghiz-man is a sort of travelling butcher, who sells *kirghizzes* (i.e. Tartaric for carcases). Meat is cheap out here, and, if exported by a Company, might run the American market in London hard. Asked the Kirghiz-man in to dinner, and begged him to bring his own food with him. He did so. Excellent dinner. Treated him to hot *wickski* and water, strong. It brought tears into his eyes. We were all much affected. More hot *wickski*, with less water. More tears. Gave a thimbleful to the Pig. When the Kirghiz-man saw the Pig seated at our humble board, he could stand it no longer, but raising his glass in the air, cried, "Ould Ireland for iver!" and tossed it off at a gulp. After this we entered freely into conversation. He informed me that he had been brought up as an Irishman, but had not seen his country for many years. More *wickski*. More tears. He sang a sporting song, composed by himself, about—

"Tis on the Oxus
We hunt the foxus."

But I forget the rest, except that it had a chorus that sounded like "Shandygaff mavourneen!" and was, I think, in praise of that excellent compound. About 10 P.M. we sat down to a hand at whist. The party consisted of the Pig (as Dummy and my partner), the Sleigh-man (who doesn't know the game well) and the CHEVALIER O'LEERY (as he likes to be called in private life) being partners. Pig and self played all we knew. Half-a-rouble points, and two roubles on the rub. Self and Partner won first rub; also second; also third. More *wickski*. Chevalier proposed fresh arrangement of partners. Acceded to his request. As we were changing our seats, the Chevalier swore he heard the Pig whispering to me in passing. I denied it, and asserted the impossibility of such an occurrence. The Chevalier asked me if I'd never heard of a "Pig's Whisper." I replied, "Never! Is it a song?" (N.B.—If it isn't, good idea for a song, "*The Pig's Whisper*"—with accompaniment for the *piggolo*.) Chevalier very angry. More *wickski*. Sleigh-driver and self won next rub. Chevalier violent. Row. We threatened to expose him to the Russian authorities, at the next *Polskizhuyshki*, as an Irish spy, if he didn't pay up all he owed. The Chevalier, overcome by the force of our arguments (the Sleigh-driver is just six feet, and powerful in proportion), handed over the coin. We parted—at least he "parted"—and we rode on quickly in the direction of Khiva. N.B.—Crossed the Oxus for the sixth time.

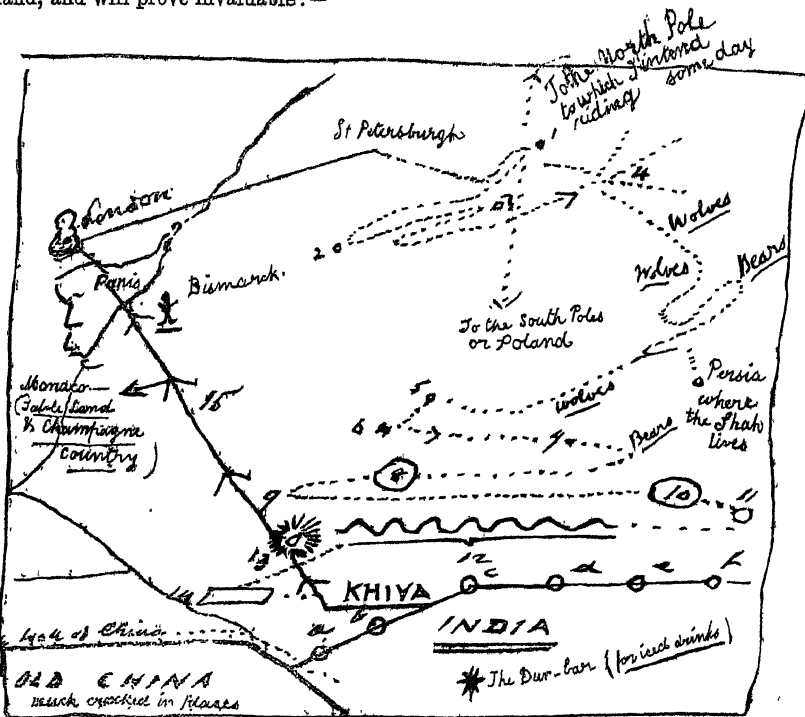
Sunday.—Halt of the Caravan. Passed the morning in reading the Pig and the Sleigh-driver a series of touching discourses: first, on the sin of cheating at cards; secondly, on the danger of being found out; thirdly, on fidelity to employers; fourthly, on gratitude to benefactors. After *lunchski*, taught the Pig some Sunday games with the Alphabet, teaching him the answers to such questions as "Where was Moses when the candle went out?" "Who took in the first sporting paper?" and other queries from the Catechism. I fear that the Sleigh-man has no fixed principles. He likes hearing a bell ring, and has a Sunday hat, but they don't convey to his mind any distinct notion of what time of day it is. He has never heard of either a Pew-opener or a Beadle. Could you not send out some portraits of celebrated Pew-openers and Beadles? And get up a subscription for my Sleigh-driver's conversion. He'd like it, and so should I.

Sunday over.—On to Khiva. Met a Post with letters. Couldn't read the letters. I think we are on the right road now.

Monday, 11 A.M.—Crossed the Oxus for the seventh time. That's the worst of a Circus Horse. And as the Donkey wouldn't go, we were compelled to leave him behind. If I could only find my compass, I might keep the horse straight. Snow thick. My new Frigimometer (especially invented for this climate, and patented, of course) marks the temperature at "000075" below Double Zero. This is cold! Somebody coming.

Nothing is more important for the Public at home, whether intending individually, or collectively, to ride to Khiva, than to understand the country. In case of our being drawn into a war, let me give this hint to the Government: *The Frontier is better for seeing than the back-tier. It is easily defended, and without any expense to speak of.* Send me out a few good Policemen of the A Division who know their business, I'll go out as a Special, and undertake to clear the place of any Russians. India is safe for the present, but Khiva ought to be our Bow Street, and myself the Sitting Magistrate.

From riding so much—and, mind, a donkey is quite another sort of animal to a horse (let me tell the Public, who rightly admire CAPTAIN BURNABY, that it isn't every cross-country man who has a good seat on a donkey)—I have an excellent seat; and, therefore, as the Easterns know this, they would receive me as a Sitting Magistrate where they would look with contempt on an unknown individual, however great his other qualifications might be. Here, riding on a donkey is a compliment to the Natives. Here follows my map, which, if rough, is at least drawn by an honest hand, and will prove invaluable:—



1. First turnpike.—2. Sign-post—names on it almost illegible.—3. Snow country. Capital opportunity for a ballet.—4. Cross roads—a real puzzler.—5. Winter Palace of the Great Mogul.—6. Short cut to Khiva—not mentioned in the ordinary guide-books.—7. Fields, where "Trespassers will be Prosecuted."—8. Circus, where the trained steeds for Circususes are.—9, 10. Good road; well adapted for troops.—11. Very fair Temperance Hotel. Recommended by the Faculty.—12. Mountainous Passes. (Passes only admit two to Upper Circles.) Ravines. (Ravines where GRAPE-shot might be useful. *Jeu de mot, registered.*)—13. Snow-covered deceptive volcano. (Mentioned by the Latin Post, "*Arma virumque vol-cano.*")—14. Frozen Lake. Good effect with a lime-light. Excellent place for a Skating Club. Easily crossed by Troops, if supplied with my new (patented) rink skates.—a, b, c, d, e, f. Boarding-houses on the borders. Most important strategical position. Great chance for a big Hotel and a Theatre. Put Police at the doors, and don't allow any Russian to come in without an Order. No one admitted after 7-30 P.M. No fees.—15. My shortest, quickest, and cheapest way back to London, *vid* Monaco and Paris.

QUESTION BY SIR HENRY HAWKINS. — "Am I not a Judge and a Brother?"



NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Parson. "BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT, I FANCY, BOY!"

Boy. "EES, I BE; 'OOS I FEEDS MYSELF, AND YOU TEACHES ME!"

ZAZEL.

(With MR. PUNCH'S Compliments.)

POLICEMEN, I have lost my heart
Here in the Westminster Aquarium,
Since first I saw her rapid dart
Across the diaper'd Velarium.
A form, that PHIDIAS might confess
As graceful as a young gazelle,
With raven hair, and ruby dress,
And winsome eyes, make up ZAZEL!

Now, far above me, pretty dear,
She treads the air with daring feet;
Now wires all along "No fear!"—
A message wond'ring crowds repeat.
Now diving from the high trapèze
(Not LÉOTARD *osait comme elle*),
Two fairy wings one's fancy sees
Sprout from the shoulders of ZAZEL!

Like swallow swiftly starting South,
She safely skimmed the air, and yet
'Twas then my heart into my mouth
Would jump, as she did in the net.
But see, she rises like a partridge—
And now becomes a true live shell,
Or shall we say, a living cartridge?—
I wish you were my charge, ZAZEL!

Discharge you! Blow you up! Not I—
I could not do it, if I tried.
But let me off: you'll see me fly,
To fall in *your* net—at your side!
A poet's loftiest flights come short
Of praising your High Art, *ma belle*,
Your aim's as good as your report:
You've hit the gold—and me, ZAZEL!

TRAP AND CATCH NOT.—Medical and other correspondents of newspapers touching sanitary matters, have taken to describe defective drains and sewers in communication with dwelling-houses as "fever traps." But is not a fever trap, properly so called, rather the person who catches the fever? He catches it, generally, mark you, not in, nor by, but for want of a trap.

DIARY OF A TURKISH SAILOR.

MONDAY.—Read the London papers. Drilled my men at the Armstrong gun. Went to lunch whilst they were praying to the Prophet, and spent the rest of the day in writing a long letter (upon "Turkish Wrongs"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Tuesday.—Put on my Pasha's dress, and ordered some "Bass" to be sent on board immediately. Communicated with the Admiralty, Whitehall. Granted permission to my First Lieutenant to visit his harem, and employed the rest of my time in composing a letter (upon "Russian Atrocities"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Wednesday.—Wore my Admiral's uniform. Hoisted the Turkish flag at the mizen, and returned shots with forty Russian forts. In the intervals of the actions thought out a letter (upon "The Honour of Turkey"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Thursday.—Read the *Life of Nelson*. Took breakfast whilst my crew were at their devotions, and then blazed away at the Russians until all was blue. After dark, wrote by the light of the exploding shells a letter (upon "The Disgrace of Russia"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Friday.—Fired a salute in honour of the SULTAN, put on a new fez and a pair of English shooting-boots. Smoked a few cigarettes through my favourite hookah. In the evening gave chase to the Russian Fleet, and jotted down a few notes (upon "Turkish Prosperity and Industry, with Lives of the Turkish Saints"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Saturday.—Put on my shooting-jacket and Scotch cap; sang "*Rule Britannia*" and a Turkish song of my own composition; read *Punch*, and blew the Russian fleet to atoms. Made a speech to my gallant crew about "shivering timbers" and "behaving like true British Tars," and substituted grog for sherbet. In the evening wrote a long letter (upon "The Turco-Russian War and the neutrality of English Naval Officers"), intended for insertion in the *Times*. Went to bed, and dreamed that although by some means or other my head was Turkish, my heart still remained English. As I woke up I had just lost my way in trying to find Westminster Abbey in Constantinople. Wrote an account of my nightmare, not intended for insertion in the *Times*.

PHYSIOLOGY FROM EDINBURGH!

To the names of men illustrious for their attainments in medical science, and connected with Edinburgh, will probably soon be added the name of Auld Reekie's present representative, MR. M'LAREN. In his place, on his legs, advocating the Cruelty to Animals Bill, the Hon. Gentleman is reported to have augmented Collective Wisdom by the information that

"It was said that if Vivisection were stopped, scientific growth would be stopped; but the fact was that nothing remained to be discovered by Vivisection; everything had been discovered long ago, and experiments were now made upon living animals, not for the purpose of discovery, but for the purpose of proving to students that certain things which they had been taught were true."

All this will be news to the medical profession. The most advanced of known Physiologists will perhaps be the most surprised to learn that nothing remains to be discovered by Vivisection, and that everything has been discovered long ago; which latter statement must also astonish some anti-Vivisectionists who declare that no discovery has been ever made by Vivisection at all. The more that known Physiologists know of the science they cultivate, the more clearly they think they see how much remains to be known, and the extent of their own ignorance. But the Hon. Member for Edinburgh is at present an unknown Physiologist; though, from the declaration above-quoted touching Physiology, he appears to be in possession of all the knowledge it is possible to acquire on that subject, which he will perhaps be so good as shortly to impart to the world in a volume which must shelve all the works of DR. CARPENTER.

Horticulture of Holy Russia.

We are told, by telegram, that the Russians are planting torpedoes in the Danube. This Russian gardening resembles, on a large scale, that practised by our forefathers when they planted steel-traps and spring-guns in their gardens. It is making the Danube a bear-garden, which the bears insist on keeping all to themselves.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HOUGH scotched not killed, sound sense and Christian toleration again found a voice in LORD GRANVILLE (*Lords, Monday, April 30*), who gave notice of an Amendment of the Burials Bill, embodying the defeated Resolution of last week. He pointed out that the Committee on the Bill had been fixed for Ascension Day, when their Lordships usually rise, and do not sit, and wanted to know if this was a piece of fun, meant to relieve the grave character of the subject.

LORD CARNARVON said it was a mistake, not a joke—their Lordships were incapable of a joke.

(*Commons.*)—MR. GLADSTONE, three months too late, flung down his glove, challenging the Government to Parliamentary combat *à outrance* on the Eastern Question. When trial by battle has begun, the time for trial by talk has past. The rival champions stand face to face in other than division lists.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK will move the Previous Question. It is something to know there is a previous question. At times, dazed with talk of the one topic, *Punch* begins to think there never was a question before the Eastern one, and is never going to be another. The Liberal Party, it is said, as far as there is a Liberal Party (it seems just now to be party per pale—of humanity), will go with SIR JOHN. He is an experimentalist on bees, but does not wish at present to disturb the hornets' nest that lurks in W. E. G.'s Resolutions. Evidently a good many on the Liberal side think with him. Whatever *Punch* may think of W. E. G.'s tactics, he cannot but admire the pluck of the House's *Hal o' the Wynd*, who "fights for his own hand," and his own conscience. But he repeats, if this battle *was* to have been fought in the House, as it ought to have been, it should have been fought in the first week of the Session. In so far as England is chargeable with responsibility in respect of this war, Her Majesty's Opposition has a right to share it with Her Majesty's Government. "*Inter arma silent lingua*"—as well as "*leges*."

MR. BOURKE gave such information as he could on the state of the Danube and Black Sea regulations touching blockade and neutral rights. The Turkish lights are put out in the Straits. The Turks have an unfortunate way in all their straits of putting their lights out, and sailing at random, in the dark, under a full-head of steam, right on to the No-money Shoals, the Too-late Reefs, and the Corruption Sands.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for the Government gave notice that the usual Declaration of Neutrality would be published at once, like a declaration of insolvency—in the *Gazette*.

Tuesday (Lords).—The DUKE OF SOMERSET wants to know why the Cattle Plague Inquiry cannot be taken in the Lords, as their Lordships have too little to do, while there is a block of business in the Commons. The Duke was long enough in the House of Commons to have known that the business of that house is conducted—like the Metropolitan Railway traffic—on the block system. So all is as it ought to be.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON rapped his brother Duke over the knuckles for his restless activity. "*Surtout, point de zèle*" should be the motto of that Upper House—

Where they lie beside their Woolpack, and the Bills are hurled
Far below them in the Commons—and their thumbs are twirled,
As an Upper House's should be, that does no work in the world.

LORD DERBY informed LORD GRANVILLE that the answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF's Circular had been drawn up and approved by the QUEEN, and would be laid on the table as soon as it had been received by the Russian Government.

Punch hears that F. O. is mighty proud of its riposte, flatters itself that it is a "stunner"—"the ablest State-paper-Thunderbolt that has been launched for years." Ah, if Paper-bolts could but frighten diplomacy into directness, or strike dumb the brazen mouths of war!

(*Commons.*)—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not think CAPTAIN PIM's inquiry about the strength and movements of the Russian Fleet in the neighbourhood of San Francisco and New York should be answered. It is so easy to pop off a question. But who knows where an answer may hit—unless it be one with Parliamentary blank cartridge—an answer that tells nothing. It is evident the Russophobists are doing their best, in and out of the House, to get up a scare. The British Lion declines to be poked up for the present: absolutely refuses to rise on provocation even of "mighty pens," till satisfied there is occasion. For the present, however aggravating to the *D. T.* and the *P. M.*, he won't see that there is occasion for him to join in their little game of "Bait the Bear."

MR. NEWDEGATE gave notice of a Motion to consider the "conduct" of public business in the House of Commons.

MR. BIGGAR proceeded to illustrate the "conduct" of Members, by reading in an inaudible voice an interminable string of unintelligible Motions, till even the mild wisdom of the SPEAKER was roused to wrath. But the Member for Cavan had his will for all that, and justified the conclusion that however big the biggest recorded Parliamentary bore, there is now a BIGGAR!

By the way, if MR. BIGGAR wants a motto, what does he think of one slightly altered from SHAKESPEARE's *Measure for Measure*:—

"To lie in cold obstruction and talk rot."

It was cool of MR. SULLIVAN, on the heels of 'this little scene, to complain that, out of 118 divisions on Irish subjects, Irish opinion,



"THE LAST STRAW!"

Polite Stranger (to Smoritt, as he is removing his rejected Picture from the Cellars of Burlington House). "PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU KINDLY INFORM ME WHEN THE—AH—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OPENS TO THE PUBLIC?!!"

as shown by Irish majorities, had been overruled in 108, and to ask if Her Majesty's Government meant to encourage this policy of obstruction! *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditious querentes?*

MR. M'ARTHUR brought up the awkward question of the Ceylon Church Endowment—in which sweet little isle of our own, we tax some two million and a half Buddhists and miscellaneous heathens, to the tune of some £14,000 a-year, towards the support of a Church of England Bishop and Clergy for the few hundred Anglicans in the island.

Ceylon, it is well known, is a pre-eminently spicy island; but this is a spicier state of things, we should think, for Liberationists wanting a good fat grievance against the Establishment, than for the true friends of the Church as by law established. The sooner it is the Church by law disestablished in Ceylon, the better. And so the House evidently thought when, in the teeth of MR. LOWTHER'S *plea ad misericordiam*, it divided 147 for Church and *Status quo*, to 121 for things as they ought to be.

The Irish Land Act of 1870 contained provisions to facilitate the purchase of their holdings by tenants. MR. SHAW-LEFEBVRE says these clauses have been a dead letter, and proposes a Select Committee to sit on the corpse—to "wake" it, in fact, as a decent Irish corpse should be, if it can be, waked; and if not, to bury it "clane out."

MR. BUTT ingeniously confessed that Irish tenants, as a rule, preferred fixity of tenure to purchase of their farms. Sure, don't they know when they're well off? D'ye think they'd be fools enough to be steppin' into landlords' brogues, when tinaants' is such a dale asier walkin'?

MR. CROSS moved a Bill to authorise four new Bishoprics to be carved—Liverpool, out of Chester; Halifax or Wakefield, out of Ripon; Derby or Nottingham, out of Lincoln and Lichfield; and Northumberland, out of Durham. Methinks *Punch* has a vision of the Church as *Jublet*, with her portly Episcopate for her *Romeo*, invoking Cross to "Take him and cut him into little sees!" What does MR. HOLT say to this act of Vivisection on an alarming scale,—this cutting little Bishops out of big ones? What pious pilgrims will walk the new *Via Crucis*? They will only have to provide £3,500 per Bishop—£3,500 and a palace—dirt-cheap! Now's your

time, my pious founders of the period! Step forward! step forward!

MR. WHALLEY, who had a Motion in favour of hearing DE MORGAN at the bar—of the House, missed his tip through not being in his place for once. He just arrived in time to be too late, to the great relief of the House.

A tremendous Irish row over the appointment of the Select Committee on Cattle Plague and the importation of live stock. It was proposed to add three Irish Members—MR. FRENCH, MR. MOORE, and MR. KING-HARMAN. The Home-Rulers wanted BIGGAR, and the House decidedly objecting, the Major "tuk the flure," and the ruction was kept up till two in the morning, the Scotch and Welsh Members joining in at last, till the discussion wound up with a general trailing of coats and a flourishing of shillelaghs. In fact, it strikes *Punch* as very like what may be expected as the realisation of Irish ideas, if ever there is a Home-Rule Parliament to the fore.

Wednesday.—MR. HOLT moved his Bill for Absolute Prohibition of Vivisection. The House—whose common sense recognises the need of Vivisection, as well as the need of regulating it—showed its appreciation of the falsehood of extremes by rejecting the Bill by 222 to 83.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN buried his Burials Bill, with the intention however, of a resurrection of its principle—the right of Nonconformists to bury their dead in the parish churchyard by their own Ministers, and with their own services—in the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill.

Thursday.—MR. O'CLERY gave notice of a *tu quoque* Amendment on the Gladstone Resolutions, telling Russia she's another; and LORD ERCHO of an Amendment condemning coercion of the Turk, and suggesting war on the Russian. The one silly, the other suicidal.

The Government means to protect the Suez Canal—I believe you, my boy!—but in answer to anxious inquiries from Sunderland, declines to ask the belligerents for fuller definition of contraband of war—lest that elastic word should be made not only to "carry coals," like *Gregory in Romeo and Jublet*, but no one knows what articles besides. In fact what may not be plausibly construed contraband of war now-a-days, from cotton-twist to saw-dust?

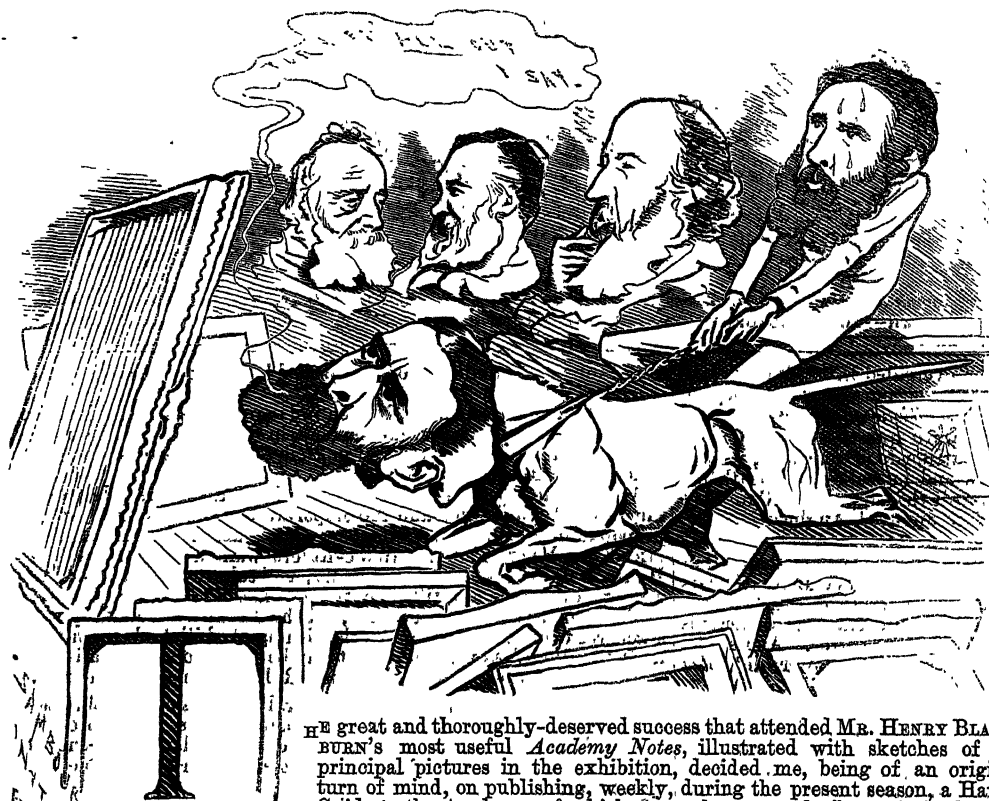
In Committee, the Universities Bill improved by adoption of LORD E. FITZMAURICE'S Amendment, empowering the University to pay for work done by its officers beyond its pale, as in the Local Examinations now extending fast and far. Determined, but unavailing, attempts to extend the scope of the Bill by MR. LOWE, who wants *Alma Mater* to fix the Standard of Matriculation, instead of more indulgent *Alma Domus*; by SIR CHARLES DILKE, who wishes to alter the Constitutions of Congregation and Convocation; and by MR. COURTNEY, who, chivalrous as a COURTNEY should be, seeks to open the door of Honours to the Ladies. "The sweet Girl-Graduates with their golden hair" must, for the present, remain a dream of the Poet's—and Undergraduates'—better world!

Friday (Lords).—More assurances from LORD DERBY that we mean to keep our eyes, and the Suez Canal, open, by use, at need, of more effectual means of neutralisation than treaties now-a-days—Iron-clads.

(Commons.)—On the Gladstonian Resolutions, all other previous questions are to be absorbed in SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S. Government does not mean to move a vote of confidence. As they have no need to demonstrate the compact union of their forces and the strength of Her Majesty's Government's majority, they will give themselves the pleasure of showing up the disunion and weakness of Her Majesty's Opposition, by leaving their opponents to fight it out among themselves over the Gladstonian Resolutions. Small merit to them for not taking "a direct issue." As if there were "a direct issue" out of the *impasse* Government, Opposition, and Public Opinion have all got into on this Eastern Question! But the country, *Punch* is glad to see, is waking to the importance at this crisis of showing that it is with MR. GLADSTONE, not with LORD BEACONSFIELD, as the *Daily Telegraph* and *Pall Mall Gazette* do vainly assert.

The House sat as the Great Court of Appeal and Inquiry in small matters as great ones, on a long and heated investigation of the cutting of two dogs' throats by a hasty Ulster Magistrate, and the deportation from Jersey of a troublesome French newspaper editor and ex-Communist. MR. CROSS hinted that he would be very glad of any handle for a *reductio ad rationale* of the absurd old Norman laws of that obstinate little Channel Island.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES; OR, OUR OWN HANDY GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE great and thoroughly-deserved success that attended MR. HENRY BLACKBURN'S most useful *Academy Notes*, illustrated with sketches of the principal pictures in the exhibition, decided me, being of an original turn of mind, on publishing, weekly, during the present season, a Handy Guide to the Academy, of which stupendous mental effort this is the first outcome. Visitors to the Academy scarcely need reminding that a better artistic *cicerone* cannot be obtained, than one who has qualified himself for

the special service by the degree of B.A., Bachelor of Arts—for I am not yet M.A., or Married Artist (that is, tied and bound to one particular Art), though I own to being deeply attached to a young lady with uncertain-coloured hair, short waist, long skirt, pale-grey eyes, a washed-out complexion, mulberry-tinged lips, and an arch expression about the bridge of, the nose, who is the guardian angel of a second-hand furniture shop, not a hundred miles from Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. The entire figure of this pre-Raphaelitish, or pre-Israelitish damsel, might serve as a model for a BOUGHTON in colour, while the graceful curve of her nose suggests a Hook. O BECKY MOTHER, how I love thee! For me I know thou wouldst quit thy tribe and onions, and leave even thy old grandfather, who has lost all his front teeth, and can no longer play upon the national instrument—but I am not here to write sonnets to "Lady Mine," having undertaken this as a matter of business,—and "bishnessh ish bishnessh!" as *she* would say, bless her! A few more words by way of preface, and I have done.

First, then, although, through the courtesy of the Academical Authorities, I have been enabled to avail myself of the "Private View" of the pictures, yet I do not wish to force *my* private view on the general public.

Secondly, I have to tender my thanks for the facilities which were *not* afforded me by the distinguished Artists of seeing their works while still on the easel. I *did* see them, but *how*, no one will be more surprised to learn than the distinguished Artists themselves. Nothing but the indomitable pluck and untiring energy of myself and the young man who accompanied me as etcher, could have triumphed over the apparently insuperable obstacles.

Studio after studio I visited, only to be met with the chilling reply, "Not at home," or "Master's out," or "Master's in, but he won't see *you*," while on several occasions I was left outside on the doorstep, and if admitted to the front hall, was watched by one sharp servant-girl who kept her eye on the coats, hats, and umbrellas, while the other took my card to her master. I partly attributed this conduct to the peculiar taste in dress displayed by my friend and—etcher, who, being of a sporting turn, would come dressed in a white hat with a black band and a narrow brim, a bottle-green cut-away coat with brass buttons, a bird's-eye yellow tie with a horse-shoe pin, buff waistcoat, tight cords, straps, spurs, no gloves, and a wisp of straw in his mouth. The etching-book he carried looked like a "six-to-four bar one" kind of betting-book, and when I remonstrated with him on his personal appearance, he went away, and I didn't see him for a fortnight. I have, by my own careful observation been able to supply him with the materials for his sketches.

It will interest the public to be told how I contrived this, seeing that on no single occasion was I admitted to an Artist's *sanctum*, except once—and that was when the talented individual was going to give a dinner-party, and his maid showed me into the studio under the impression that I was the Greengrocer's young man come to make arrangements for waiting at table in the evening. The great Artist in question likes things done well, and he wanted to have a look at the person who was to appear that evening as the Butler, just to see if I was the sort of model he required for the impersonation. Our interview was short, but decisive. I left—but I *had* seen his picture. And this gave me my grand idea. I determined to visit all the studios, or as many as I could, professionally as a model. I *did* so,—in various disguises. And in this way I have availed myself of my opportunities. The public will

see me, wholly and in parts, reproduced and idealised on canvas. I have been a cavalier, a brigand, the head and shoulders of a warrior in bed, a beggar, a Venetian nobleman (kit-cat size), a satyr at play, a fisherman on the Welsh coast, an athlete (back view), a miser, an old pensioner, a monk, "The Philosopher—a Study" (head only); I am behind a tree in No. 22; my friends will recognise me at once in MR. PERTIE'S "Hunted Down" (No. 28); while Mr. Gow's "Tumult in the House of Commons" would be literally nothing without me. There I am, in the right-hand corner, fresh as paint. No. 58 is a study of me for one eye only; and in MR. LONG'S great work (No. 88) anybody acquainted with my features will at once detect me, in spite of my Egyptian costume. I am, in fact, reproduced over and over again; and in more than one instance friends at a distance will recognise my legs as completing the full-length "Portrait of a Gentleman" (a testimonial picture, price £1000), when the weak, ill-conditioned supports of the original shrunk from the public gaze.

This, then, is how I did it—and, as may be inferred, "alone I did it"—after being deserted by my faithless friend and etcher, who had, I have no doubt, his own designs, which will now appear as *tableaux* to music, that is, as pictures accompanied by notes. Now—Just a-go-in' to begin! Umbrellas and sticks left in the hall. Walk up, pay your money at the turnstile, don't speak to the man at the wheel, and follow your leader!

First. Before going in for slashing, we must draw our hangers. Our five sharp hangers are, MESSRS. A. ELMORE, J. C. HOOK, G. D. LESLIE, E. J. POYNTER, and SIR JOHN GILBERT. Their separate functions, it may interest the Public to know, are indicated by their names, which guided the choice of the Academy Council. SIR JOHN GILBERT—well, his name alone is good enough for anything, and has only to be mentioned to be received with acclamation. He will excuse us if we treat him as he has so often and so admirably treated others, that is "cavalierly," and, oddsfish, leave the doughty knight, and so pass on.

MR. POYNTER'S office is evidently that of Indicator, to the Hangers, of what pictures should be condemned.

MR. G. D. LESLIE represents fair play—for where there is the more truth and honesty, there must be the *less-lie*.

MR. A. ELMORE is the champion of space. He would give each Artist plenty of room. Give him an inch, and he asks for an *ellmore*.

MR. J. C. HOOK—*cela va sans dire*—there can be no hanging without a Hook.

There are in the "Academy several Artists who richly deserve hanging, while among "the Great Unhung" there are many who have narrowly escaped the fate which their works had justly merited. Most of the unhung ones are considerably disappointed, or rather, disap-poynted'd.

Now for my picked men of pictures.



J.E. MILLAIS, R.A. (No. 52.) "The Beefeater;" or, the fatal consequences of eating underdone and overpaid-for Beef. Observe his colour. He is thinking of the comparative prices in the American and English market. He wears the prize oxen medals of past Cattle-Shows. The design of the Artist, it is said, is to preserve the type of the rapidly-disappearing Red Man.

Serviens ad regem, not ad legem. He'll soon be extinct, like his legal brother of the Queen's Blackguards—the Serjeant of the Law!

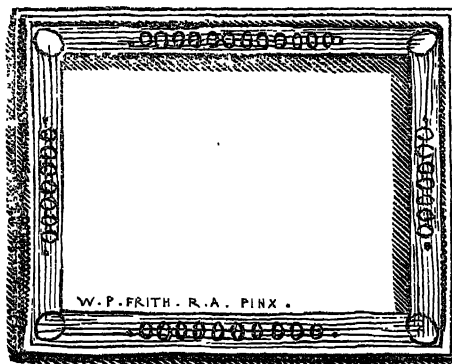
By the way, why not put an extinct Serjeant of the Law, in his black silk, beside this Serjeant of the Guard, in his

laced scarlet, and call the pair *Rouge et Noir*? I make a present of the hint to my illustrious and irrepressible friend MILLAIS.



F. LEIGHTON, R.A. (No. 209.) "A Screw Loose Somewhere," as it ought to be called, instead of "The Music Lesson." The effect is decidedly harmonious. The principle of the composition is sound—not fury—signifying not nothing, but a great deal, from a hand as light on the canvas as these sweet Ladies' on the strings.

W. P. FRITH, R.A. "Drawing a Blank;" or, *Nothing Venture, Nothing Win.* Intended as a companion to his great picture "The Gaming Table at Homburg." The subject is in itself absolutely nothing, but in the hands of a master like MR. FRITH, we are compelled to admit that in the whole collection there is nothing like it, for it is like nothing that we can call to mind. There is in the work an utter absence of



all mannerism. MR. FRITH can manage a crowd on canvas as well as a police-sergeant can in the streets; and yet here, where there was such a temptation to sacrifice the general effect to some startling individualities, we search in vain to detect any straining at obtaining a temporary success by some theatrical *coup de main*. Considered as a rare attempt at dealing with nothing, we are bound in justice to pronounce the picture as beyond all doubt thoroughly good, that is, for nothing. Had it been the production of a Nobody, we should have congratulated the Committee on a future Academician. As it is, this year, MR. FRITH is conspicuous by his absence (and absence makes the Art grow fonder), and so we take leave of MR. W. P. FRITH, and thank him—for nothing.

(To be continued.)

"Sound an Alarm!"

THE partisans of Holy Russia, *Mr. Punch*, pretend that her invasion of Turkey is a holy war—the war of the Cross against the Crescent. So it is, indeed; and what do you expect to be the end of this nineteenth century Crusade? Sir, a whisper in your ear—he who attacks the Crescent attacks the Moon! Mind that; and tell the maniacs who require to be told, to be wise in time for the safety of England's lunar possessions. Do not these constitute the greater part of that Empire on which the Sun never sets? Let you and I—let us all strike in time for the protection of our interests in our Satellite. Sir, I am a victim of persecution—the tortured and confined

GALILEO.

Colney Hatch Observatory, May 9, 1877.

Design and Beneficence.

THE names of supreme and subordinate benevolence appear oddly associated in the following extract from American business news:—

"It has been ascertained that Turkey has received over 300,000 stand of arms from the Providence Tool Company within the past two years, under a contract made with that Company to furnish 500,000 Peabody guns—a breech-loading rifle similar to the Martini-Henry."

In connection with the manufacture and sale of such instruments for the welfare and happiness of mankind as stands of arms and

breech-loading rifles, how pretty to find the names of Providence and Peabody!

"De Mortuis."

THE ground referred to in the paragraph in our last, signed, "An Indignant Eye-Witness," is not the Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, the Campo Santo of the Nonconformists, where sleep—carefully guarded by an Act of Parliament and a Preservation Committee—the honoured bones of BUNYAN, DE FOE, ISAAC WATTS, and scores of the ejected ministers of 1666, but the small God's Acre on the west of Bunhill Row, now called the "Friends' Burial Ground."



VERY LIKELY!

Adonis. "HERE!—HI!—BOY!—JUST WUN AND FETCH MY HAT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLAH!"
Boy. "O YES—I DESSAY. AND YOU'LL WALK OFF WITH MY BARRER!"

ON THE WAR-PATH.

(A Bellicose Blast from BETSY PRIG.)

"We must treat the matter in a business-like fashion; we must provide against the worst—the only safe course in war—determine that Russia shall not have the Straits, and settle, as speedily as may be, the naval and military plans calculated effectively to secure the execution of our will. These are the resolutions which it becomes England to take; and when peace shall again bless the world, we shall have ample time to think and talk about reforms in the name of justice and humanity."—*Daily Telegraph.*

JUSTICE! Humanity! Untimely bosh!
 Don't try to gammon me with such stale lingo.
 Just now, thanks be! that lofty fudge won't wash.
 Let me turn on my tap—the real stingo.
 Tip us my penny trumpet. Rootletoot!
 That is a blast that's bound to rouse each Briton,
 And scare that Rooshian Bear, the greedy brute,
 From the bage burglar's business he has hit on.

War's awful wicked! Yes, when it's invoked
 By fools whose bragian cry is "perish Ingy!"
 A-hearing which with rage I well nigh choked,
 And well they knows of scoldings wasn't stingy.
 But war to whop that thievish Muscovite,
 O, bless you! that's a werry different matter;
 And on that pint I own old SAREY's right,
 Much as I hates the upstart creature, drat her!

Which lately I've been preaching peace like fun
 To cruel Christians as would turn Crusaders,
 And spread the horrid Gospel of the Gun
 To help Bulgarian swineherds 'gainst invaders.
 But now that 'tis the British right o' way,
 And not Bulgarian homes and hearts, may suffer,
 I holds that party who for peace would pray,
 To be a wile unpatriotic duffer.

BETSY is patriot *quand même*, and hates
 The traitorous chattering who would dare suggestion

About the rights and wrongs of other States,
 When our Imperial Interests are in question.
 And as to noisy rant about Reform,
 Raised in the name of Justice and Humanity,
 When Britons ought to rise and ride the storm—
 It's reg'lar right-down, staring, stark insanity.

GLADSTONE's a—well, perhaps it won't quite do
 To call him nasty names—that is, directly;—
 'Tis best, when one is rearing idols new,
 To burn the old ones very circumspectly.
 But when a Leader goes and takes a whim
 To raise no end of sentimental racket
 At awkward times, the proper coat for *him*,
 I holds, is a political strait-jacket.

There never was before a black bad lot
 So bad and black as that there Northern Bruin;
 Which all he says is simply lying rot,
 And all he does designs our utter ruin:

His piety is all a sly pretence—
 How unlike ours!—his talk of lies a tissue;
 His interests,—hang the creature's impudence,
 To mention them when England's are at issue!

We must maintain *our* rights at any cost;
 Our self-regard must know no party schism,
 Though truth be trampled on and honour lost—
 Ah! that's what BETSY calls true patriotism!
 Justice, Humanity, may take their turn,
 When Peace comes back again and conflict closes.
 Meanwhile for battle all brave patriots burn,
 And valorous BETSY as Bellona poses.

Look always on the Surrey Side.

Tom and Jerry. The dish now being served up to the public at about 9'15 every evening, with *sauce hollandaise* at the Surrey Theatre, is well worth the public attention, if only as a curiosity. The old Temple Bar "set," and the "set-to" in TOM CRIBB's parlour will well repay a visit. *Tom and Jerry* was our Grandfathers' *Our Boys*.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 12, 1877.



“WIDE AWAKE!”

(BUT DECLINES TO BE “POKED UP.”)

THE MAY QUEEN.

(New Version, adapted to existing Climatic Conditions.)



CONSIDERING
apology super-
fluous, *Mr.*
Punch offers
none, as the
Poet Laureate
will doubtless
approve the
modification of
his beautiful
lines, rendered
needful by re-
cent meteorolo-
gical condi-
tions.]

You must wake and call me
early, call me early, Mother
dear;

To-morrow 'll be the tryingest
time of all the Spring, this
year—

Of all the Spring, this year, Mother, the dreariest, dreadfulest day;—
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There 'll be many a red, red nose, no doubt, but none so red as mine;
For the wind is still in the East, Mother, and makes one peak and pine:
And we're going to have six weeks of it, or so the prophets say—
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, Mother, I'm sure I shall never wake,
So you'd better call me loud, Mother, and perhaps you'll have to shake:
I shall want some coffee hot and strong, before I'm called away,
To shiver as Queen o' the May, Mother, to shiver as Queen o' the May.

As I was coming home to-night whom think you I should see
But DOCTOR SQUILLS! And he saw that my nose was as red as red could be;
And he said the weather was cruel sharp, that I'd better stay away,—
But I'm chosen Queen o' the May, Mother, so I must be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch is white with sleety showers,
And, though they call it the month of May, the hawthorn has no flowers;
And the ice in patches may yet be found in swamps and hollows gray,—
Ain't it nice for the Queen o' the May, Mother, so nice for the Queen o' the
May?

The East wind blows and blows, Mother, on my nose I follow suit,
For my influenza's so very bad, and I've got a cough to boot;
Perhaps it will rain and sleet, Mother, the whole of the livelong day,
Yet I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother; I must be Queen o' the May.

I've not the slightest doubt, Mother, I shall come home very ill,
And then there'll be bed for a week or more, and a long, long doctor's bill;
And with prices up and wages down however will father pay?
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother—oh bother the Queen o' the May!

So please wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear,
That I may look out some winter wraps, fit for the spring this year.
To-morrow of this bitter "snap" I'm sure 'll be the bitterest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

RUSSIAN PRONUNCIATION.—The Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish Fleet is
always alluded to in St. Petersburg as "HOBART P'SHAH!"

MAY-DAY AT THE GOG-MAGOGS.

WE have learnt from the ubiquitous Reporter how
May-Day was spent at Oxford, but, somehow or other,
the ceremonies connected with that Spring festivity at
Cambridge have not been recorded by a prying Press.
Mr. Punch would not like one University to be a-head
of the other, after the dead-heat his own prophecies
brought about on the river. He has therefore much
pleasure in assuring the public that the May-morning
rites of Cam were this year not a bit behind those of Isis.

The Squire Bedells woke the Undergrads at 4:30 by
sound of trumpet accompanied by the clang of their silver
pokers and the barking of their bulldogs. Amid the sup-
pressed anathemas of the Dons, who preferred snoozing
to spooning, the sons of Trinity issued forth attired in
various-coloured paper and tinsel, adorned with leaves
and flowers, and preceded by their honoured Master,
who, though disguised in a large green extinguisher
surmounted by a crown of roses (best paper), was easily
recognised by his classical capers and inaudible quota-
tions from HORACE. After making the tour of the town,
collecting additions to their procession, and an abun-
dant harvest of halfpence for their decayed Fellows, the
mummers repaired to the foot of the Gogmagog Hills,
where the fair Students from Girton were assembled to
select a Queen from among their number.

After a most amusing lecture on Vivisection, painlessly
illustrated, with the aid of chloroform, on the lambs
which formed a chief feature of the procession, an elegant
divertissement was performed by the gyps who had ac-
companied their Masters, to an *obligato* accompaniment
of marrowbones and cleavers.

Having seen term divide, a repetition of which favourite
entertainment is allowed on this day only, the happy
Mayers, preceded by their Queen, proceeded to five
o'clock tea at Girton, and the day's delights terminated
with a classical contest in the capping of Latin verses
between the champions of the Undergraduates and the
Ladies of the May. All the Lady Students were dressed in
costumes of the date of QUEEN ANNE, advanced æsthetics
being the order of the day.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

(From Our Own Wagnerite who went to Bayreuth.)

HERR WAGNER has arrived. That's all I can say
at present. He has come for the Music of the Future
(I am writing this on-Saturday, and next Monday is
his commencement—of which more anon) in London.
The great Art-Music-Poet says there's one fiddler short
I don't mean one short fiddler—it's not a question of
height) in his orchestra. I have volunteered, and the
Master Musical-Mind has accepted. My fiddle is a
dummy—but what matters? There *must* be two hundred
in the orchestra, and I am the two hundredth. On
Monday I shall be in my place, and expect from me a
clear, learned, and concise report of the proceedings of
my old and much esteemed friend (albeit he's what they
call in the Low Hanoverian dialect a *Sleibootzē*), the
Wobbling WAGNER.

Need I sign myself, yours truly,

ALBERT HALL.

** Any friends of yours wishing to be present with-
out paying, need only mention my name at the door.
That will be quite enough.

PECCAVI!

PUNCH has sinned! He has done grievous wrong to one
he honours more than any woman in the world—after
the QUEEN and his own *Judy*—the BARONESS BURDETT-
COUTTS. He accused her of tolerating bearing-reins
on her carriage-horses. Since he penned the paragraph
he has learnt that some two years ago she refused longer
to tolerate bearing-reins, and parted with a stubborn
though otherwise valuable coachman, who refused, with
a not uncommon prejudice of his class, to drive her
horses without them. He learns, too, that the Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now again,
as energetically as it can, taking up the cruelty of the
bearing-rein. *Punch*, misinformed in the case of both
the Baroness and the Society, hereby offers an apology to
both.



WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!

OR, THE R.A. COOK OF THE WALK AND THE BOND STREET BIRD OF (ART) PARADISE.

VERS NONSENSIQUES À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

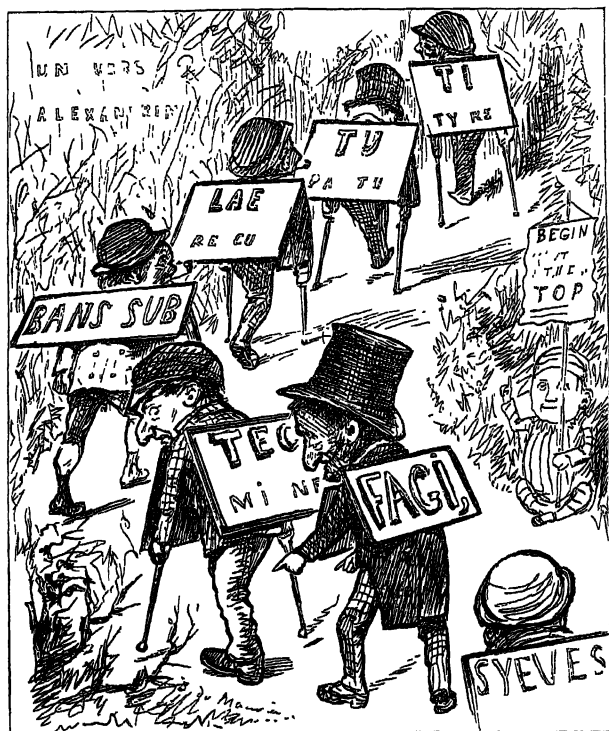
(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



IL existe une Espinstère à Tours,
Un peu vite, et qui porte toujours
Un ulsteur peau-de-phoque,
Un chapeau bilicoque,
Et des microbocqueurs en velours.



"D'un rôti de gigot, ma LUCIE,
À trois heures soit prêt, je te prie :
Qu'il soit tendre, fumant,
Et d'un jus abondant,
Et quel meilleur plat—h'm—can there be?"



UN Spondée, envieux d'un Dactyle,
Son voisin dans un vers de VIRGILE,
Blaguait à tout propos
Ses trois pieds inégaux,
L'astiquait, et lui chauffait la bile.



IL était un brignol de la Drouille,
Dont l'esbrocq turlupait la frambouille,
Et qui roccolbochait
Son splénéf, et borglait
En Binchois : "Rampognons !... je dégrouille !!"



TENACITY!

First North Briton (on the Oban boat, in a rolling Sea and dirty Weather).
 "THROW IT UP, MAN, AND YE'LL FEEL A' THE BETTER!"
Second ditto (keeping it down). "HECH, MON, IT'S WHUSKEY!"

THE WIND AND THE WAR.

WHAT is that white on yonder trees?
 Pear-blossom. Ugh! It might be snow;
 So bitter, hard the Eastern breeze;
 And the thermometer so low.
 I see white petals of the pear,
 But apple-trees of pink are bare.

Late apple, due in early May,
 And lilac, shrink from coming ou',
 A haze bedims the orb of day,
 And influenza flies about.
 And not one JACK, in wonted green,
 On this bleak May-Day has been seen.

Bees keep their hives, too wise to hum
 In such hard times from flower to flower;
 Cuckoo and Nightingale are mum!
 In holes and crannies Swallows cower,
 Wondering where spring-time can have fled,
 Till cruel May-frost nips them dead.

May, more than commonly severe.
 Too well this woful East wind suits.
 That comes the opening leaves to sear,
 And shrivel up the swelling fruits.
 Two bitter things—nigh on a par—
 Are Eastern wind and Eastern war.

A VOLLEY FOR ZAZEL.

WHAT she says to FARINI, when she creeps into the
 gun,—“Far in I go.”
 Her aim in life—The upshot of her existence.
 A husband for her—The Engineer who was hoisted with
 his own petard.
 A new title for this Star—The Sun of a Gun.
 Her favourite poet—Howitt, Sir.
 Her favourite political subject—Debt o' nations.
 What men say of her—“She's a stunner!”
 What women say of her—“She's going off!”

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* trusts this will stall off the cor-
 respondents who inundate him with weakly deluges
 of poor puns on ZAZEL, as on all popular or unpopular
 subjects.

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. I.—ON DRAWING-ROOM DECORATIONS.

MR. FERNANDO F. EMINATE *examined*.

Q. I believe that you are perfectly mad upon the subject of drawing-room decorations?

A. I am perfectly mad upon the subject, and my insanity extends to dining-rooms, libraries, and sitting-rooms generally.

Q. How, in your opinion, ought a drawing-room to be decorated?

A. On æsthetic principles.

Q. What do you mean by æsthetic principles?

A. It is a wide term, but I think I may say that the outcome of æstheticism is a mixture of antique quaintness, dingy and washed-out colour, and oddity combined with discomfort.

Q. I believe you are in favour of latticed windows glazed with opaque glass?

A. I am. The lattices you refer to were abolished years and years ago, to make room for sashed windows admitting more light. The opaque glass is conducive to darkness, a great desideratum in nineteenth century drawing-rooms.

Q. I understand that you are in favour of curtains with grotesque patterns, sage-green or dull-yellow for walls, and black furniture?

A. I am. It is very necessary that a feeling of melancholy should be produced in a modern sitting-room, and I know of no better means to create this mood than those to which you have alluded. Moreover, it is proper to add, that the chairs should be of the most uncomfortable character possible, cumbered with cushions warranted to slip down on the floor on the smallest provocation.

Q. I think you do not recommend carpets?

A. Certainly not. Carpets are suggestive of comfort, and there you are at once in contradiction with æsthetic principles. I much prefer straw matting, which is bitterly cold in winter and horribly stuffy in summer.

Q. Would you permit rugs in the drawing-room?

A. Certainly. But I should insist upon their being of the most

dull and neutral tones of colour. Rugs over matting are excellent, as they kick up at every footstep, and accumulate even more dust than carpets.

Q. I think you do not like pictures?

A. Only E. H. JONES's, or an occasional nocturne of WHISTLER's. As a rule, I prefer plates stuck against the walls.

Q. In fact, you would decorate the walls of a drawing-room as if you were dealing with a kitchen?

A. Certainly; except that I would have more plates in the drawing-room than are usually found in a kitchen.

Q. Would you permit tables in the room?

A. One. It should, however, have only three legs, and should be encouraged (by its construction) to topple over on every conceivable opportunity.

Q. You have said nothing about the walls.

A. The lower part, or dado, should be covered with matting, and the upper part be papered with a paper of sombre or sickly ground, and spidery pattern.

Q. If you had a recess, what would you do with it?

A. I would fill it with delf and blue china.

Q. What is delf?

A. Roccoco Dutch pottery. My ambition would be to possess the ugliest specimens of this pottery obtainable. Failing this, I would fall back upon kitchen plates of the last century.

Q. You have said nothing about the comfort of the room.

A. As I have had the honour already to explain, I know nothing about comfort. It is radically opposed to æsthetic principles.

Q. To sum up the matter—Is it your opinion that, given a little straw and a good many plates, a cell in Newgate might easily be converted into an excellent drawing-room furnished in the modern fashion?

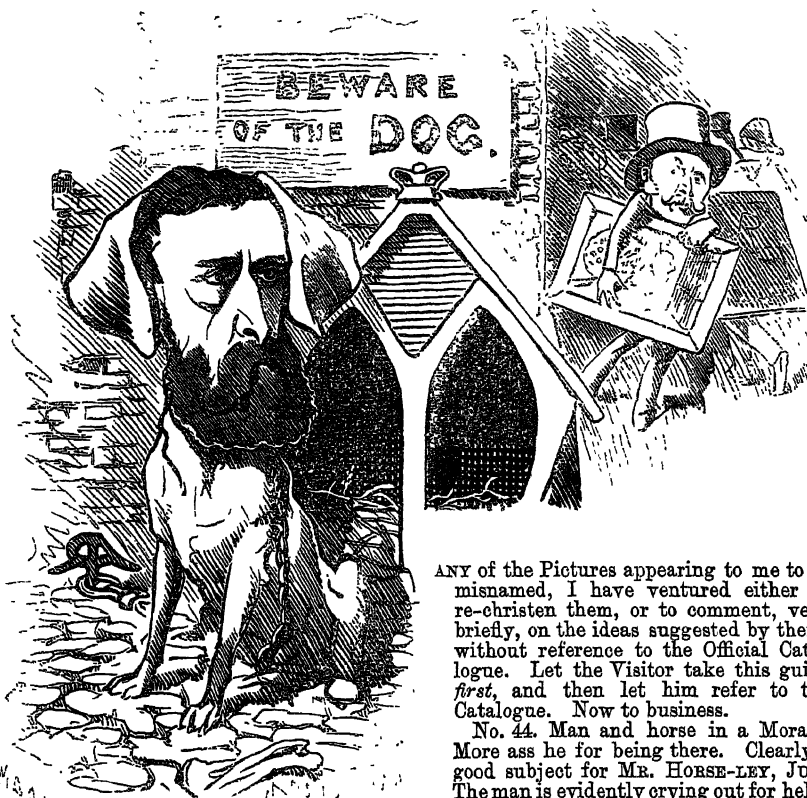
A. Certainly—with a few neutral distemper colours and a sten-cilling apparatus.

[*The Witness then withdrew.*]

THE BEST SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK.—A Husband's wardrobe.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Being our own Handy-Book to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.)



ANY of the Pictures appearing to me to be misnamed, I have ventured either to re-christen them, or to comment, very briefly, on the ideas suggested by them, without reference to the Official Catalogue. Let the Visitor take this guide first, and then let him refer to the Catalogue. Now to business.

No. 44. Man and horse in a Morass. More ass he for being there. Clearly a good subject for MR. HORSE-LEY, JUN. The man is evidently crying out for help, and probably shouting hoarsely. Brayvo, MR. HORSLEY, JUN.

No. 62. Another by the same rising young Artist. Coloured Gentlemen at

prayer on board ship, with the ship's Chaplain (a Canon) in the midst of them. Perhaps CANON LIDDON, or the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, might bid for this picture.

No. 28. The Hunted Highlander. By J. PETTIE, R.A. There's only one name for this, —it ought to be "Half-Kilt!"

No. 67. The old Pump-Room, Bath. By G. A. STOREY, A. With views of the old Pumps of both sexes. This tells its own Storey.

No. 83. An Egyptian Feast. By E. LONG, A. The Mummy at the feast reminds the revellers of their certain fate. The motto clearly should have been, "*Ars Longa, vita brevis.*" And a very fine specimen of the *ars Longa*, too.

No. 126. By J. C. HOOK, R.A. It illustrates the dialogue in the old story. "Gin, I thinks," "Whiskey, I hopes," "Sea-water, by Jingo!" It should have been called "*The Bottle*," and dedicated to SIR WILFRED LAWSON.

No. 182. By same Artist. "*The Boy at the Nore.*"

No. 208. By R. ANSELL, R.A. "*Cave canes.*" A rebellion in the Isle of Dogs, with the canine inhabitants rising on the Lady of the Island.

No. 282. By A. ELMORE, R.A. Without reference to the Catalogue, you can see at once that this is MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS (here we are again!) tickling somebody's (probably DARNLEY's) little finger. And he doesn't seem to like it. Title, "*A Ticklish Situation.*"

No. 210. By J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Kensington Gardens before the notice was up to the effect that "No dogs are allowed unless led with a string."

No. 216. By F. GOODALL, R.A. Preparing for the Baby Show.

No. 380. By J. C. HOOK, R.A. Without referring to Catalogue, this appears to be a dog coming out of a barley-field. On referring to Catalogue, I find that this is *not* the idea intended to be conveyed. How could I have made such a mistake!

No. 321. By LIONEL SMYTHE. Probably a view of some sequestered spot in the grounds of Colney Hatch. Foolish young person in foreground, damp grass, and fine prospect of rheumatism in the back.

No. 981. By JAMES ARCHER. Painful position of a Scotch Gentleman sitting for his portrait in the open air. For the remainder of his life must he always sit in this dress, in this position, and in this identical spot for so many hours a day, or else will no one ever recognise him? Appalling thought!

No. 1263. By T. O. BARLOW, A. "His Grace the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.—after J. E. MILLAIS, R.A." Is he? I hope His Grace, K.G. will overtake J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., who must have had time to get out of sight while the Duke was putting his top-boots on, as he is not in the picture.

No. 276. By the same. "Gloria." After JOHN PHILLIP. And glory to T. O. BARLOW, says *Punch*, for this noble engraving of his lamented friend's stirring picture of a Spanish Wake.

No. 1363. By D. W. WYFIELD. Without reference to Catalogue, I should imagine

that this is some one in the Past listening to the Music of the Future, and naturally much irritated by it. A solo on the Jews' harp.

No. 1468. Striking Sculpture. By F. LEIGHTON, R.A. May represent morning exercise for a muscular person after tub-time. Legend—"See what I found in my bath this morning!"

Now take a stroll back again, and, before leaving for the day, look at—

No. 197. By E. M. WARD, R.A. "What has he got in his head?" But this wasn't what the Artist had in his head when he painted this picture. Refer to Catalogue.

No. 508. Also by E. M. WARD, R.A. After-dinner spasm. The momentous question, "Was it the Cucumber?" Poor dear creature!

No. 409. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Gentleman going away with his portmanteau. On the point of departure his mind misgives him, and he sternly asks his wife, "Are you quite sure you packed up my sponge?" She replies, positively, in the affirmative. So the picture is rightly called "Yes."

TRY AGAIN.

"DRURY LANE GARDEN.—A correspondent writes:—'Last week it was announced in *The Times* that a burial-ground long since disused in Drury Lane had been formally opened as a garden by the Vicar and Churchwardens of the parish of St. Giles, for the use of the surrounding inhabitants. However, on the evening after the opening, the 2nd instant, the Churchwardens went down to see how the garden was appreciated, when they witnessed such a scene of disorder, wanton trampling on the ornamental grounds, and in some instances tearing up of plants and shrubs, that they gave immediate orders to have the garden cleared and the gates closed until further notice.'

—*The Times*
[*Punch* is glad, for the sake of the Drury Lane population, to learn, by a letter from Miss OCTAVIA HILL, that the damage was neither so serious nor so wanton as is here stated.]

DISCOURAGING, that Drury's hordes unshriven

'Gainst Eden's influence their hearts should harden.

Sad to see beds trod down, and shrubs up-riven,

In this, the first "God's-acre" ever given
The back-slums' brood for garden!

Disheartening! Yet let us not lose heart:
We all know "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*"

Foiled by one back-cast? 'Twere a braver part

To plant again, for growths that yet may start

E'en from least hopeful root.

If crushed beds, trampled plants, seem poor return

For Vicar's and Churchwardens' well-meant guerdon,

Think it needs time, for pariahs to learn
The brotherhood with which kind natures yearn

To ease their sordid burden.

Shall children's Godsend by roughs' fault be marred?

Shame to let pity to mistrust so harden!
Be not kind purpose by first failure barred,

And e'en roughs yet may learn to love and guard

God's-acre turned to garden.

SUBJECT FOR ALMA TADEMA.

Ancient Philanthropist (to Collector for Classical Charity).—"Write me down an as!"

VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



L'ANDALOUSE (Marquise et Lionne),
Qui naguère habitait Barcelone,
Et démoralisait
Tant le Sieur de Musset,
Vient d'ouvrir une auberge à Bayonne.



"O jument de la nuit, ombre sombre !
D'où viens-tu ?—de ces radis sans nombre ?—
Ou viens-tu cette fois
De ce lapin gallois ?—
Ou viens-tu—de ce maudit concombre ?"



"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux !"
Ainsi traduisait LAURE
Au profit d'ISIDORE
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur époux).



"I am gai. I am poet. I dwell
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.
And I sing tralala,
And I love my mamma,
And the English, I speaks him qvite vell !"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RETORTIA præterita est. The Boerish Republic is no more! So LORD CARNARVON (*Lords, Monday, May 7*) reads off the wires. SHEPSTONE has cut the knot, not by edge of sword, but by a short, sharp, and decisive instrument of Incorporation of the Transvaal with British South Africa. Let us hope we have not taken the territory of the Boer at a Trans-valuation. But there seems to have been nothing else for it.

"Who dreamed of pirates loose—
Though none were there?
Would have us cook their goose?"
Robin Adair!"

LORD WAVENEY, who seems to have piracy on the brain, moved an Address praying the QUEEN to invite the co-operation of her allies to maintain the security of commerce in the Mediterranean, which, so far as LORD DERBY knows, is in no way threatened. As if we hadn't scoured enough loose already!

(*Commons.*)—The fullest House of the Session. Strangers as thick as thieves, or bees at swarming-time, in the Speaker's gallery. A ballot among some four hundred for some eighty places—worse than claimants on the Treasury in Coalition-time. Peers in every place that Peers could be poked into—as in the Ministry. Members wherever Members could sit or stand. Both galleries brimming over; and M.P.'s seated on the steps below the gangway. An overflow, in fact, of uninformed in- and out-siders to see the Opposition Actæon worried by his own pack; of those who were behind the scenes, to see W. E. G., turned tactician, split his differences and his Resolutions, in order to re-cement Her Majesty's Opposition.

Let *Punch* remind the readers of the substance of these four now famous Resolutions. The first censured the Porte for not punishing the authors of the Bulgarian atrocities at LORD DERBY's bidding. The second declared that Turkey had forfeited all claims on the moral and material support of England, until she mended her ways. The third pledged us to the cause of self-government in the Turkish provinces. The fourth committed us to the principle of a European concert to enforce Europe's will on Turkey, by coercion, if need be.

Rather than support the two latter, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK had given notice to extinguish all four under "the previous question." The debate on this would have brought into strong relief the antagonism between the more advanced Liberals of the Opposition, who were prepared to support all four Resolutions, and the more moderate majority, who would have voted with SIR JOHN, and so shelved the Resolutions, without directly negating them. One question between the sections of Opposition in the House, and out of it, hangs on the policy of coercion. Another, and more important at this moment, lies between a policy of strict neutrality and one of, or at least tending to, war.

Punch has always kept one line on the coercion question. Unless England meant to join in coercing Turkey into compliance with the conclusions of a Conference, she should never have taken part in one that, without coercion, was sure to end in smoke. Let those who may wish to consult our record, turn back to the Cartoon, in which, immediately on the conclusion of the Conference, *Punch* put to the British Lion the crucial question, "If you didn't mean to back up LORD SALISBURY, why did you send him?"

From the moment that Her Majesty's Government proclaimed their policy of non-coercion, the way was clear for Her Majesty's Opposition to have proclaimed theirs of coercion, if they dared. *They did not dare.* Their ranks were from that moment divided into a more cautious wing, under LORD HARTINGTON, and a more thorough-going and daring wing, under MR. GLADSTONE and the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The spectacle which the Majority promised themselves on Monday was the internecine combat of these two wings—the duel of the Hartingtonatii and the Gladstoneatii. They were disappointed. MR. GLADSTONE, rather than give the House this gladiatorial exhibition, consented to throw over the third and fourth Resolutions, on which the wings were at odds, and to modify Resolutions one and

two, so that the Opposition might fight shoulder to shoulder in their support.

Punch won't say if this was a wise or unwise, a brave or cowardly, policy. He would, as a rule, rather see quarrels fought out than stifled. This is a quarrel sooner or later to be fought out. But whether it should be fought out by Her Majesty's Opposition for the amusement of H. M. Government is another matter.

Naturally, the Majority considered themselves very ill-used in being thus robbed of their anticipated entertainment.

The bolder spirits, who were willing to face this fight, in the strength of their manly principle, "thorough," found voice by CHAMBERLAIN and COURTNEY to express their regret at the compromise. But if their Leader consented to waive a vote on his third and fourth Resolutions, he did not, happily for England and the House, waive his speech in their support.

Thanks to them, we have heard the boldest, most logical, and, as *Punch* believes, in the long run, wisest and most clear-sighted English policy on the Eastern Question propounded and maintained in one of the most spirit-stirring speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons. Never, on any question were parties, in or out of the House, so divided as on this. *Punch*, finding all his hopes for the future, all his convictions of duty in the present, all his conclusions from history in the past, reflected in MR. GLADSTONE's noble words, does not hesitate to avow himself—so far as he has a personality—at one with the Member for Greenwich, and those who go along with him, in this crisis. He believes, if those views had been boldly and consistently maintained by the Government from the first, war might have been averted, and the oppressed Rayahs would have learnt o'er this that they had as staunch and stout a friend in the Lion as in the Bear, not to say a safer and more magnanimous defender.

But the opportunity has been allowed to pass. Another influence (a veiled force that has been working from the first) has been allowed to prevail; an influence in all points tending to condonation of Turkey and to distrust of Russia; an influence that seems to have for its object to set the Lion and Bear by the ears, and to exaggerate the danger to English interests in Asia and Europe from Russia's hostilities with Turkey; an influence that has been allowing the Ship of State to drift, if not piloting her, nearer and nearer the Maelstrom of War—of war, if not avowedly for Turkey, at least against Russia as the enemy of Turkey, and in the name of English interests, remotely and obscurely involved in any probable event, and, for the present, not implicated at all. All consciousness of such a drift, not to say all co-operation with it, Government in the first night of this debate disavowed in the manly and straightforward speech of the HOME SECRETARY. What he says he stands by. His worst enemy can never charge him with fighting a Cross. Henceforth our Government is pledged, as positively as a Government can be, to neutrality in this unhappy but inevitable war—inevitable mainly, as *Punch* is sorry to believe, through the timidity, shilly-shallying, and half-heartedness of our Rulers—of Her Majesty's Opposition, as well as Her Majesty's Government.

MR. CROSS's distinct avowal of neutrality at this crisis, when the dogs of war are yelping their loudest, the country owes to MR. GLADSTONE and his Resolutions—and, as things are, even this is a great gain.

Through Monday and Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, the speaking went on, with much vehement recrimination; and, after the two great guns of the week were fired—MR. GLADSTONE's in defence of what might have been, MR. CROSS's in re-assurance as to what is—with little increase either of sweetness or light in the House, whatever may have been the enlightening effect out of it. *Punch* waives the task of reiterating the iterations of the speakers night after night; only noting that, for Turk, and against Russ, MR. CHAPLIN, SIR ROBERT PEEL, and LORD ELCHO talked most wild and whirlingly: while, on the other side, MR. COURTNEY was an exception to the general rule of repetition. He boldly avowed his regret at the watering down of the Resolutions, his readiness to have supported the strongest of them, and his entire adherence to a policy of coercion applied to Turkey.

Thus, all the week has been taken up in a sharper defining of parties and policies on this Eastern quarrel, and, above all, in making it clear that England stands pledged not to strike on behalf of the effete and unimprovable Turk—or, if she strike in at all, to do so only on behalf of grave national interests, when those interests are visibly menaced. When they are, it is quite certain that all parties will be agreed that the time has indeed come for the British Lion to show his teeth. It is just as certain that that time is not yet.

Chaff at such a moment, and on such a subject, is impertinence. *Punch* has felt a call to be serious, and to speak as he feels, without even putting the thin mask of irony over his seriousness.

Friday (Lords).—The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS had to withdraw his Bill for Limiting the Hours of Railway Servants. For reasons good, no doubt, the Bill may have been pronounced crude and impracticable; but the Companies will have to set their lines in order, and treat their Servants with more decent consideration than they have done, both as regards hours, rules, and protection of life and limb,

or it will be warmer than ever for them when they are delivered over to the hands of the Juries, whose verdicts now rudely embody retribution for corporations that have happily a pocket to be dipped into, if not a soul to be lost, or a body to be kicked.

(*Commons.*)—The debate on the Resolutions was adjourned again till Monday; and if it is finished then, it will be less because all have said their say, than from SIR STAFFORD's threat, that if the House do not give the Government Tuesday night, it shall have its Whitsun holidays docketed. The truth is, that though the Resolutions may mean little, the discussion means a great deal, for the country, even more than the House of Commons. England is making up its mind, and will soon be ready to cast the weight of the national will unmistakably into—which scale, that of Turkey and BEACONSFIELD, or that of Neutrality and CROSS? D. T. and P. M. say the former. *Punch* says the latter. Which can feel the national pulse best?

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.



HAVING been a considerable time accustomed to play the Trilogy, with one finger on the Accordion, I was naturally anxious to hear the same work of art performed by a Band of two hundred, at the Albert Hall.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER wrote to me in his best low Bavarian:—

"Ich bin gleich nach London ge-kommen mit der Trompeten und Drummen, der brassen, der Winden und der Fiddelstückeren. Du bist ein Musik-Kritiker. Wie viel? Leben Sie wohl.—R. W."

Then—

"Postscriptum. Inklösen ist ein Postoffische Ordern für ein Thaler. Herren Hodge und Essex vollen Sie Trinkmönische geben. Wenn beide der Herren are at home, Sie

der whole somm all-at-vonce vill poketen!! Stecken Sie es in Ihre Tasche! Ich trinke to our Nex-merre-meeting! Hoch!"

To which I replied (in Saxon-Bavarian, which we both understood)—

"O mein intimer Freund, Ich zee zou blownen vürst! Votz ein Thaler? Gettout!! Woran denken Sie? Das ist nicht genug. Ich weiss wie viel Uhre es ist! Ich take nicht der trink-mönische Ekseption wenn Ich bin Drei. Wenn Drei, trinke. Kumprenny? Lieben Sie wohl mein Herr Von Thaler—nicht Von Thaler, aber Zwei, Drei und az many moren Thaleren az zu liken-to-standen! Hoch!"

Why, I couldn't even get up a Torchlight Procession in Orme Square with one thaler. It wouldn't run to one torch and a cab fare. So that all my schemes for worthily celebrating the grand occasion fell to the ground. I had composed a Festival Hymn to be sung to an air of BELLINI's under VAGNER's vinder in Orme Square (where he is stopping, with HERR TOOLE, who "always comes home to tea"), which ran (or would have run, if it had once got a fair start) like this,—

"Orme! Orme! Orme! sweet Orme!

No clever HERR WAGNER, there's no place like Orme!"

This was set to a bed-chamber-kandlestückeren "motive," and would have been simply a master-piece; but, no matter, there's the master-piece still on my chimney-piece. The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

Being a trifle near-sighted, and a little uncertain about Wagnerian waggeries generally (I haven't seen him for years—and the idea of offering me a Thaler!), I requested a friend of mine who has the reputation of being a very well-informed man, to ask me (in your interest) to dinner. He mistook my meaning, and came and dined with me. We were Wagnerites both—Wagnerisserites. My Well-Informed Man said he would tell me everything. Down to the Hall we went in a Hansom. Then we got out, and, amid the cheers of the Monday Populace and the courteous salutes of the A Division (Wagnerites to a man), bowing left and right, entered the *salle*.

"Der Walküren!" exclaimed the crowd directly they saw us. We intimated to HERREN HODGE AND ESSEX that we wished to be alone. They replied that with nearly eight thousand people in the



A SET-DOWN.

Mistress. "LOOK, BRIDGET, THERE'S THE MARK OF YOUR THUMB ON THIS PLATE! DON'T YOU SEE IT?"

Biddy. "MUSHA, THIN, HOW PARTIOLAR YEZ ARE! AND SORRA THE QUALITY THAT'S IN IT, NEITHER!"

Hall this would be almost impossible. "But," they politely added, "'after the Opera is over' you can have it entirely to yourself."

"Now," I said to my Well-Informed Man (engaged, mind, on purpose, just as a Q.C. has a Solicitor below him to give him his facts), "Tell me all you know."

Oh, Sir! Oh, my dear Sir! never again with you, Robin—I mean, never again with my Well-Informed Friend. A humbug, Sir, a humbug!—but, to proceed.

Two Ladies walked on to the platform. Immense applause. "Whom are they applauding?" I asked of Well-Informed Friend. Did he reply at once, Sir? No. He referred to his programme. Why, I could have done as much. At this moment a buzz went round the house, and from box to box was mysteriously telegraphed the words "FRAU MATERNA." "Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend suddenly, "that's FRAU MATERNA! She was at Bayreuth."

"Which is FRAU MATERNA?" I asked, sternly, for there were two. "Is it the magnificent lady in a brilliant dress, or is it the retiring young damsel in blue?"

"Well," replied my Well-Informed Friend, deliberately, "well—it's either the stouter of the two—or the other."

And I had asked this friend to accompany me on the strength of knowing all about it! Why, Sir, I had imagined that this person had been your Correspondent at Bayreuth last year!

Suddenly, a burst of enthusiastic applause. I could not see whom they were applauding. I appealed to my Well-Informed Friend. "Is it WAGNER?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "I fancy it must be WAGNER."

"Is he there?" I asked, authoritatively, for you see I had treated this man, and treated him well, on the strength of his being Your Own Well-Informed Correspondent at Bayreuth.

"Well," he began, "I rather think he—" But before the egregious humbug could commit himself to an assertion, a mysterious whisper passed round—"It is WILHELM!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend, suddenly waking up, "that's WILHELM!"

I frowned; he cowered. So we sat, I frowning, he cowering, until an enthusiastic greeting announced the appearance of HERR WAGNER.

A Lady near me gave a great start.

"Is that WAGNER?" she exclaimed; and then added, in a tone of considerable

disappointment, "Why he is quite a respectable-looking, quiet, elderly man!" And so he is—now.

My Well-Informed Man, while pretending to read the German portion of the *Tannhauser* (the humbug!), kept losing his place (I watched him), and was always looking over other people's shoulders to see when they turned over, and what page they were at.

Still I clung to him. I had heard him talk so much of WAGNER. In your interests, Sir, I clung to him. I still hoped that he might be the gifted creature I had supposed.

Between the parts I took my Well-Informed Man into the Lobby, pulled out my note-book, and said, "Now tell me all about it. First, I suppose you knew all these singers to speak to at Bayreuth?"

My Well-Informed Man paused for a moment, trembled, turned pale, then throwing himself on his knees, while the perspiration streamed off his agonised face, he cried, "Spare me! Oh spare me! I never was at Bayreuth!"

I suppress the rest of this painful scene. I pity that man's family. He was at once confided to the care of Policeman B flat (a great Wagnerite), and I saw no more of him.

A sadder and a wiser man, I returned for the *Rheingold*,—that overpoweringly wonderful work. The Music-Hall of the Future is evidently paved with good motives. I recognised the genius of the idea, and fell into the spirit of it cordially. Before it was a quarter over didn't I feel an irrepressible "drink-motive"? Later on, wasn't I powerfully moved by a "more-drink-motive"? Then by "go-away-before-the-crowd-motive"? Were not the Linkmen both actuated by a "threepenny-bit-motive" when they dashed wildly off in search of a cab for yours truly? And wasn't I (still Wagnerian) impelled by a "save-my-two-and-sixpence-motive" when I didn't stop for the cab, but set off to walk? Didn't the "drink-motive" recur strongly again and oftentimes during the remainder of the evening, not to mention the "supper-motive" and the "cigar-motive," uniting together to form one irresistible "stop-at-the-Club-till-three-in-the-morning-motive."

Before retiring to rest, I dropped a line to my old friend,—"*Mein Intimer Freund*, your Rhine-gold has the ring (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*) of the true Genius-metal. But with such a stock of Rhine-gold, why offer me a Thaler? No matter. Success to you, *Mein Herr*! The "sleep-motive" overcomes yours ever,

THE HOOKY WALKYRIE.

THE GREAT OBSTRUCTIVES.

A new Irish Melody: (*Air* "Let Erin Remember.")

LET Erin rejoice in a BIGGAR bold,
And a PARNELL that ne'er betrayed her,
Who have both spurned Office, and Smiles, and Gold,
At the hand of the base invader.

Obstruction's flag bould BIGGAR unfurled,
By PARNELL bravely mated,
And, wid Blue-Book afther Blue-Book hurled,
The heads of the Saxons slated!

On the benches green in the Saxons' hall
These heroes took their station,
Obstruction to fling in the way of all
The Saxons' legislation.

"Divide, divide!" the Saxons cried,
And crowded, like cocks, in chorus,
But BIGGAR and PARNELL the gang defied,
And but waxed more obstreperous.

"Is 't dividin' you're afther? If that's the talk,
You shall have it—we give you warnin';"
And thirteen times they made 'em walk
"Twixt lobby and sates erè mornin'.

Since ould NOEL ordhered the mace away,
On the Commons' coat-tails threading,
Was never beheld such blank dismay
Over Saxon faces spreading.

Then may Erin keep for her PARNELL's name,
And her PARNELL's iligant figure,
The biggest niche in her Temple of Fame,
And for Cavan's Member a bigger.

While in pathriot records of deeds sublime
The tale shall be told for iver,
How BIGGAR and PARNELL talked agin time,
And bate time into fits, so cliver.



DISAFFECTION!

Adjutant. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DRUM-MAJOR?"

Drum-Major. "PLEASE, SIR, THE DRUMS IS IN A STATE OF MUTINY, AND THESE ARE THE RINGLEADERS!!"

TOO "HARD A-PORT(E)"!

"MR. GLADSTONE may not succeed in carrying the House, or re-uniting his Party, or even winning the solid support of the British people for the present, but his work will stand and bear fruit if he has disabused England of her old Turkish prepossessions, and delivered her soul from one of its most evil, most unprofitable, and most dishonourable illusions."—*The Times*.

Lo! the Man at the Wheel, all mysterious and mute,
At the helm of the good ship *Britannia* he stands,
A nautical Sphinx, dumb as death, cold and 'cute;
Hard-a-Porte he would steer, were her course in his hands.
'Twould go hard with the ship, if with dangers around,
Whate'er the crew fear, or whatever they feel,
None a question dared raise, while the rule all propound,
'Tis high treason to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

We would fain know the course our dark pilot is steering,
For the water it shoals and the rocks loom ahead:
There be those who believe that the breakers he's nearing,
But yet to "go aft" in a body they dread.
For they know that a clamorous part of the watch
Would as mutiny punish alarm or appeal—
And they think, come what may, no disaster could match
Such an act as to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

But a stout able-seaman, one W. E. G.,
Has long had an eye on the chart and the course;
He the skipper distrusts now *Britannia*'s at sea,
And declines to take silence for BULL's best resource.
So he ups and says he, "Howsomever it be,
You're steering too much on the Porte tack, a deal.
The rest of the crew may be dumb, but for me,
I'm a-going to speak to the Man at the Wheel."

And then comes a chorus of warning and threat—
Fierce charges of mutiny rain on his head;
His messmates fall off in alarm, or in pet,
For irons some call, or strait-waistcoat instead.

But that sturdy A.B. is not daunted, not he;
Funk or flare-up who will, true and trenchant as steel,
Come foe or fail friend, there is W. E. G.,
Determined to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

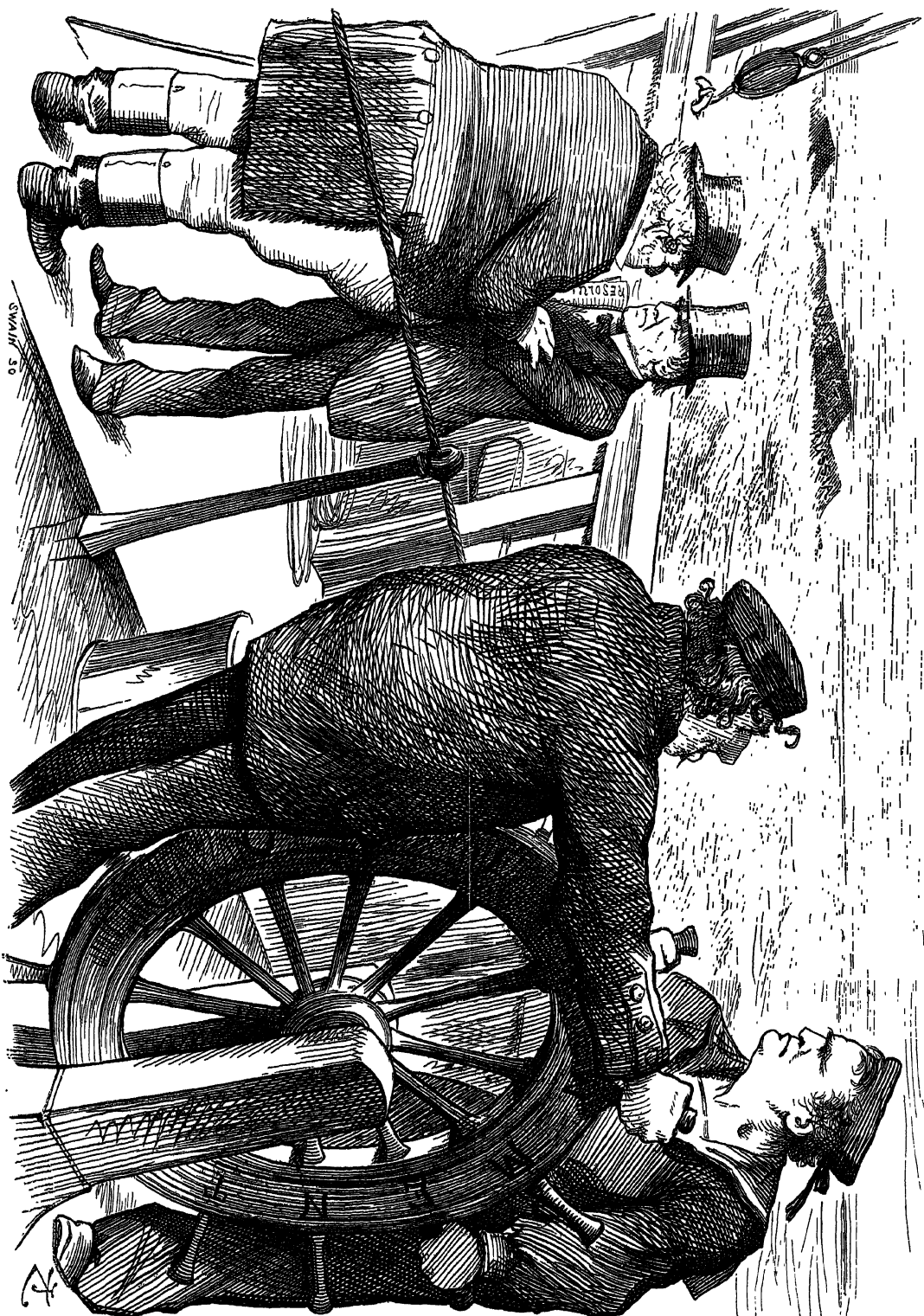
Says WILLIAM, "Belay! This here Porte tack, I say,
Isn't safe for the ship—with the chart doesn't square;
The war-rock you should clear lies full in your way,
And the sands and the shoals that you funk are not there.
All your bearings are wrong: you must try t'other tack.
For discipline's sake one can stand a good deal.
But ere on the rocks the *Britannia*'s run smack,
'Tis time some one spoke to the Man at the Wheel."

Says the Man at the Wheel, 'mid a volley of cheers,
"If this isn't mutiny, my coat ain't blue:
To question the course your ship's officer steers!
You deserve to be clapped in the bilboes, you do!
But the poor men you've gammoned your leading discard,
They'd rather we steered her than you, by a deal.
You deserve in a rope's-end to swing at a yard,
For daring to speak to the Man at the Wheel."

But "Belay, there! belay!" sings out ADMIRAL BULL.
"Whether WILLIAM is right in the course he would steer
Is a question, perhaps; but by running rap-full
On this Porte-tack the reefs you have brought the ship near.
With breakers ahead, and more minds, too, than one
In the ward-room about the ship's handling, I feel,—
Howe'er etiquette or Queen's Articles run,—
It is time we both spoke to the Man at the Wheel."

ALL FOR HER AND HER FRIENDS.

SEVERAL Ladies propose the formation of a Club exclusively for the promotion of feminine pleasures and pastimes, to be called, in contradistinction to the Orleans, the All She 'Uns Club.



TOO "HARD A-PORT(E)"!

MR. BUTT. "QUITE RIGHT, WILLIAM! IT WAS A CASE FOR SPEAKING TO THE 'MAN AT THE WHEEL'!"

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Continued and Forwarded by Private Wire.)



O-DAY.—Have been unwell for a day or two on the road to Khiva, but am now quite re-khiva'd. (Pun duly patented and registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.) Just met a Roumaniac coming from Roumania. They are all Roumaniacs in Roumania. Asked him if he had heard any war reports. He replied, "O son of many distinguished parents, O very much overfed and polished one, I haven't." He went on to add

that the only reports he *had* heard were of guns in the distance.

Met several people going the other way, all dressed in different costumes, some with beards, some with no beards, some with moustachios, some with no moustachios, some with bald heads, some with full flowing wigs, some with long noses and green spectacles, others with short noses and blue spectacles, and so on. Soon found out (on their removing their false noses, beards, &c.) that they were Russian Spies in disguise. They went through a short gymnastic entertainment and left early. If MR. CHATTERTON wants some *Vokeski* amusements for his next Christmas Pantomime, he'd better give me *carte blanche* to engage this Band of Russian Spies. It would be a highly spies'd entertainment. (Pun patented and protected by Vic. V. cap. 6.)

Day after.—Met a Fair Circassian. Addressed her with "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" in her own native tongue. Struck me—the idea struck me, not the Fair Circassian—that she would do for the *Princess Olinska* in *Mazeppa*. Engaged her. The only question is now, can I play *Mazeppa* with my present lot? And do I want a licence? What will the LORD CHAMBERLAIN say? My *corps* consists of self (as *Mazeppa*), Sleigh-driver, and his Boy. Fair Circassian, and the Circus Horse. The Donkey could be got up as a Wolf, and could be taught to pursue me. The Pig is a difficulty; but being already so remarkably clever, I fancy that with a very little more arithmetical training with tickets and passes, he might become an invaluable check-taker, or better still, an acting-manager for the front of the house; and this would not only save a salary, but also be an attraction if properly announced in the bills, thus, "Money taken at the doors by the Learned Pig. All applications on business connected with the management must be made to the Pig!" And in these times when anything from the East creates an excitement, I could advertise him as, "Hog, the Ex-King of Basan!" But these are day-dreams. On to Khiva! Haven't seen the Oxus lately, from which circumstance I gather that the Sleigh-driver has got the Circus Horse to go straight for once.

Next day.—Met a few small Boys. Engaged them. New idea—advertise myself and company as "DR. LARX and His Little Men!" Agent in advance much wanted. Pig no good. If he went on alone he might get into difficulties with the wolves. He'd be safe from the nomad tribes *en route*, as their religious tenets are generally anti-pig, and on this one point they are a Pig-culinar, but not a Pig-culinary (people). This is what I say when I'm *crackling* a joke with a friend. The Sleigh-driver has begun to learn English. How will this end? Wish I had a book of *Mazeppa*. Quite forgot to bring one with me. Shall have to make it up from memory. I remember the funny man in it—*Drolinski*. Weather cold. My frigidometer down to Zero-under-line. Very low note this. I write this before going to bed. Think I hear wolves. No! . . . Only the Pig snoring. Wish I could think of a good name for the Pig in the handbills. A German name always looks

artistic, and HERR VON GRUNTZ wouldn't be bad. I'll ask him when he wakes, and get him to spell it out on the Alphabet. If he doesn't like it, he shan't have it. What a pet this Pig is! I'm spoiling him, I'm afraid. Off on a stilly night, when his head is aching after his day's mental strain of the performance—for he is a litter-ary Pig, bless him!—I sit by his little couch, and sing him to sleep, the Sleigh-driver playing on the *banjoski* (a Tartar instrument with one string and a half and two screws at the top, played with the thumb of the left hand), with the air, "*Hush-a-bye, Bacon!*" from my exquisite Russian adaptation of the celebrated *Triumviretta*, which will be published (shortly) at St. Petersburg under the title of "*Coxus and Boxus on the Oxus.*" So runs the world away! Good night! . . . Jumped out of bed again just to jot down this idea. Shall call my Sleigh-driver, HERR WAG'NER. Perhaps it will frighten the wolves.

To-morrow.—Thought it would never come. Am writing, while driving in the sleigh-caravan, the first Act of *Mazeppa*. Pig hard at his studies. Stopped for *lunchski* with Fair Circassian at *Kassenuff*. She has got an appetite. Played three games at Cribbage with Pig. Pig backed by Fair Circassian (who said I cheated) and Sleigh-driver. Lost twenty roubles. Fair Circassian insisted on being paid on the spot. Row. No more Cribbage. Pig ungrateful, and knows too much. Sleigh-driver's Boy sharp, though. I was just on the point of handing over the coin, for one cannot keep a Lady waiting, when the Boy rushes in, his hair standing on end, his face pale, his dress disordered, crying out "Wolves!!"

In a second I was master of the situation. My purse went back again into my pocket. Horse harnessed. Donkey put on tandem fashion. Circassian jumped in. Pig anywhere. Little Boys stowed under the apron. Sleigh-driver (a very nervous man wrapped up in thick capes), on to his box. Crack goes the whip. Sleigh-driver's Boy up behind. Bells jingle. Away! Away! Wolves after us in full cry!! Imagine the horror of the situation!! More in my next, if I live to tell the tale!! The next halting-place is *Gladit-zova*. Wish we were there. Again we are urging on our wild career. There must be at least a thousand wolves behind us. I telegraph this to you—perhaps for the last time. Please send out cheque by messenger, it may keep the wolf from the carriage-door. Snow falling, wolves howling, thunder, lightning, lights down, hats off in front, music!! . . . Ha! they come!!

(To be continued by Private Wire in my next, if possible.)

Note by the Editor.—How the Diary is sent to us week after week is really wonderful. Our Confidential Boy in the front office takes it in regularly, and says that the messenger who delivers it is above suspicion. We begin to suspect the Confidential Boy. In the interests of the public we have hired a detective to watch the Confidential Boy. No collusion. We will know the truth. Of course if our Riding Representative is in danger, there may be yet time to send out assistance.

Important Correction.

THE Woman's Rights Association requests that the following correction may be made in the next number of *Punch*:—

For—

An Act to enable a Man to marry his Deceased Wife's Sister:

Read—

An Act to enable a Woman to marry her Deceased Sister's Husband.

A RISING ARTIST.—GAY, R.A.

THE METALLIC CURE.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago DR. BURCK, of Paris, made a discovery. It is only at the present moment that the world—medical and other—is penetrated with its importance. A Paris daily calls it "a new physiological law." It is more, inasmuch as it does not supplement, but contradicts, received axioms. This is "*Metallo-therapia*," or treatment of diseases by metallic applications, varying according to the temperaments of the subject operated on.

In all the pathies the choice of the remedy is ruled chiefly by the malady, little by the patient. In *Metallo-therapia* it is found to be different. Not only will external applications of metallic disks restore, in a few minutes, sensation to a subject completely insensible to the knife or the needle; not only will a copper stewpan pressed on the forehead cure the most violent headache; but what these gold pieces, this copper pan have done for you, mayhap they will not do for me. Not only hysteria, anaesthesia, St. Vitus's Dance, &c., own this new law, but it is even hoped that it may be found to extend to paralysis itself.

Each human being has *his metal par excellence*, and if you want to see him at his best you must put him on his metal. Let us consider briefly a few of the social changes that may spring from this new knowledge:—

1. Pleadings will be modified. The conveyancer of a gold watch, of a lot of silver plate, will be defended as having, by his constitution, an irresistible need of this or that metal.

2. When the sovereign metal for each child has been discovered, as the child grows up, the fact may be registered like birth, vaccination, or the fourth standard.

3. The metal may even be added, by choice or by law, before the surname. This would be useful for distinguishing homonyms. "JOHN GOLD SMITH," and "JOHN CADMIUM SMITH," for instance. To avoid confusion, one would write "JOHN AURUM SMITH," no doubt.

4. Marriages will be influenced by consideration of the alloyability of the contracting parties' metals. When a *ménage* has come to grief, friends will say, "What could one expect? Each

required gold indispensably!" or "My dear, who on earth could fancy tin and palladium would run well together!"

5. We shall not make any obvious remarks about the well-known effect of gold as a medicine, or hint that the doctor who, suspecting a tightness in his patient's chest, wrote, "*Prenez chez mon banquier 50,000 francs*," was the true discoverer of the system.

6. Once a man's metal is discovered, its name may be tattooed upon him. (The chemical symbols for the metals would afford suggestions for abbreviation: thus iron would be Fe., gold Au., &c.)

7. In noble families, the successive inheritors of the honours may be distinguished in the Archives by their metals. Thus we may not only see an Iron Duke in a new sense, but read of the "Bismuth Earl," the "Manganese Marquis," &c.

(*En passant*—Can manganese be the cure for humour? Oats take up iron as they grow, and manganese. But where oats grow there is generally no manganese, save in Scotland; and it is said that Scots have this manganese in their blood. This may account for certain Scottish *differentia*.)

Everybody takes iron for the blood; but everybody does not thrive upon it.

DR. BURCK declares that where iron fails, he has found copper, silver, or gold work like a charm.

PARACELSUS cured toothache by plates of magnetised iron applied to the head. It is suggested that the plates and bracelets worn by the ancients had a similar object. Perhaps the nose-rings of savages may be a dim and darkling effort at the cure of influenza—a survival of ancient knowledge.

Exact correlation between the metals and the temperaments is suspected. It is difficult to see how this can be, since the number of

the metals is very much more than double that of the temperaments, even when crossed and compounded.

If all these flowers fruit, we shall be laughed at now—which, after all, is our vocation—but perhaps held as a prophet in another quarter of a century, for saying that there would be nothing strange in finding a Perfect Cure, which would put effectual extinguishers on all the wicked moulds of Mania, in its seven chief branches, of Homicidal, Suicidal, Erotic, Klepto, Biblio, Dipso—which spring from the central stem, Mono—Mania.



VARNISHING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

"I SAY, COUSIN CONSTANCE, I'VE FOUND OUT WHY YOU ALWAYS CALL YOUR MAMMA 'MATER.' " WHY, GUY?"

"BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO FIND A MATE FOR YOU GIRLS."

CHEAP CURE FOR CATTLE-PLAGUE.

MR. PUNCH—ONNERD SIR,

THERE'S some parties as olds the best way to Cure the Cattle-Plague is for to take all the Cattle in danger of Catchin of it and kill em for to save their lives as the sayin is, and partidier slorterin of all Forrin Beests imported as soon as ever they Lands. Sitch was the coarse perposed at a meetin eld on Wensday nite last weak in St. Jas's Awl, MR. C. S. REED, M.P., in the Chare, to discuss the kevestion of "Free Trade in Meat and the Abolition of Live Stock Imports." 'Arter a lot of Gammon from PROFESSOR GAMGEE, the Wet, about the Crewelty to Hanimels in importin of em aboard Ship, and drivin of em from the Countery up to Town and the want of wot e called the "abbatoir or public slaughter-house system," all which in course it stands to reason must throw sitch Baps of meat upon the Market as to bring Prices down ruinus—my lord EARL FORTESCUE he ups and moves this ear harbitry resolushun:—

"That this Meeting recognises the fact that the high price of meat is, in a great measure, due to contagious cattle diseases transmitted by live stock imports, and is of opinion that the importation of live animals for slaughter should be wholly prohibited."

And this ear I spose is wot LORD FORTESCUE calls a Land of Liberty and St. James's Liberty All. Yaa! You'll be Sorry to ear, *Mr. Punch*, this Shameful Resolution was Cary'd, but there was sum present of sounder vues, i shud say the Libberal Opposition, witch En-lighen'd Individial present:—

"MR. JEWIN, from the body of the Hall, said he would move the Motion should be rejected. (Laughter.)"

Wot was there to larf at? Spose the noble Gentelman got a Blue Frock hon—wot then? Besides im:—

"Another speaker in the Hall, who had also a large following in the gallery, said that the last part of the Resolution was not practicable, for the meat brought from abroad killed would be like American meat, which he declared was not fit for the dogs, as he could show the audience if they came to his place in the Meat Market. To slaughter the cattle abroad would be to deprive the people of the 'offal' upon which many depended for their food."

Them's jest my sentiments. My Art bledes at the Ideer of the pore Peple depriv'd of their Aweful witch they now gets Dog-chepe and It is fit for the Dogs. Has to the American meat wot Isn't so and my Bruther Chip invited the Meetin to Cum and see at his place of Bisnis, in course it were unnessessarey for Im to Explain as e Kep it on Sale there honly to supply maniferers of Animle Charcole, and not by no means chepe and Nasty Slapbang Shoppes and Sorsidge Mills, wich i remane, onnerd Sir, your Regler perchaser and Umbel Servent to command, S. SWEETBREAD.

THE WAR SCARE.

(Denials at the Service of *Mr. Punch's* respected Contemporaries.)

It is not true that the Band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) are to be sent at once to Kars under the command of the Assistant Surgeon.

THE Corps of Commissionnaires are not to be permanently embodied and despatched to the West Coast of Africa, at the rate of one shilling per Private per hour.

THERE is not the smallest foundation for the report that all the Cab-horses of London (not already used for the purpose) have been purchased for mounting the Adjutants of the Militia.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is not learning Russian.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE is not taking lessons in Turkish.

THE Thames round Chiswick Eyot is not being planted with Torpedoes.

RUSSIAN vessels have not been warned to leave Margate Jetty within twenty-four hours.

THE Bagpipers of the Scots-Guards (new style) have not been called upon to defend Constantinople at the mouths of their own chanters.

AND, lastly, it is the purest fabrication to declare that *Mr. Punch* has either sent his *carte de visite* to the SULTAN or has challenged the EMPEROR ALEXANDER to single combat.

A PUZZLER.

A PROBLEM England finds to do,
That surely may appal her
And her Collective Wisdom too—
"How to make BIGGAR smaller?"

PERCYPLAGE.

THE Author of the last failure at the *Globe* complains of Press percyention. As *Prince Henry* said of *Percy*—(*Mr. Punch* quotes SHAKSPEARE for its Author's benefit)—

"Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!"

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. II.—ON ENTERTAINING.

MRS. TINSEL WALLFLOWER examined.



I BELIEVE you are passionately fond of entertaining?

A. It is my chief, and indeed I may say my only occupation.

Q. What meaning do you attach to the word "entertaining"?

A. By entertaining, I mean collecting an indefinite number of friends and acquaintances together, under the pretence of affording them amusement.

Q. Are there many kinds of entertainments?

A. Certainly. First, there are dinners; secondly, afternoon crushes; and, thirdly, amateur theatricals.

Q. Do you not occasionally give a dance?

A. Yes, or, to be more accurate, an "at home." At my "dances," however, I do not expect my guests to dance. I therefore crowd into a room capable of containing twenty people with comfort about ten times the number. I provide a band, consisting of a piano, a violin, and a cornet, and this band plays some thirty waltzes.

Q. In your experience, have you known persons who have attended your "at homes" attempting a dance?

A. Frequently; but the attempts have invariably ended in disaster. The Gentleman has had to apologise for treading upon some one else's toes, and the Lady has found her dress torn to atoms.

Q. Have you no other place for your guests besides the drawing-room?

A. The staircase. On their arrival, my friends are kept for half an hour on the staircase, whilst they are slowly making their way to the floor above.

Q. Describe their introduction.

A. They are expected to give their name to the page in the hall, who passes it on (inaccurately) to the footman on the first flight, who shouts it out to the greengrocer on the first landing. The greengrocer then calls out what he pleases to me, and I smile, shake hands, and leave my guests to be comfortably crushed in the so-called dancing-room.

Q. Do you provide any refreshments for your guests?

A. Certainly. Weak tea, lukewarm ices, and dry biscuits. Later in the evening I expect them to partake of supper—a meal in which tough fowls and liquid jellies play important parts.

Q. Describe one of your dinner parties.

A. I ask a number of people with various pursuits and tastes to dine with me on a fixed date, and then provide them with a feast composed of indifferent home-made soup, and nasty dishes with imposing names, obtained from the shop of a neighbouring pastry-cook.

Q. Do you not think that it would be better to provide your guests with honest, homely fare, such as a fried sole and a joint of meat, rather than the motley and messy meal you have just described?

A. Certainly not. If I did, my guests would consider me vulgar. More than this, they would believe my husband was cutting down his expenses to save himself from an appearance in the Court of Bankruptcy.

Q. What do you mean by an "afternoon crush"?

A. It differs very little from an "at home," except that in the place of a band and a dance-programme I substitute a concert by amateurs of first-rate conceit and ninth-rate talent.

Q. I suppose that at these "afternoon crushes" the refreshments are scarcely on the same elaborate scale as that you adopt for your more pretentious entertainments?

A. They are not. My "crushes" are held in the afternoon, and, consequently, I supply my friends with appropriate refreshments in the shape of cold coffee and weak tea. I may add that an "afternoon crush" is the most economical entertainment that can be given.

Q. You said something about amateur theatricals?

A. Yes. If you have two small drawing-rooms you can convert one of them into a stage and the other into an auditorium. Amateur theatricals are decidedly advantageous if you have any daughters to marry. Rehearsals are conducive to mild flirtation; and by carefully selecting the period of your pieces you can dress your children in the most becoming costumes.

Q. Do you think it advisable to ask any other young ladies to join your daughters in the performances?

A. Certainly; but you should be careful to select those only who are not likely to shine either by their beauty or their talent.

Q. Do you not think that this is treating your guests rather harshly?

A. No. When your friends accept an invitation to be present at private theatricals they should be prepared for the worst.

Q. Will you kindly tell me why you entertain?

A. Because I wish to be entertained in return. I expect every card I issue to produce a pack.

Q. From your own showing entertaining is not conducive to much enjoyment. Under these circumstances, will you kindly say why you like entertainments?

A. I presume for the same reason that one likes other things—because they are the fashion.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

A STATUE AT LAST.

(JOHN BULL sings.)

I HAVE Artists, more than one,
Who can draw and sketch like fun,
Even turn decent pictures off the easel;
Many Brothers of the Brush,
Who for bays may make a rush,
But scarce ever had a topper at the Chisel,—
One to cut out competition with the Chisel,—
A master hand at moulding-tool and Chisel,
Whom you'd quote, beyond a doubt,
As a Sculptor out-and-out—
A first-chop out-and-outer at the Chisel!

But at last I've got one, who,
Whilst a Painter, models too,
In a manner the Laocœon to match you.
For solid proof, no myth, on
His "*Athlete against Python*,"
I fall back, to show we can make a Statue;
Because now LEXINGTON has made a Statue;
So he and I can both show a Statue,
Saying, "Look you there, and see,
There's a Statue made by me;
Yes, at last, by Jove, I can make a Statue!"

THEMES FOR WHISTLERS.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in offering to MR. WHISTLER, and any one who may be following his musical lead, the following suggestions for tone-pictures to come.

1. An Arrangement (with Creditors) in Blue (3d. in the pound).
2. A ditto in *Couleur de rose* (10s. 6d. in the pound).
3. A Nudity in primitive colours.
4. An Imposture in chalk-and-water (suggested sign for a milkman).
5. An Optical Illusion in Invisible Green.
6. A Nightmare in Dapple Grey.
7. An Impropiety in dirty Drab.
8. A Depravity in Scarlet.
9. An Impertinence in any colour.
10. A Plain Truth in Black and White.

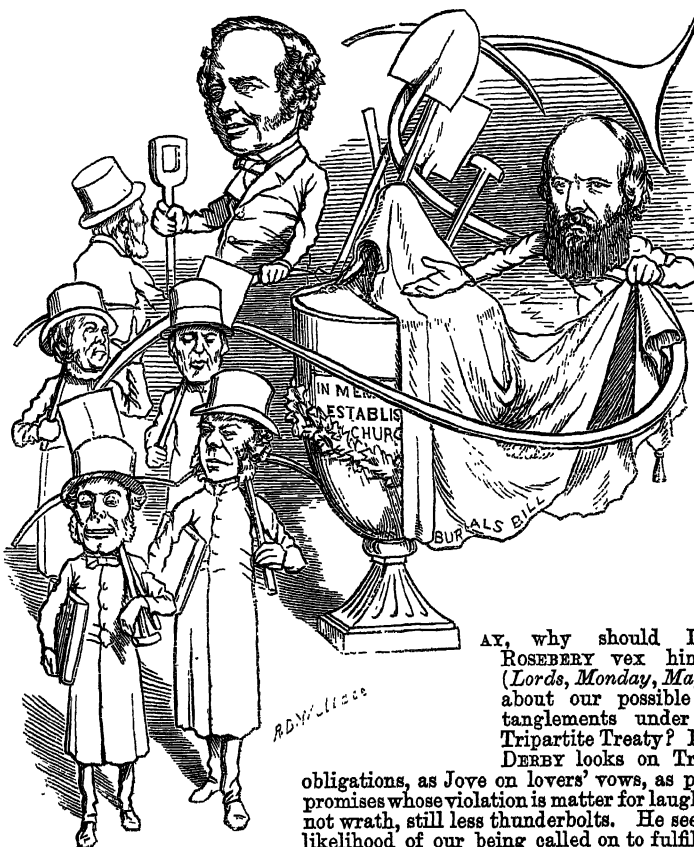
THE REPROACH OF IACHIMO.

"The country will sadly say of him (MR. GLADSTONE) what *Imogen* says in *Cymbeline*, 'My Lord, I fear, has forgot Britain,' while history will add, as *Iachimo* does, 'And himself.'"—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Has forgot Britain?" Blatant bunkum shapes
A Britain generous Britons would disown—
A mock-BRITANNIA, whose stage ermine drapes
A sham of frothy selfishness up-blown.
The truest lover of his land is not
The tap-room patriot of the pipe and pot.

"Forgot himself?" Aye, in a nobler sort
Than sordid self-regard can understand.
What? Brave the loud reproach, the foul report,
The taunt of treason to his native land!
Bah! how should base *Iachimo* do less
Than scoff at such fine self-forgetfulness?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AY, why should LORD ROSEBURY vex himself (Lords, Monday, May 14) about our possible entanglements under the Tripartite Treaty? LORD DERBY looks on Treaty

obligations, as Jove on lovers' vows, as paper promises whose violation is matter for laughter, not wrath, still less thunderbolts. He sees no likelihood of our being called on to fulfil our Tripartite undertakings. But to propose to

Austria and France a mutual release from them might "create unpleasantness." LORD DERBY hates unpleasantness, except on paper; and there he is rather a master of it, as witness his answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. For pluck in giving a paper-slap in the face, or meekness in taking one, commend us to LORD DERBY. As an example of the one, take his answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF; as an example of the other, his submission to the Turkish treatment of his Atrocity Dispatch. Judging by the last year's annals, this has hitherto been the highest of LORD DERBY's qualifications for the Foreign Office. But now another looms upon us. Where among diplomatic cobblers is his equal for making a tight Treaty sit easy? If he had the shaping of diplomatic "understandings," there wouldn't be an international corn to tread on.

(Commons).—Close of the Eastern Debate. Among the *dramatis personæ* of the evening were SIR W. V. HARCOURT, MR. FAWCETT, LORD HARTINGTON, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. GLADSTONE, MR. E. JENKINS, CHEVALLIER O'CLERY, and MAJOR O'GORMAN. The question has clearly run the gamut of the Collective Wisdom.

Let us note a memorable utterance of the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition. It touches the line of argument taken by our warlike contemporaries, the *D. T.* and the *P. M.* "If," said LORD HARTINGTON, "for the security of our Indian Empire, it be necessary that we should fight against the forces of nature, and the laws of human progress, then, I say, we have undertaken a task too great. I say there is no power which can restore the sap and vigour of a lifeless trunk; and there is no power which can check the growth of the living, although struggling, tree. The Turkish dominion is the lifeless trunk; the subject nationalities are the living tree: and to-night the House is asked to assert that with them, and not with the remnants of a sad and shameful past, the destinies of our Empire shall be associated." LORD HARTINGTON sat down with these pregnant words. *Punch* says Ditto to LORD HARTINGTON.

SIR STAFFORD took a leaf, not out of *Punch*, but out of *Punch's* waste-paper basket, in the shape of a poor parody on WORDSWORTH'S "*We are Seven*"; but he may yet find that the third and fourth of GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, though dead in the House of a compact Tory majority, yet live in the heart of England, to take shape in the policy of the nation.

MR. GLADSTONE'S reply did justice to the only new point that has arisen since this debate began—LORD DERBY'S answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. He showed how, if the Neutral Head of the Government Janus had spoken from the Exchequer and the Home Office, the other, or Non-Neutral Head, had uttered itself through that impolitic and insulting paper—which quite deserves what hitherto has been its sole reward—the thanks of the Turkish Parliament.

At twenty-five minutes past two the House divided.
For MR. GLADSTONE'S First Resolution . . . 223
Against 354

Majority . . . 131

The mighty Major had the last twenty-five minutes of the talk to himself, and managed to make the House laugh, in spite of its weariness and eagerness for the division, at his dissertation on the nationality of the Bashi-Bazouks, whom the Major made out, with that Milesian logic of which he alone commands "the blend," to be Russian. So, *Senatus locutus est!* But *Bos locutus est*, too. How do their utterances tally? And which is likely to be weightiest in the long run?

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD CARNARVON added to his South African Bill a clause empowering HER MAJESTY in Council to add to Cape Colony or Natal any British territory in South Africa; through which clause one sees the claws of Great Britain clutching the Transvaal.

In the matter of that most unwilling incorporation (on both sides) the Boer seems to be behaving less boorishly than was anticipated. LORD CARNARVON explained that it was a sheer case of self-preservation. BOER-BAAS would set the Zulu kraals on fire, and Natal House was next door to the Zulu kraals—nay, had some of them in its very back-yard; so we have been obliged to take the matches out of BOER-BAAS'S hand, and to tell BOER-BAAS that in future he will not be allowed to fling fire about so near JOHN BULL'S South-African dry-wood store and powder-magazine.

(Commons).—MR. BOURKE was able to ease the anxious mind of MR. B. DENISON. Neither Foreign Office nor Indian Office has heard anything of Russian armaments for invading India, from Tashkend, *via* the Pamir Steppe—nor, *Punch* is happy to add for MR. DENISON'S comfort, *via* the Mountains of the Moon either. My dear MR. DENISON, do study your map—STIBLER'S *Hand-Atlas* will do—and our Russophobes will say is the very one to consult on a point of Russian aggression, and you will see that the Pamir Steppe is a step beyond the stride of even seven-leagued Russia-leather boots.

After many protests from private Members, who don't like their private Motions shunted to make way for the Government Parliamentary goods train, but who can't be allowed to stand in the way of the Whitsun holidays, the Universities Bill was got into Committee, and kept the House busy for the rest of the evening. The most burning question likely to rise out of it—that of Clerical Fellowships—is to be postponed till the last.

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow"

has often been ironically quoted against the old order of celibate and clerical *socii*. Let us hope that, in the good time coming, the worth of the Fellow will rise as his shackles of celibacy and clerical orders fall.

(Wednesday).—Two Bills of CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM; one for establishment of County Naval Training Ships and Schools (which the local authorities have power to establish already), and the other for Compulsory Mercantile Marine Hospitals. The House seemed to class both proposals under the Silly-Billy category, when it divided, 83 to 17 against the first, and 212 to 11 against the second.

Thursday (Lords).—The fight of Church and Chapel on this side the grave is happily at an end. Their Lordships divided 102 to 102 on LORD HARROWBY'S clause—identical with LORD GRANVILLE'S—allowing burials with such Christian, orderly, and religious service as the relatives of the dead think fit, or without any service at all, with due provisions for notice to the incumbent, and so forth. In the House of Lords a tie counts for Non-content. Out of their House this tie will count for Content; in other words, everybody will be satisfied with this end of a most miserable, and in all senses, mischievous squabble—but no thanks to a Government that has shown itself less liberal in this matter than its own Bench of Bishops. We assume that the clause will be inserted in the Commons, and that the Government will grin and bear it. Besides this end of Nonconformist strife, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY carried a clause authorising the Clergy, with licence of the Bishop, to use a special service, for special cases, in substitution for the Church burial-service.

The Government opposed this too. They won't agree to provide a plaster either for the Nonconformist's raw

or the Churchman's kibe, though a Tory Lord prepare the one, and two Archbishops spread the other! Wonderful Government! "For this relief much thanks"—to both the Archbishops and some of the Bishops, but *not* to DR. MAGEE, who showed as much of Irish Protestant narrowness as of Irish wit and eloquence in the way he opposed both Harrowby clause, and Archiepiscopal concession. If it is for the interest of the State that there should be an end of strife—as one of the most respectable of copy-heads teaches us—how much more is it for the interest of the Church?

Of course the Government will accept the Harrowby clause, and say nothing more about it. Let us rejoice that, after all, the most

MR. HUNT did condescend to say that *he* had never *seen* or *heard* of any other Report, and that the only Admiralty *letter* about this Report was one of thanks to the Committee for the pains they had taken. *Mr. Punch* has too much respect for MR. HUNT's intelligence to feel it necessary to do more than hint to him, that the terms of his answer are perfectly compatible with a state of facts which would rather justify MR. MITCHELL HENRY's question, than MR. WARD HUNT's way of *not* replying to it. MR. HENRY means to turn his question into a Motion.

After disposing of a long list of unconsidered trifles in the shape of question and answer, the House got into Committee on the Uni-



obnoxious portion of the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill, as *Mr. Punch* anticipated, will have the honour of the one silent burial that will follow upon its introduction.

(*Commons.*)—MR. MITCHELL HENRY asked MR. WARD HUNT—whom the House cheered on seeing in his place again, as big and burly as ever—whether the Scurvy Report, published in the *Times* of the 16th, was the Report as made, or as modified under Admiralty or other official pressure?

On this MR. WARD HUNT flew into such a passion, and jumped so high up on his official dignity in his refusal to answer the question, that it is impossible not to think there must be something in the matter that made it one more proper to ask, than easy to answer. At last, under pressure of the milder wisdom of PLAYFAIR,

versities' Bill, but without burning its fingers with Clerical Fellowships, and finally, after another vain attempt to open the Schools to the Ladies, broke up thankfully for the Whitsuntide holidays at a quarter past two—till the end of this melancholy month of May.

War Echoes.

ST. PETERSBURG is not in a hilly country, but still War Echoes have been lately heard there, as thus:—

La Prusse—"russe." L'Autriche—"triche." Paris—"rit."
L'Angleterre—"taire." Le Grand Duc NICHOLAS—"la." Le
Padischah—"ah!"



THANKS TO THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Sunday School Teacher. "OF OUR MANY GHOSTLY ENEMIES, CAN ANY CHILD TELL ME WHICH IS THE GREATEST?"
Sharp Scholar. "THE RUSSIANS, TEACHER!"

THE SHOULDER-COLD;

OR, THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS'S RING!

(As cleverly managed by MR. ALFRED FORMAN, and familiar by this time to all Wagnerites.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARIHANN }
 LISAJANE } *The three Kitchenmaidens.*
 MYTILDA }
 PLEESMANNEX (a Nibbeling).
 MASTER }
 MISSIS } *Belgravians.*

ARGUMENT.

The idea is very simple. The three Kitchenmaidens guard the Shoulder-cold. They are taken unawares by PLEESMANNEX (a Nibbeling), who disappears with the Shoulder-cold. We will not anticipate the dénouement.

The Scene represents the interior of a House from the Cellar to the Drawing-rooms on the first-floor. The windows are at the back, looking out on the Squares of Belgravia.

The three Kitchenmaidens (MARIHANN, LISAJANE, and MYTILDA), with brooms and dusters, are seen gliding about on the Drawing-room floor, ascending ladders to clean the upper panes of the windows, descending to break the china ornaments on the tables, and mounting again on chairs and sofas to dust the Pictures, as with their crinolines they gracefully sweep the articles of vertu off the brackets.

MARIHANN has poised herself on the fifth rung of a light ladder which rests against the mantelpiece, where stands a magnificent Clock under a glass shade.

MARIHANN.

Waggala! Waggala!

Waggala dusta

Over the crockery.

Waggaladusta!

Waggala! Wiggala! Waya!

LISAJANE.

(Voice from the upper panes.)

Who's on the carpet, MYTILDA?

MYTILDA.

I off the ladder,

LISAJANE, falling

Chipping the china.

(The Three laugh.)

Ha! ha! ha!

LISAJANE dives down from the ladder, and laughingly attempts to catch MYTILDA, who throws over a writing-table, scattering the pens, ink, paper, and other articles on the carpet, and so evades her pursuer. The Three seek playfully to catch one another. This is musically illustrated by "the Crockery Motive" in the Orchestra.

MYTILDA

(Thumping the Grand Piano).

Waggala! Waggala!

Workingless Sisters.

MARIHANN

(Tumbling off the Ladder).

The Clock I have crushed,

Cracking the Clock-case,

To crumbling crystals!

LISAJANE.

Let us say 'twas the cat!

(The Three laugh.)

Ha! ha! ha!

With merry cries they run away from each other, upsetting everything. Meanwhile PLEESMANNEX appears gradually from the Cellar, and so into the Kitchen. This is musically illustrated by the "Cold-Mutton Motive."

PLEESMANNEX.

Ho there! you Noddies!

How neatly I nab you!

Am I not hungering?
Come, Kitchenmaidens!
[*At the sound of his voice they cease their play.*]

MARIHANN.

See there the Blue Man!

LISAJANE.

Our play will he join in?

MYTILDA.

Bright blaze his buttons!

ALL THREE.

What wouldst thou, below?

PLEESMANNEX

[*With an amorous glance in his eye.*]

How sweet and how seducious!

On you I have my eye!

Come, and I'll kiss yer!

MARIHANN.

Now I laugh at fear.

The foe is in love!

[*They laugh.*]

Ha! ha! ha!

PLEESMANNEX, incited by their merriment, mounts the kitchen-table, and ascends through an open space in the ceiling left there by a gasman, and steps on to the Dining-room floor, thence, by similar means, he attempts to climb to the Drawing-room.

MARIHANN

[*Tickling him with her broom, but keeping him at a distance.*]

BOBBY, you bungler!

Buss you the broomstick!

[*He seizes the broom, and she escapes up a ladder.*]

MYTILDA

[*Stooping suddenly down, and leaning over the opening in the floor, so as to blind his eyes with a duster.*]

Ducky, I'm drooping

Down to you drowsily,

Blinding with blinkers.

Ain't it golopshus?

[*He turns sharply, grasps the duster, but is taken with a violent fit of sneezing, and so MYTILDA escapes, mockingly.*]

PLEESMANNEX.

Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!

How the dashed dry dust

Nebulous Nothing

Nettled my Nasal

Nostrils, you Noodles!

Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!

LISAJANE

[*Taking his hat off, and about to carry it away.*]

Ah! now! thou hatless man!

Catch me to kiss me?

[*He darts at her suddenly, and seizes her apron as she kneels over the aperture. She turns to fly; he clings to her apron, and so is dragged up into the Drawing-room. She undoes the strings; he falls heavily on the floor, but scrambles up on his hands and knees. The three Kitchenmaidens get up ladders, and behind chairs and sofas, mockingly.*]

PLEESMANNEX

[*With shrieking voice.*]

Woa, there! Woa!

Woa! Pull up!

You giggling, gabbling Girls there!

Give over your goading and gambols!

Gang of unmannerly maidens,

Have ye no heart!

Ye workingless Ideluns!

Nimble Nid-Noddies!

ALL THREE

[*Gracefully dancing round a settee together.*]

Waggala! Waggala!

Waggala dusta!

[*A bright light shines below, between the Kitchen and the Cellar. This is illustrated by the "Bull's-Eye Motive."*]

LISAJANE

[*Pointing below to where suddenly the bright light has discovered the Larder-door.*]

Skirting the Scullery,

I see cold mutton-minced

Left leg or shrunk shoulder
Sent from the table
Of Master and Missis.

PLEESMANNEX.

Mutton for My Mouth!

Masterless Ideluns!

Give me, ye scatterbrains,

Shining cold shoulder!

MYTILDA.

I, Underkitchen Maid,

Put the cold mutton

Into the larder.

Where lies the key?

MARIHANN.

I fill the Cooky's place,

Plain, but particular.

Guarding the mutton.

I keep the key.

PLEESMANNEX

[*With his eyes fixed on the Larder-door, through which is now visible, by the aid of the bull's-eye light shining from PLEESMANNEX'S belt, the cold Shoulder reposing in cold, still silence.*]

Ho! there, Shy Shufflers!

Shelved is the Shoulder.

I am the Ungerling,

Unawares Nibbeling.

[*Fearfully loud*]

Laugh as you like,

The Nibbelung is nearing to Nibble!

[*With a wild cry of intense appetite he dives down into the Kitchen, and with fearful force bangs open the Larder-door, seizes the cold shoulder, extinguishes his bull's-eye, and swiftly disappears into the darkness, and boldly ascends the "wirey steps" to the pavement above. The light breaks suddenly in on all sides. Bells clang, knockers sound, wrangling of Cabman and Fare heard outside, Master and Missis have come back, unexpectedly, to sup on the cold shoulder of mutton.*]

THE RING OF THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS IS HEARD!

Thunder—Lightning—Storm.

THE KITCHENMAIDENS

[*Flying in different directions, and screaming.*]

Waggala! Waggala!

Workingless Ideluns!

What will the Missis say?

What will the Master say?

"Take a month's notice,

Wageless ones, Ideluns!"

Woe! Woe!

Woe! Woe!

[*They descend and ascend in confusion. From the very farthest end of the Square is heard the sound of PLEESMANNEX laughing, with his mouth full. The Master and Missis appear; their faces are filled with black looks, and the Kitchenmaidens tremble before them in the passage, and then go downwards. Presently, the Master and Missis ascend, illustrated by "Lullaby Motive." Dark night sets in, and all is quiet.*]

LIONS AT HOME.

[*A Dialogue in a Den.*]

SCENE—*The Lions' Den at the Zoo. TIME—The Evening after the first trial of the enlarged Cages for the Carnivora.*

Lioness No. 1. Well, LEO dear. Still sulky, eh?

Lion [*majestically*]. Your sex never can distinguish between dignity and ill-temper, or tell sorrow from sulks.

Lioness No. 2. Well, as the effects are very much alike, and equally unpleasant, perhaps the mistake is not so very wonderful.

Lion. Look here, LEONIE! You are going in for satire. Drop it! That's a male prerogative, remember. We will have no Woman's Rights' nonsense in Liondom, if you please!

Lioness No. 2. Or, rather, if you *don't* please. But LEO, dear, why wouldn't you try the new cage? I assure you it's awfully jolly.

Lion [*turning up his eyes*]. Idiotic slang, too! You learn that from the silly she-creatures who come and stare at us. This is the result of association, however involuntary, with one's inferiors. You are fast losing all sense of the traditional dignity of our species. There was never but one man—DR. JOHNSON—whose diction a respectable lion might adopt without degradation. What would he

have said to such an imbecile and illogical locution as "awfully jolly"? Bah!!!

Lioness No. 1 (aside). He is really very trying, my dear.

Lioness No. 2 (ditto). Very. But we must coax him over, or we shall have such a life!

Lion (suspiciously). What are you muttering there?

Lioness No. 2 (blandly). I was just saying what a treat it is to be able to stretch one's limbs a little!

Lion (scornfully). Pooh! A poor fifty feet by thirty! Call that a stretch? For a mouse, perhaps. Besides, I'm sick of being made a spectacle of—a sight for the Cockney, a model for the artist, a zoological study for the *savant*. They are now, forsooth, to "have a chance of seeing such savage life in something like its natural expansiveness." Something like? If they'd give my "natural expansiveness" fair play for ten minutes, I'd show them something worth seeing. Only, they wouldn't report it to the penny papers, I'm thinking. Ha! ha! ha! "Proof against all temptations to escape our bondage?" They take care not to give us the chance.

Lioness No. 1. Well, LEO, dear, but after all, half a bullock is better than no beef.

Lioness No. 2. Talking of that, I should have liked five minutes personal discussion with that impudent Indian bull-calf in the cage opposite, which these greedy tigers were impotently licking their lips at.

Lioness No. 1. Don't mention the stuck-up creatures, my dear. They give themselves airs because, forsooth, they were introduced—to prison—by a Prince! Why LEO is a King, in his own right. Nasty striped nobodies!

Lioness No. 2. But LEO, a little open-air exercise would be good for you, I feel sure, and it is rather kind of our captors, I mean our—our—guardians.

Lion (scornfully). Kind? How purblind, how credulous, how frivolous is your sex. Kind? They trot us out for their own delectation—good leonine word that.

Lioness No. 2. But "trot out" has just a savour of slang, has it not, LEO?

Lion. Don't interrupt. Slang is like modesty; what is so in one sex is not so in the other. I say they want to trot us out. You may like to be stared at. All shes do. I don't desire to tumble in public to feast the eyes of the zanies of the "Zoo."

"The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I
Serve crass Society's curious phantasy."

Lioness No. 1 (aside). Poetry, eh? Then he's melting. Sulks, like broken hearts, never burst into song until they are mending.

Lioness No. 2. Exactly so, LEO. But what if they attribute your—ahem!—reserve to funk—I mean fear?

Lion. Funk? Fear? And this to FELIX LEO, the King of Beasts, and emblem, even among men, of stern dauntlessness? They dare not so malign me and stultify themselves. [Roars.]

Lioness No. 2. H'm! Reports, I hear, have lately been current among them—all along of those ubiquitous Paul Pry's, the travellers—which seem to cast doubts upon the traditional courage and magnanimity of the Lion.

Lion. What! of the terror of the jungle, the friend of ANDROCLES, the symbol of British supremacy?

Lioness No. 2. Even so. Great shame, is it not?

Lion (grandly). At least I have never given grounds for such base insinuations.

Lioness No. 2. W-e-ll—the manner in which you—ahem!—sulked to-day, at sight of the whip, you know—

Lion. Pooh! As I said before, that was dignity, not sulks or—perish the thought!—fear.

Lioness No. 2. Of course. Only perhaps it would be as well not to give them a chance of mistaking dignity for—well, to put it mildly, as that *Telegraph* man did—"mistrust of the superior animal."

Lion. Superior animal, indeed! Give me ten minutes in the open with a dozen of them, and I'll soon show which is the superior animal. Still, as I was saying, it would be well not to give them a chance of mistaking dignity for pusillanimity, and so—well, we shall see.

Lioness No. 2 (aside). We shall—some fun. How easily these male creatures are led by the nose.

Lioness No. 1 (aside). If you only know what rope to pull.

Lioness No. 2 (aside). Trust any she-creature, lioness, lamb, or lady for that.

"If the lion's skin should fail,
Patch it with the fox's tail."

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

[Settle down for the night.]

An Easy Riddle.

IN the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons, LORD ELCHO inquired, "What could be more monstrous than the idea of Russia fighting for civil and religious liberty?" Why—"The idea of England fighting against it." Let LORD ELCHO ask another.

ALARMING SACRIFICE IN PIMLICO.



AIR readers of the *Morning Post* may have been interested by a paragraph published the other day in that fashionable journal, respecting—

"ST. BARNABAS'S CHURCH, PIMLICO.—We are informed that the eucharistic vestments, duly provided by the churchwardens and parishioners of St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, were introduced and worn there on Ascension Day."

It was but for a very little while that the Clergy of St. Barnabas could enjoy the pleasure of wearing these vestments, and the congregation that of admiring the reverend gentlemen in their ornamental attire. Ascension Day fell on Thursday the 10th instant, and on the succeeding Saturday the LORD CHANCELLOR, delivering judgment in the RIDSDALE Appeal Case, pronounced "eucharistic vestments" illegal.

What a bitter mortification for

both priests and people! How very disgusting! So now, unless the forbidden vestments continue to be worn at St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, in contempt of the Privy Council, by divines taking pattern from the Confessor of St. James's, Hatcham, they will remain on hand laid up in the vestry like so many dresses and stuffs gone out of fashion, at the end of the season, encumbering a draper's shop.

The draper is glad to get rid of his out-of-date stock for what it will fetch. So ought the Churchwardens of St. Barnabas likewise to be. This consideration will probably induce economical Ladies in Belgravia, if there are any, to inquire about the millinery now lying-useless in the wardrobe under the care of those gentlemen, in order to ascertain what they would take for it; because, though interdicted to Clergymen, it might be appropriate to girls, and no doubt prove wholly or in part convertible into skirts, petticoats, and other articles of finery suitable to the softer sex.

FROM THE RIGHT HAND, INTO THE RIGHT HANDS.

WHAT less large and liberal hand than that of England, embodied in England's Queen, should have been put forth to save the last living descendants of DANIEL DE FOE, now old, infirm, and penniless, from the choice between starvation and the Workhouse?

The QUEEN's help has been given in such a representative act of well-timed, as sore-needed, bounty, to these representatives of a famous writer, and a patriot as faithful as ill-rewarded, even as it was, a short time ago, to the Banff cobbler and Scottish naturalist, TAM EDWARD. DEFOE's great-great-granddaughters are henceforth secured from misery by pensions of £75 a-year each, in payment of (if but of a poor instalment) of the debt due to the Author of *Robinson Crusoe* from all generations of English-speaking men of the two last centuries.

Errors of the Press.

MR. FORSYTH is not usually chargeable with strong language; but we find this strong expression scored to him in the *Daily News*:—"The *Pall Mall Gazette* used to boast it was written by Gentlemen for Gentlemen. From its raving style lately, it seemed to be written by maniacs for fools." This must be an egregious error of the Press! What MR. FORSYTH did say, of course, was "by Statesmen for Patriots."

A Probability and a Prayer.

A. TOOTH—in again
His cell, Horsemonger Lane—
A. TOOTH—out for good—
Did Church of England as she should?

FAVOURITE SCOTTISH JESTER (to judge by Mr. Punch's correspondence from north of Tweed).—MR. AULDJO.

THE GREAT LOAN-LAND.—South America.



MIGHT IS RIGHT;

OR, A FRIENDLY LEAD IN A CASE OF JIBBING PONIES.

"WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE!"

Quoth BEACONSFIELD THE MYSTERIOUS.

Quoth WILLIAM THE WOODMAN—

"SPARE it?" Too long the sapless trunk has stood,
 Blasted and bare, the spectre of the wood.
 If once in stately strength it towered, and drew
 From earth and air, noon sun, and morning dew,
 Their liberal tribute to its swelling growth,
 It gave but scant return. The axe is loth
 To fell the forest pride, but if the blade
 Of gallant SOBIESKI had been laid
 Sheer to that root two hundred years ago,
 Nor lopped limb only, but the trunk brought low,
 Fairer had spread the forest, nobler trees
 A fertile soil had fed, the eastern breeze,
 Untainted by the Upas breath that blasts
 Where'er this trunk its withering shadow casts,
 Had been far fresher, and our Western ways
 Had known serener nights and brighter days.
 Its shade was never shelter, its foul form
 Brake not the hurricane, but drew the storm.
 What budding slips of promise ever sprang
 Within its range; what songsters ever sang
 Faith's lay or Freedom's, where its umbrage spread
 Thick gloom of night, and darkness of the dead?
 Too slow it dies; its long decay is rife
 With nought but loathsome forms of leprous life.
 Why spare the blasted tree? That once again,
 Fed by its native draught of War's red rain,
 It may revive a moment, and prolong
 A little while the rule of wrath and wrong?
 Or is the plea perchance not pity's own,
 But the appeal of "patriotism," grown
 So impotent of mood as to invoke
 The Upas' shadow to protect our Oak?
 Shall we, the warrior-traders of the West,
 Preserve the trunk whose presence genders pest,

In hope that its last leaves, though shrunk and sear,
 Of the steppe-hurricane may ward the fear?
 The tree must fall, whose branches only grow
 Parasites of corruption. Lay it low!
 Blood stains its bole, and none but gibbet-fruit
 Hangs from its cankered boughs. From crown to root
 'Tis rottenness. Were 't mercy to withhold
 The Woodman's trenchant steel? Be just, be bold!
 Let in fresh air, give younger growths free space;
 Forests may flourish in this blasted place,
 Of vigorous spread, of timber straight and sound.—
 But for *this* tree, why cumpers it the ground?

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF THE "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

A GENTLEMAN, well known as Musical Critic to one of our weekly periodicals, rushed out into the road, in front of the Albert Hall, and embracing an Italian Organ-grinder, shouted, in a passion of tears, "You, at least, have melody!"

THE REV. IGNATIUS PANDOLF's wife was taken out in violent hysterics, and is now completely incapable of distinguishing a Gregorian chant from a boiler-explosion.

AN Italian Tenor, of high standing, and higher salary, was heart-broken at finding his favourite curl had turned white during the performance, and though convinced that in the Wagnerian cataclysm the musical world had come to an end, kept on muttering to himself, "*E pur si muove!*"

A dear old Lady from the country assures us she was extremely disappointed; and wants to know whether that dreadful noise in the Albert Hall accounted for the deafness of the doorkeepers to all her demands for her money back, on the plea that though there was row enough for a whole battery of cannon, she never saw ZAZEL go off at all—and doesn't believe she was ever shot from her great gun all through the performance.

ARTICLES OF WAR.—Daily Telegraph and Pall Mall Leaders.



“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!”

LORD BEAUMONT sings—

“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!
I LOVE IT, EVERY BOUGH;

THE ASIAN MYSTERIE,
THAT IT HAS LIVED TILL NOW!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Some Account of the Amusements of the Season, chiefly Musical—Albert Hall, Covent Garden, Gaiety, and Alhambra—by Our Regular Representative (bond fide).)



HE Wagner Festival is over. After most festivals comes the inevitable headache: not after this. Many who went to scoff, remained to praise. The "*Rhine-Gold*" is a masterpiece. This is not a discovery of mine. To understand it, a thorough acquaintance with the stage-directions is absolutely necessary. From dicta of experienced Bayreuthians it seems to me that this dramatic Tone-Poem, this "Arrangement in String and Wind," as

MR. WHISTLER would call it, must inevitably be vulgarised by representation on the stage. For example, admirable as is, in general, the *mise-en-scène* at Covent Garden, how utterly destructive of the poetry of LÖHENGRIIN are the common-place, wandering-eyed "Chorus-Gentlemen," who appear as "Saxon and Thuringian Nobles!" how poor the effect of the narrow, marshy-looking river, the Scheldt, in the background, while only children could be interested in the Property Swan with an uneasy head, and the wobbling Pantomime Pigeon coming down a very evident wire. The spectacle of the first and last Acts is only tolerable from a MADAME TUSSAUD point of view. But such a *mise-en-scène* as *The Nibelung's Ring* demands is impossible. The attempt to realise its sublime would most certainly result in achieving our ridiculous. From Wagner-libretto to Pantomime-opening is, scenically, but a step.

A propos of Covent Garden, ADELINA DINORAH PATTI was enthusiastically received by a most brilliant house on her *rentrée*, Tuesday, 15th May. That her voice exercised its magic charm over the crowded audience was proved by the determined encore of the "*Shadow Song*," and by her being recalled four times after that, by acclamation, and then thrice before the curtain. MR. GYE should be a happy man to have such a dish to set before his visitors as this delicious PATTI. Mlle. ALBANI has taken the house by storm in the *Puritani* and *Rigoletto*, which last mentioned opera is admirably cast. This year SCALCHI ALBANI, GAYARRE and PANDOLFINI, being the quartette. SIGNOR PANDOLFINI plays the Fool capably—I mean in *Rigoletto*. In recent programmes MR. GYE has kindly consented to drop the accent over the "e" in SIGNOR GAYARRE's name, which is Spanish, and not to be pronounced as "Gay 'Arry." However, accents will happen in the best regulated families. Why are the *Entr'actes* so long? Better late than never—but still from 8.30 till half-past midnight is too much of the best thing. An Opera should now be announced as in three Acts and two long *Entr'actes*, the curtain to rise un-punctually at some time or other, the whole to conclude exactly when it is finished, and not one minute after.

From Italian to French. *Artful Cards* having gone with MR. TOOLE into the provinces, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD plays a fresh hand. Over the Gaiety for the next six weeks is to be written, "*Ici on parle Français*"—not in farce, but in earnest. *L'Ami Fritz*—or, as Cockneydom will call it, "*Lummy Fritz*"—will be one of the trumps in the pack. Mlle. CHAUMONT, returns with *La bonne Année*—which does not, when translated, mean the Nurserymaid ANNIE—though that might not be a bad subject for a Music-Hall ditty. This is something to look forward to.

Orphée aux Enfers, at the Alhambra, is well worth seeing. A little dialogue goes a long way in a grand spectacular *Opéra bouffe* at the Alhambra, and, therefore, a piece better adapted to the requirements of this particular place—though it is scarcely fair to accuse the Alhambra of being "particular"—could not have been selected than MR. H. S. LEIGH's version of the *Orphée*. A more charming representative of the coquette *Eurydice* than our handsome American *cantatrice*, MISS MUNROE, could not be found in London, though a *blasé* Parisian might probably demand more

abandon in the thoroughly Offen-bacchanalian song which crowns the banquet *Aux Enfers*. But this objection applies to all *Pluto's* Olympian guests, whose after-supper conduct in Pandemonium is as decorous as that of a party of more modern Divines at a Lambeth Palace lawn-party.

Where all is so well done it may be invidious to single out any one *artiste* for special praise; but it is only fair to notice Miss L. ROBSON's intelligent and spirited rendering of the rôle of *Public Opinion*,—a really original creation, by the way, of the French librettist, M. HECTOR CREMIEUX. But for this young lady's dramatic energy, the finish of the first Act would have been a tame affair. If the Poetic Librettist attended rehearsals, he must have given up in despair all attempts at getting the Gods and Goddesses to pronounce the classical names correctly. *Aristæus* on the Alhambra stage is generally called "*Aristæus*." *Actæon* is alluded to as "*Actæon*"; while everybody takes his or her own private view of *Orpheus*, who is sometimes "*Orphæus*," sometimes "*Orphæus*," and sometimes "*Offyus*." But only once did I hear the hero of the Opera called "*Orphæus*." MR. JACOB'S Orchestra is as good as ever; and if it were objected to as occasionally too loud for the voices, its astute and experienced Conductor would probably reply, "So much the better for the voices." I am not disposed to quarrel with him on this score—or on any other; "scores" being his *forte*. The *mise-en-scène* is excellent, the costumes superb and sumptuous; while for spectacle and general effect no revival of this *Opéra bouffe*, on the Parisian or London Stage, can be placed on a par with *Orphée aux Enfers* as at present given at the Alhambra. These, Sir, are the sentiments of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Our own Guide to the Academy. Visit No. 3.)



S before, visitors to the Academy are requested to take this list with them, and refer to the names here suggested before consulting the Catalogue. We have jotted down in these notes what the pictures *ought* to have been called. The following numbers will be found sufficient for one afternoon:—

No. 35. VAL. C. PRINSEP.

"I can't make it out."

Notice the expression. MR. PRINSEP is at present in India, engaged on a grand picture of an Indian Rubber, with Rajah revoking.

No. 45. MRS. H. (E. M.)

WARD. "She was werry good to me, she was."

No. 70. BRITON RIVIERE. The Soft Roe.

No. 130. BASIL BRADLEY. Sheepish.

No. 101. G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

"May-day—new stile." (Observe the new stile.)

No. 169. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. "What can't be cured must be endured," or rheumatism in the little finger of the left hand.

No. 181. J. CHARLES. The holiday task.

No. 194. ARTHUR HILL. "Shall I throw it at him?"

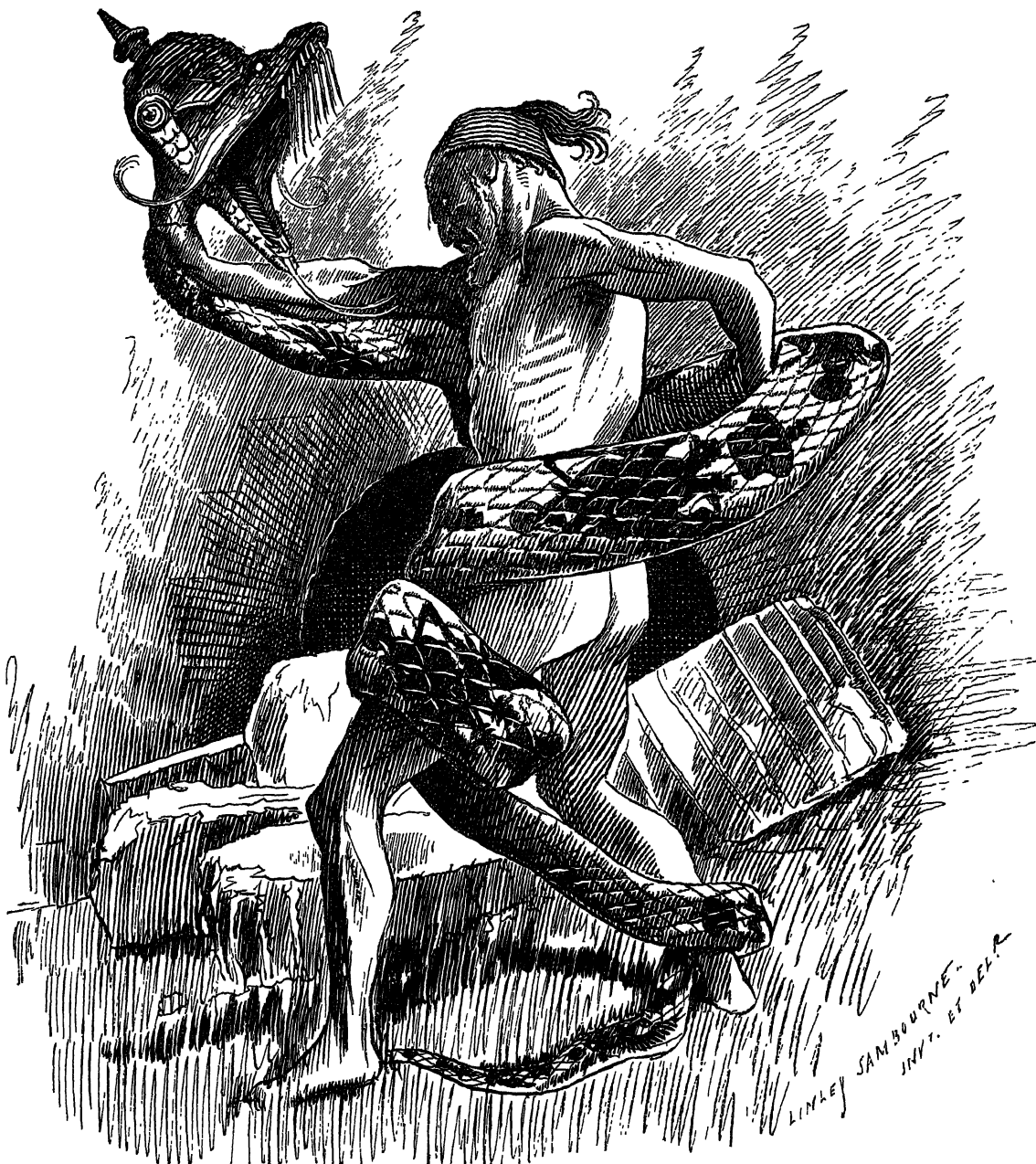
No. 273. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. The "sound of many waters"—Soda, Seltzer, Apollinaris, Taunús, &c., all effervescent, but all natural, and delightfully refreshing. It is as good as a *douche* to stand before the picture for half an hour—and after you leave it, you seem to hear its sound all over the room, calling "Come back!" About the most wonderful bit of real water colour ever painted in oil.

No. 301. T. ARMSTRONG. Above her work. "I am not accustomed to feed pigeons."

No. 464. HEYWOOD HARDY. Riding to Khiva. (The Artist's *shay-d'oeuvre*.)

No. 452. GEO. H. BOUGHTON. The same subject as the foregoing, differently spelt and treated. Riding to Kiver with a friend.

No. 444. SIR F. GRANT, P.R.A. Most dramatic picture. Tells its own story at once. Evidently Sunday; time, 3.30 P.M. Respectable elderly Clergyman waking up suddenly after an early dinner, having dropped asleep over the *Quarterly Review*. He is horrified, and exclaims, "Bless my soul, 3.30! And I ought to have been at church half-an-hour ago!" View of church in the distance.



'WHICH WILL WIN?'

MR. LEIGHTON'S GROUP ADMITS OF SO MANY APPLICATIONS. THIS IS PUNCH'S. (WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS TO THE SCULPTOR.)

No. 313. H. STACY MARKS, A. "An arrangement in black and white" with a money-lender. (With Mr. MARKS's compliments to Mr. WHISTLER.)

No. 520. WILFRED V. HERBERT. Naval Gentleman instructing Tailor (Tailor invisible), and saying, "I should like a nice summer waistcoat made out of *this*"—referring to some stuff on the table.

No. 413. KATE ALDHAM, "Opening her Chest."

No. 423. J. CHARLES, "Giving Herself Airs"—on the piano. Probably, "*Charley is my Darling*." HARRIET is ours.

No. 503. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., *A propos* of this picture, it is worth while to record a dialogue overheard in front of this painting. Let the reader study the figures carefully and then enjoy the dialogue:—

Young Lady (from the country, making notes). Aunt, dear, what's this?
Aunt (with Catalogue—carefully reading the wrong number). That, dear—oh—that—(with consciousness of strict accuracy) is "*Summer Evening at Ecclesbourne, Hastings*."

(Her Niece says nothing, but clearly thinks that the Ladies of Ecclesbourne

are uncommonly cool people. No. 503 must be seen for the appreciation of this mistake.)

No. 566. G. F. WATTS, R.A. Originally intended for the "*Magpie and Stump*." Since altered to Dove and Dead tree.

No. 542. G. POPE. "Going to pot."

No. 589. BRITON RIVIERRE. This, in schoolboy phrase, might be described as "Giving him a licking."

No. 597. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. "Stuff and nonsense." (The first part of title represented by the Girl's dress, the second by the old Gentleman's observation on hearing that somebody has proposed for her.)

No. 962. LANCELOT J. POTT. A practical joke in the olden time.

No. 951. G. RICHMOND, R.A. Teaching the young idea to be up to the time of day.

** We would impress on our readers the absolute necessity of taking the above Guide to the Academy, and comparing the descriptions here given with the Pictures themselves.



GRACE BEFORE POWDERS (BUT NOT AFTER).

Young Innocent (about to partake). "FOR ALL WE ARE GOIN' TO WECEIVE, MAY THE YORD MAKE US TOOLY FANKFUL!"

THE INTELLECTUAL "DIES NON."

VERY REVEREND MR. PUNCH,

In personally addressing you, I may appear an odd sort of person, being deemed a thing impersonal; however, I venture to take the liberty of personifying myself. Please to suppose that I have a self to personify. But an account of myself will render myself too self-evident. I am a Day. No relation to JOHN DAY, the famous jockey and trainer, whose name is borne by one of the principal horses now figuring in the racing news. I am not one of the DAYS of Danebury. I am a Day of the week, and have nothing whatever to do with horse-racing—that is, at home. They manage these things otherwise—I won't say better, in France. "The better the day the better the deed"—when the deed admits of the comparative, better; but betting is always positively bad, and better it can never be. Cavillers may object, if they like, that I have no business to be called a day, because in law I am no day, being a *dies non*, whereon no business can be transacted. That I do not mind; but what I don't like is being made a *dies non* not only for business purposes, but also for those of enjoyment, and above all, for that needful restorative from the toils of business—recreation.

That I ought not to be a *dies non* altogether is evident from the names I commonly go by, *Dies Solis* and *Dies Dominica*, both of which I acknowledge. But I am also denomi-

nated by an *alias* I disown. Certain parties call me *Dies Sabbati*. I am nothing of the kind, as MR. SOLOMONS will tell you. I am the first day of the week, and not the seventh; and, whilst a holy day, also a holiday. As such everybody should keep me, to make me the Institution I might be made. Church and Chapel occupy but some hours of me. What are people to do during my remainder-hours? They will do something, and DR. WATTS has mentioned what sort of occupation is found for idle hands, and by whom.

One such occupation is boozing in a public-house. Thither poor folks are driven by a stupid system of closing better places, which it is the object of a Society called after me to get opened during some of my hours. It met on Saturday last week at the Freemasons' Tavern; the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, its President, in the Chair. DEAN STANLEY was supported by most of the wisest men now in Town, including DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, PROFESSOR MORLEY, and PROFESSORS HUXLEY and TYNDALL, who would, but for an illness in the family of a noble Lady, have been reinforced by LADY BURDETT COULTS. This Meeting unanimously voted resolutions soliciting the Government and Legislature to sanction, on the First Day of the Week (improperly called by ignorant pietists the Sabbath, and still more improperly by the Scotch part of them Sawbath), the opening of Museums, Picture Galleries, Libraries, and other places of rational entertainment, at which between the hours of religious service, it may be possible for the British Public to devote their leisure otherwise than to animal pleasure or degrading excess, and employ it in the cultivation of those attributes by which civilised mankind are principally distinguished from pigs. I hope, Very Reverend Sir, you will do me the kindness to assist the endeavour to obtain this right for the Working Classes especially, since the only day in all the week on which it is possible for them to benefit by national Exhibitions and Literary and Scientific Institutions is your obedient servant to command,

SUNDAY.

P.S.—No need to deprive attendants of Sunday's rest. A few extra policemen could supply their places. Besides, there is the above-named gentleman MR. SOLOMONS, and other members of his community, MESSRS. ABRAHAM, ISAACS, JACOBS, MOSS, and LEWIS, to name but a few, who observe the original Sabbath upon Saturdays; many of whom would be glad to earn a shekel or so by relieving guard at public Institutions on Sundays.

"Dissent and Desecration."

THE point of interment in churchyards having been conceded to Nonconformists, how superfluous it seems on the part of any of the Clergy and their representatives to insist upon "silent burial," as the alternative for the Church service. If the burial of the dead does not desecrate consecrated ground, still less can any appropriate utterance of the living. Dissent can only be aggravated by being forbidden to speak; for if the Nonconformist is compelled to be silent at the side of a grave, will he not, like the celebrated parrot of MR. JOSEPH MILLER, only think the more?

A SUBJECT FOR THE NEXT ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL.—F. LEIGHTON, R.A., carving his way to the Temple of Fame.



AGAIN !

First Gent. "HEARD ABOUT THE SEA-SERPENT THEY'VE CAUGHT AT OBN?"

Second Ditto. "SEA-SERPENT CAUGHT IN 'OLBORN! 'MUST BE AN 'OAX!!"

THE SILVER (LACE) ROAD TO THE ARMY.

Diary of a Training, by a Sub-Lieutenant of Militia.

FIRST WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.—Spent my time in watching the men exchanging their rags for ill-fitting uniforms, and assisted at a parade in which the Articles of War were read to apathetic veterans and alarmed recruits.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—Gazed upon the men as they sleepily learned the rudiments of squad drill. On Saturday, kit inspection; dull work and not particularly instructive.

SECOND WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.—Devoted to musketry, position drill and target practice. At the first, the men (without targets) were taught to aim, theoretically, at something in particular. At the last, the men (with targets) learned, practically, to fire at nothing in particular. The markers at the ranges slept better than the scorers. General discomfort and discouragement of everybody concerned.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—Wet weather. Three days out of the twenty-seven spent in doing nothing.

THIRD WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.—The men for the first time took part in battalion movements. Acted in a very subordinate position, to the great honour and glory of my captain.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.—Battalion drill continued. Captain away on leave, and thus had a first opportunity of learning something on my own account.

FOURTH WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.—Great excitement in preparation for the Inspection Day. The regiment took violently to skirmishing, and attempted to get up in three days what Regulars would certainly have consumed six months in learning.

Thursday.—The inspection. Cooked hats, bands, feasts and friends.

Friday and Saturday.—Nothing to do. Pleased to think that I had got through one of the two trainings required by regulation as part of the requisite qualification (plus a Civil Service Examination) for a Lieutenant's Commission in the Line.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET— "POTS!"

"Pots mean civilisation, and the history of pottery is the history of culture. . . . For what would man be without a pot of some sort? . . . The uniformity in human nature has always shown itself manifest in pottery."—*The "Daily News" on MR. GLADSTONE'S Address upon Pottery at the Cymrodorion Society.*

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot,
I think a Súf pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter? Tell me then
"Who makes—who sells—who buys—who is the Pot?"
OMAR KHAYYÁM.

POTLESS Humanity! A pregnant thought

With much suggestion fraught,
Which Persian OMAR in the Potter's House,
Surrounded by the ordered shapes of clay,
Somehow missed marking in his distant day,
For all his keen but pessimistic nous,
Man the Pot-shaper! A new definition!

Oh, for an exhibition
Of Pots from Egypt's earliest to—ah! What?
That one ideal, final, transcendental,

Supreme Supernal Pot,
Which, on this view, should mark the culmination,
The highest tide-mark of Art-cultivation,
To which our Earth hath got.

Oh, what a Pot were that! Will GLADSTONE's self
Help us so far to soar in the ideal,
As to adumbrate that most rare, if real,
Result from centuries of clay and delf,
That fictile ultimatum? Fancy faints
At the prodigious prospect. Memory paints
Pictures of recent raptures witnessed oft
In eyes of Ladies, heard from lips less soft
Of ardent greybeards, over bits of crockery
Of such amazing immature monstrosity,
Chaos chromatic, shapeless squat atrocity,

That it were surely mockery
To fancy they comprised one genuine quality
Of the great Pot-finality.

But if *these* wake such ecstasies, oh what
Delirium of unspeakable delight,
Supreme and infinite,

Should be the product of the Crowning Pot?

Yes, Pots mean progress! Thoughtful souls must feel
The wheel of Fortune is a potter's wheel.

KHAYYÁM drew doleful auguries from its twirl,
But then he was a poet and a Persian,
A sceptic too, at whom, with cold aversion,
The British Philistine's fine lip will curl.
Yet this new doctrine of the *Daily News*

Might fire a Western muse,
Not such as she who sat at OMAR's suppers,
But cool, correct, and orthodox as TUPPER's.
If life's a *crux*, a labyrinth, a lottery,
The clue, the key to it is found in Pottery.
How pleasant 'twere, did time allow, to trace
In pots and pans the progress of our race!
Each page of time the potter leaves his print on,
From Greek HYPERBIUS to HERBERT MINTON—

A longish stretch,
Through which a compass critical to fetch—
Displays in stereotype all human passions,
Utilities and tastes, prides, follies, fashions.
Thus, potted and preserved, lies record strange
Of human progress, in ceramic change—
(Or say *keramic*, since our classic day
Is very sweet on the initial "k".)

The Epic of the Pot! Who 'll write it? See,
Oh, versatile and vehement W. G.
When you have polished off such minor works
As utter demolition of the Turks,

Here is a task for you!
"Pots, and the man I sing." Yes, that will do.
Its title? *The Fictiliad*. 'Tis a theme
To satisfy a Neo-Homer's dream.

Wire in, my WILLIAM! show the world what's what
In Epos. 'Twere a splendid consummation;
A nobler, wider subject is there not,
Since without Pots all Earth's Civilisation
Must—go to Pot!

HOW WE GO TO THE DERBY, AND WHY.



1. City Clerks go by Rail because they want to get there quickly. Fatal delusion!

2. Mr. CARRIAGE goes for the pleasure of playing the fool.

3. CAPTAIN TRAMER tools his own Irag, delighting most in his own performance.

4. Mr. BILLING pays an extravagant price for an open Fly, on purpose, to take Miss COOING and her Mamma.

5. Mr. RUNNER goes because people must have "C'rect Cards."

6. A Country Squire and his Vicar come up—one thinks it is the thing to do, the other knows it is *not*.

7. Gipsy Girls go—on business.

8. BILL TATER takes his Missis for a hairing to Hepsom.

9. Mr. BOBBY goes because he's obliged; and "MANNIKIN JACK" goes—to see the racing.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

(Being an intercepted letter from The Old Obadiah to his nephew, The Young Obadiah, containing most important information on the event of the day.)



EAR NEVVY,—When you receive this letter you will exclaim, for I know you, "O, my prophetic soul! my Uncle!" and lucky for you to have such an Uncle on the turf and not under it yet, my boy. To-day is "the glad day of all the bright new 'year," as our sporting poet Laureate *Ten-to-one-son* says; never mind if I don't quote him exactly, for genius, my dear Young OBADIAH, is above rules, and my quotations, as you know—no one better—are mostly from the Latest Betting. Rely on your Uncle, OBADIAH, my boy, and your Uncle will pull you through. You want no information from a Tout while I am to the fore. As our sporting Frenchman says, "*Tout*" est là. There is not a better mover on the Downs than the horse I mentioned to you the other day. Keep it dark, OBADIAH, keep it dark. When you took 100 to 1 against that other one I told you of,



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Nurse. "WELL, MASTER TOM, AND SO THE TWINS ARE GOING TO BE CHRISTENED TO-MORROW. WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?"

Tom (mindful of his Mother's fashionable proclivities). "IF WE WANT TO PLEASE MAMMA, WE'D BETTER CALL THEM MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE!"

you did well. Follow my advice, and lay it off at evens on the third on my list, which, if I am any judge of form and quality, will show a clean pair of heels to a few of the level-made heavily-backed ones.

There was a private trial the other morning. Your old Uncle got on the muscular colt (you know), but had to get off again. The colt has such a strong propelling power about the hind quarters, that anyone with his back turned to him, unconsciously, for five minutes, would be a probable starter in about two-twos if he didn't look out.

Don't be alarmed by any reports about a cough. I was standing near him, and coughed. They thought it was the horse. It affected the betting men deeply. They have tender hearts. The tanner you sent me I have invested for you, and it will be as satisfactory a tenner to you as MR. GYE's tenor, GAYARRE, is to him. I know the ropes, and you can read between the lines. As for the Cracks—your old Uncle can see through them. Watch the race closely, and if, at the right moment, you judiciously, but boldly, put the pot on the horse that is in advance of the first three at the judge's chair (I myself will give you a wink at the exact second—so look out), you will be on velvet for the remainder of your days, and have no further need for any tips from your venerable Uncle who signs himself now and ever,

THE OLD OBADIAH.

P.S.—I told your Aunt I had important business in the City to-day, and couldn't be back till late. Will it spin, OBADIAH, will it spin?

"The Wane of Glory, and the Wax of Fame."

MADAME TUSSAUD (or "TOOSORE," as the Million call her) has added to her Gallery in Baker Street likenesses of the CZAR and the SULTAN, MUKHTAR PASHA and GENERAL IGNATIEFF, in belligerent attitudes, ready to come to blows—at least in wax. It is to be hoped none of them will run in the hot weather; or, if they do, that it will be to melt in each other's arms—as a happy omen of peace in prospect.

CELEBRITIES AT THE DERBY.

THE success, socially and financially, of two energetic literary gentlemen who last May impersonated wandering minstrels on the Hill at Epsom, has given rise to a multitude of imitators among our first intellects, who have made their arrangements to mystify the Million at this year's Derby.

As no noble sportsman or sportswoman is likely to abuse our confidence, we do not hesitate to indicate some of the disguises chosen for the occasion.

MR. W. E. G—E may possibly be discovered under a Russian cap and beard, selling Rahat-lakoum or Turkish Delight.

EARL B—D will be with difficulty recognised manipulating the three-card trick, and defying you to spot the Knave of Clubs.

SIR R. P—L has hired the turban and table of the King of Stone-breakers, and will be seen every ten minutes smashing rocks with his fist.

THE MARQUIS OF S—Y will most probably don the particoloured dress and hunch of Mr. Punch, and will conduct a favoured band of Eastern serenaders.

MR. WH—Y will disguise himself as a gipsy fortune-teller, and thus frustrate the designs of the Jesuits, who have an agent in every vehicle destined for the Hill.

MESSRS. B—X and P—Z have serious thoughts of encasing their manly forms in fleshings, and appearing as the Baffling Brothers of St. Stephen's in their great obstructive entertainment.

MAJOR O'G—N will go in for diversion in the dress of the Irish gentleman who dances jigs with a shillelagh under his arm.

DOCTOR K—Y will exhibit the Fat Lady and the Living Skeleton, as illustrations of the change that has taken place in the form and features of "the unhappy Nobleman now, &c., &c."

THE PATRON SAINT OF OSTLERS.—ST. TITUS OATES.

FOR PROPHET OR LOSS?



THERE is no Race but the Derby,
and Punch is its Prophet!
Here is his Tip—get all you can
off it.

A FRENCH horse, by an English
jockey-riden,
The Turf's Blue Riband may
bear off unchidden;

But back no horse whose jock is changed too late,
For, favourite though he be, 'tis tempting fate.
The "pot" put on to boil his peas, we see no
Hard pilgrimage too hard for *Pellegrino*.
Rob Roy's the good old rule, the simple plan—
Take, all who have the power, and keep who can;
On a dark horse if you would breathe the air,
Seek one that bears the bell in *Beau-repaire*.
If little *Attyre* no mishap befall,
'Tis like enough the dwarf will yet tire all.
Hidalgo's promises loom large but dim—
Let who will put the Spanish upon him.
And what if *Silvio's* name be shorn of *Pellico's*?
Against his backers be not, therefore, bellicose.
While the big stake stands tempting horse and mare,
Your cry may well be "*Touchet*" if you dare!
Upon *Jagellon* they who post the coal
Back one who stands, by race, head of the Pole.
Let *Plunger* plunge, and with him plunge who will.
What grist may come from *Lady Miller's* Mill?
For *HADJI BABA's* sake, I'd scarce be sorrier
To lose my old, than gain a new "do," *Morier*.
A cell's their place who choose the *Grey Friar* weed;
Thunderstone may mean bolts, or lightning's speed.
Who says *Brown Prince's* backers are done brown,
Or to *Masaniello* trusts a crown?
Since his break-down among the *lazzaroni*,
Those who'd brave risk may take him for a pony.
You have my tips—you see Fate's book unsealed;
The course is clear: forearmed, you take the field.

DERBY DRAGS FOR 1877.

Lord Beaconsfield's.—The fear that he won't be able to crown his career as a statesman with a sensational war.

Lord Hartington's.—The dread that MR. GLADSTONE'S enthusiasm may outrun his discretion, to the embarrassment of the Liberal Party.

Mr. Gladstone's.—Anxiety lest the pens of a belligerent fraction of the Press may drown the voice of an impassioned and impulsive, but much in earnest orator.

Mr. Cross's.—Apprehension that the balance of Power in the Cabinet may be disturbed by the false weights of Disraelitish mystifications.

Lord Derby's.—Comparison of the aims and achievements of the last eighteen months' diplomacy.

Mr. Whalley's.—The belief that every second person on the Downs is a Jesuit, and every third a Cardinal in disguise.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's.—The thought of the drinking for drunks that will wash down the revels of the Day.

Major O'Gorman's.—The regret that all this power of drink and diversion is wasted over the could-hearted Saxon on Epsom Downs instead of turned to profit of the raal Irish at Punch's Town.

The Upper Ten Thousand's.—The depressing reflection that the Derby will have to be "done" again next year.

The Lower Two Million's.—The sad thought that the Derby outing comes like the "grotter," only once a year.

And, lastly, *Mr. Punch's*.—The certainty that no Derby Day will be considered complete without a perfectly novel *à propos* Cartoon.

THE FRENCH CRACK AND HIS JOCKEYS.

An à propos Apologue.

A RACER's points he shows—the crack French horse,
Looks fit for any course,
Though best at a sharp spin or rattling spurt.

Face is his special glory, and indeed
Few nags have shown a finer turn of speed.
And though but late recovered from a hurt
That might have spoilt his running, all admit
That the French Favourite's in first-rate fettle,
Improved in temper, easier on the bit,
And with new stamina to help old mettle.
The public in his later form confiding,
Though there's a trick of temper in the stock,
Would freely back the big horse for big stakes,
One thing alone solicitude awakes—
The animal requires such careful riding,

And ought to be on good terms with his jock:
No boy can steer him, and the man who errs
In too much or too little whip or spurs,
Or strives to hold hard when the nag's for going,
Will find he courts a cropper. This well knowing,
One would suppose the Stable would take care
On no account to irritate the crack;
Would put their cleverest rider on his back,
And once safe in the saddle, keep him there:
But crass caprice of sense the eternal mock is,
And this French Favourite's trainers oft have shown
A most unlucky taste for changing jockeys,
Though rider after rider has been thrown,
Race after race been lost, and the brave horse,
In hands that took hard holding for good guiding,
Fretted to death, brought from bad form to worse,

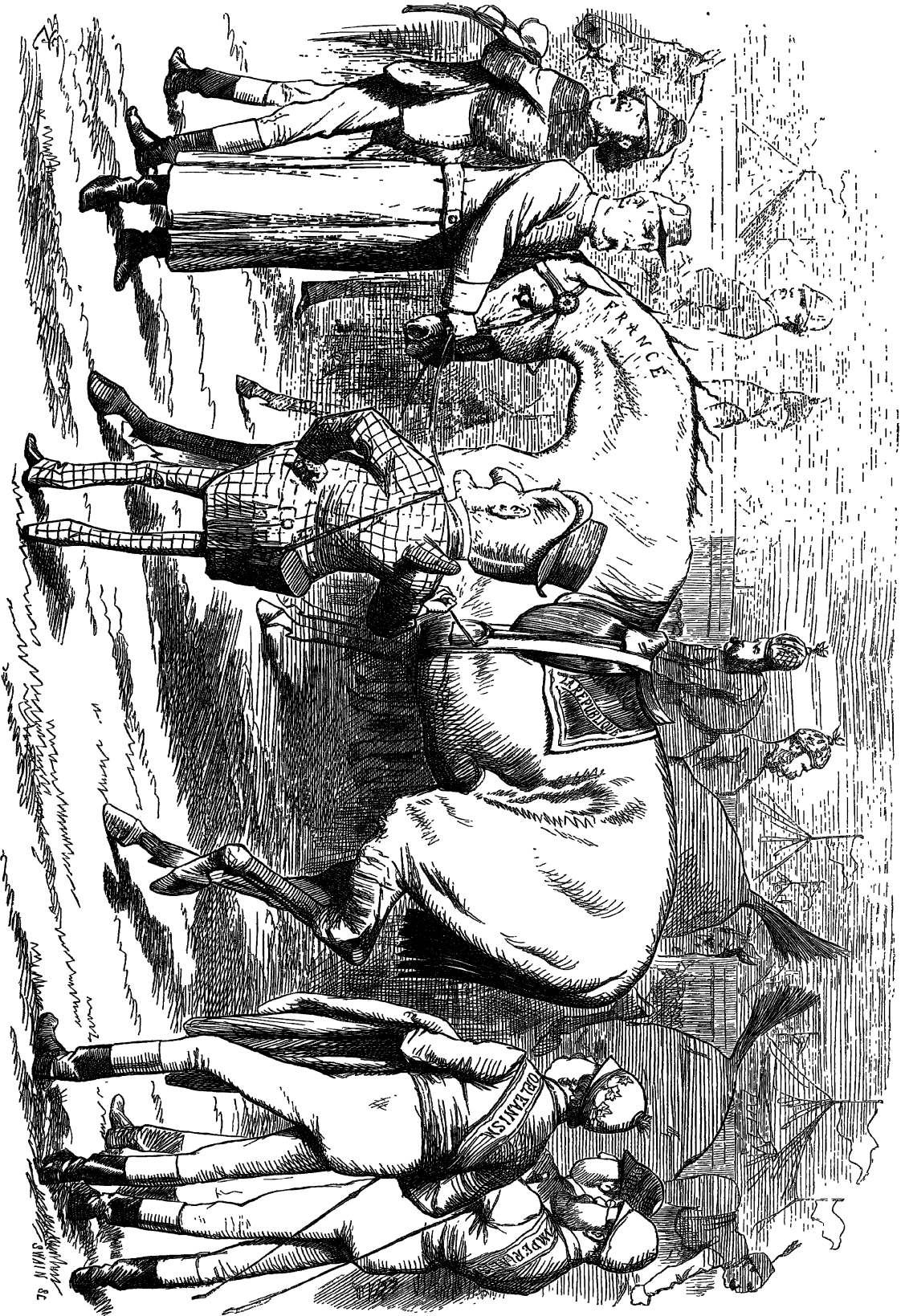
By nothing but bad riding.
Still the unstable Stable courts disgrace
By changing jockeys just before the race,
And that, although the man that *had* the mount,
Was one on whom folks felt that they could count,
For good nerve, seat defying bolt or rearing,
Head enough for straight steering,
Hand firm, yet light, and knowledge of the course,
To get the best jock could out of the horse;
When lo, a sudden row—a secret bobbery!
Is 't stable-jealousy, or backer's jobbery,
Touts' trick or tipsters'? At the trainer's frown,
The lad that *was* up, must at once get down,—
While with a wicked eye, and levelled ear.

Half in rage, half in fear,
The horse waits his new jock—the Stable's pick
Is hardly of the best—

And once the brute takes to back-jump and kick,
He's one to put the tightest seat to test.
'Tis ten to one the new man that the Stable
Puts up will prove to steer the horse unable,
And find dismounting easier than mounting,
Spite of the whip and spur on which he's counting.
Yes—'tis long odds, thanks to this change, that France
Has missed another chance.

When will their Stable learn a wiser way,
And give the Favourite French horse fair play?

OLD SAW RE-SET IN PARIS.—"WORTH makes the Woman."



THE "FRENCH HORSE."

Mr. PUNCH (to Trainer), "YES, MAC, HE WAS A FAVOURITE, TILL YOU CHANGED HIS RIDER! GAWD SAYS I THINK NUTCH ON YOUR NEW PICK OF JOCKS; AND, TO JUDGE BY HIS LOOKS, NO MORE DOES THE HORSE!"

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

An awful time of it with Wolves—A wonderful escape. (Communicated by Private Wire.)



BREATHE again. ("Let me Breathe Again!")

Words by Your Own R.R., music by DR. SULLIVAN. Shortly... Such a day we've been having! But safe at last, and I stop to telegraph the good news to you, which you will receive as usual by Private Wire. (By the way news arrived here that you've had a picture of me riding on a Pig to Khiva. No, Sir, I am not in the habit of riding piggy-back.)*

In the following account, I have not trusted to my imagination, but have referred to my Diary, which, despite all difficulties and dangers insuperable to less hardy Norsemen than myself, I was able to keep, during the terrible hours of the past eventful Monday ("Black Monday"—Old Russian style—no connection with any other Kalendar.)

5.30 A.M.—Sleigh-driver wrapped up in thick capes—five of them—on the box. Sleigh-driver's Boy up behind with buns to feed the wolves. This was a happy idea of mine, based upon early reminiscences of what the animals at the Zoological Gardens used to like. I never yet knew

a wolf, or a bear, refuse a bun. Boy has orders to be economical with buns, and be sure to throw them to the Wolves. The hood being pulled over us in the carriage, I cannot keep my eye on the Boy. But, in so perilous a situation as this, I hope he is to be trusted. But buns will be buns, and boys will be boys. . . .

5.45.—Wolves heard in the distance. Roaring and hooting like one of HERR WAGNER'S *Walkyrie* laughs. Fair Circassian in fits. Took out scissors, and cut her hair. Beat her hands. Asked her riddles. No answer. She is insensible! *O Ciel!* how will this end? . . . We are full inside, but not all right. Horse galloping. Donkey, harnessed tandem-fashion, galloping too. Sleigh-driver cracking his whip. Pig in the boot squeaking deliriously, and gasping for breath. What's in his wind now? . . . More howling from wolves. Five little Boys, engaged to do the acrobatic business, huddled up at the bottom of the carriage in a confused heap, so that I cannot distinguish one from another. All crying, and saying, in the Tartar dialect, that they'll tell their mother. What a fearful scene! . . .

6.—Thick fog. Snow everywhere. Frigidometer down to minus ten below double zero. My luxuriant moustaches and beard are all icicles!! I should be worth my weight in gold (wouldn't I feed up, and take no exercise to be weighed on such an occasion!) as a model for Old Father Christmas on a cake. Fair Circassian woke up. To cheer her, told her the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*, and the *Wolf* pretending to be her grandmother. Fair Circassian in hysterics. I communicate with Boy in the rumble through a small hole. "Are you throwing buns to the wolves?" [Boy's answer inaudible. Question repeated. Answer again inaudible. On looking through the hole at him, I see that he is trying to speak with his mouth full.]

6.15.—Fearful roaring. Wolves on our track. No BUNS!! Crossed a river. The Oxus, I fancy. Sleigh-driver says I hired this trap from his master at St. Petersburg for half-a-crown an hour, and a shilling for the driver (himself), and that I haven't given him anything yet. Fancy choosing such a moment to ask for payment! Promise him roubles, to any amount, when we get to *Gladitzova*—the nearest posting town. Three bells: served out rations of *wickski* all round. None to the Boy behind with the bun-box.

7.—For three-quarters of an hour we've been pursued. A lull at last. Donkey stopped. Fair Circassian wide awake. Says I haven't paid her for the last game of cribbage. Told her it was she who cheated: called her the Unfair Circassian. Wolves heard. Again we urge on our wild career.

8.—Everybody's hair turning white with fright. All except the Sleigh-driver, who has his hat on

* How could he have heard this? There is some mystery here. But we will fathom it or perish in the attempt.—Ed.

The little boys will be old men before the day's out. The wolves nearing us. Nearer—nearer—nearer. . . .

Through the hole at the back I implore the Boy, "Haven't you got one bun left?" No! O Greediness, where are thy charms? He has eaten them all himself. Imagine the horror of the situation!

11.—Sun beginning to shine through mist. Just light enough to see a notice-board at the side of the road, "Beware of the Wolves!" Near it is a mile-stone with, I think, "To Khiva" on it. . . . Wolves nearer and nearer. Boys crying. Circassian delirious and kicking. Served out *wickski* to every one except the Sleigh-driver, the Boy with the bun-box, and the Unfair Circassian. Played an extract from the *Götterdämmerung* on the mechanical piano, accompanied with shrieks from the Pig in the boot. Through my telescope I see the effect on the wolves. For a few moments they are puzzled. Oh, if I only had a music-score of the entire work to throw out to them! The mechanical piano is out of order. Under pressure the chords snap. It falls in the snow. Onward! Speed onward, brave Sleigh-driver! We may yet escape!

One o'clock.—Time for *lunchski*. Preparations. . . . Suddenly wolves appear within a mile of us. . . . No *lunchski*. . . . Horrid thought! One o'clock must be the hour of the wolves' *lunchski*. . . . Can the Horse do it? . . . The wolves! The wolves! . . . Send cheque at once. . . . this is my last appeal. . . . forward it by my friend. . . . if we can only give wolves a check. . . .

(Hurried Diary.)—Boy's hair, in rumble, quite white. Little Acrobat Boys, twisted up in knots with sheer fear. Hair quite white. Unfair Circassian swears, despairingly, that she will never accuse me again of cheating at cribbage, and says it was the Sleigh-driver who put her up to it. I make her sign this declaration, in the belief that she is at her last gasp, on the back of an envelope. Wolves nearer—within half a mile. I dare use the telescope no longer, it brings the wolves too near. . . .

* Very strange! Putting aside our doubts and misgivings, we must, in the name of humanity, see what we can do for him. There yet may be time (if he is in peril) to get up a subscription and save him.—Ed.



REACTION.

Shortsighted Old Lady. "Hi! OMLIBUS! Hi!"

Hearse-Driver (unbending). "ALL RIGHT, MUM! MOST 'APPY, MUM! DI-RECTLY, MUM!"

What shall be our next course? . . . Ha! . . . The old story occurs to me—the Russian father and mother who threw over their children to stay the wolves. . . . I've thrown over lots of people in my time, but never children. . . . But necessity is the mother of invention. . . . Wolves within a quarter of a mile. . . . They have stopped to eat the mechanical piano, which fell off some time ago. Through my telescope I see them tearing it to bits. There it goes—octaves, wires, key of G, chord of C. . . . Two wolves are fighting for the Overture of *Semiramide* (which was in a small barrel by itself, with little prickly nails sticking out all over it), and an old wolf is hard on to the mechanical drum-trumpet and cymbal accompaniment in the *finale* of Act Two of the *Huguenots*. . . . Throw out more boxes of tunes—the March from *Norma*, the awful "*Guerra, Guerra!*" chorus from the same, a box with two tunes, "*Suoni la Tromba*" and "*La ci darem*." . . . Then my big box of the Incantation Scene in *Der Freischütz*, with imitation of full orchestral accompaniment, including thunder, lightning, and the owl's hooting apparatus—also my Second Tenor box with *vox humana* contrivance for the voice part and chorus in the Rataplan of the *Huguenots*, and the March from the *Prophète*. . . . They have taken the tunes, but this gives us time! Besides, music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. If I only had something plaintive and melodious. . . . Where's my box with *Looking Back* in it? . . . We are gaining upon them. . . .

(To be continued.)

SPECIMENS OF A "DERBY" DICTIONARY.

(Compiled by MR. PUNCH's own Misanthrope.)

ABSENCE, leave of. A holiday obtained by City clerks on plea of a low state of health, that can only be got up on the Downs.

Brutality. Another name for the "fun of the road."

Custom. An excuse for abandoning the most useful work for the most hurtful play.

Drag. Any vehicle on four wheels, from a bathing-machine to a mail-coach.

Epsom. The suburban resort of all the folly and rascality of the Metropolis.

Favourite, The. The bone of contention between two rival packs of knaves and fools.

Gammon. The nonsense talked about English love of "sport," and improvement of our breed of horses.

Horses. Counters in one of the Devil's favourite games.

Idleness. The brilliant example set by the British Parliament to the British People on the Derby Day.

Jocularly. Buying penny dolls, and drinking too much deleterious fizz under the name of champagne.

Kicks. Pleasantries of the crowd; more abundant than halfpence, at Epsom.

Lark. An early bird that catches no worms on the Derby Day.

Mirth. See *Jocularly*.

Novelty. Watching the unchanging brutalities of the Road, humours (?) of the Course, and momentary rush past of the Horses, for the twenty-fourth time.

Pleasure. Driving into town dead-beat, dust-choked, and done out of your money, between two rows of hooting idiots.

Qualms of Conscience. Next morning's reflections.

Rough. Something that cuts us out on the road to the course; and that we cut up when we get there.

Society (on the Downs). A mixture of roguery in rags, ditto in POOLE's best form, sin in satin and in sackcloth, innocent imbecility, and vacant vivacity.

Treason. Plain truth about the Derby.

Usage. See *Custom*.

Vanity Fair. The Downs on a Derby Day.

Welsher. The one Derby-frequenter who figures on the Downs in his true colours.

Xylography. A fine name for wood-engravings of impossible Races, made by anticipation in the illustrated papers.

Youth. A poor excuse for the folly of going to the Derby made by a great many old enough to know better.

Zero. The normal condition of spirits and pockets the day after the Derby.



HOW TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY.

(A Suggestion for the Bathing Season about to begin.)

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

*** In continuing this Guide, it is necessary to remind our readers that it does not profess to describe or criticise the Pictures, but to give them such new titles as seem to us to be suggested by the Pictures themselves, after a careful study of the Exhibition—without reference to the Catalogue.*

No. 1. LOUISA STARR.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little STARR,
How I wonder what you are—"

But evidently the subject is "two young Ladies puzzled by an acrostic."

No. 8. C. E. PERUGINI. This deals with powder, and requires no puff.

No. 9. EYRE CROWE, A. Extraordinary scene in a Ritualistic Church. A Lady turned out of her pew by Churchwardens.

No. 14. FRANK DICKSEE. It is called "*Harmony*." Judging from the subject, the old song of "*Dixey's Land*" evidently applies.

"On the second floor, for evermore
I'd live and die with NANCY."

The young Lady at the organ is NANCY. The region of *Harmony* is clearly DICKSEE's Land.

No. 105. T. FAED, R.A. "This pig went to market, this stayed at home," &c. (This picture is a very great favourite with the Ladies, who seem to understand what "*Little Cold Tooties*" means, but at the same time expend a vast amount of sympathy on the buxom mother.)

No. 100. BOUVERIE GODDARD. Curious effect of the Music of the Future on the animals at the Zoo.

No. 118. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Turkish bath for female patients, Hanwell.

No. 119. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Torture-chamber. The Ordeal by Fire.

No. 120. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Chestnuts four a penny.

No. 110. G. A. STOREY, A. "Living 'Apple-ly.'" (This subject ought to have been chosen by MR. ORCHARDSON.)

No. 129. EDGAR GIBORNE. The merit of this picture is that it *does* tell its own story. It represents a little girl, evidently saying to herself, "I hope that nasty insect won't get into my bowl of milk." It will surprise no one to learn that it is intended for "Little Miss Moffet" of the Nursery Rhymes.

No. 134. KATE PERUGINI. *Utile è dol-ce.* (N.B.—This is a deeply satirical work.)

No. 166. W. C. SYMONS. Two Belles at Sea.

No. 149. C. LANDSEER, R.A. Our Suburban Willa. "Lor' bless yer!" said JONES, "when yer 'ere, you might fancy yerself a 'underd miles away in the country."

No. 157. MARCUS STONE, A. Hesitation. "I really think I ought to put on something more before I go out walking."

No. 198. G. CHESTER. A Duck flying away in the time of peas.

No. 239. VICAT COLE, A. Pick-a-lilly.

No. 289. E. BENSON. The Last Conservative bowing before the Great Asian Mystery.

No. 297. J. H. DAVIES. "Coote's Home." Where's TINNEY?

No. 363. G. E. HICKS. Members of the talented Smith family.

No. 370. T. E. GAUNT. Another member of the Smith family. (N.B.—All "Portraits" unnamed in the Catalogue may be dismissed under this general head. Nos. 82, 146, 166, 276, 294, &c., are in this list.)

No. 366. SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

Doge (in Council—a little uncertain). Is that the law?

Chief Clerk (showing him the "Justices' Manual" of the period). Thyself shall see the Act.

No. 375. F. G. COTMAN. "Keeping him quiet; or, our little boy is so fond of music!"

"And so his Papa
Played him a tune on the gay guitar!"

Minstrel Boy, Act I., Sc. iii.

No. 614. F. GOODALL, R.A. The Water-Carriers: Egypt. View of the Nile—of course, or, *An ile* Painting.

No. 1059. LUKE FILDES. Ticklish times.

THE SEA-LIONS' DREAM.

THE Brighton Aquarium's in arms! The foreign-bred Lady Sea-Lion Has just brought into the world a genuine British-born scion.

And, true to his kin and his kind, the baby has ta'en his first header, And come up with his eyes all the brighter, although, it may be, all the redder.

His father and mother are planning a glorious future for baby—

Though their dream of high-reaching ambition is clouded as yet with a may-be.

Is it true that the old British Lion is turned, as some say, a land-lubber,

To the grief of BRITANNIA's heart? Why not go, tell her no more to blubber,

And, phocine for feline, propose as her natural guardian to send her

This British-born whelp—a Sea-Lion, in place of the dry-land pretender?

ADVICE TO TOO MANY PEOPLE.—How to make Home happy—Leave it.



A CREDIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT.

Enterprising Butcher. "IF YOU WOULD FAVOUR US WITH YOUR CUSTOM, SIR, IT WOULD ANSWER OUR PURPOSE TO SUPPLY YOU AT VERY REDUCED PRICES, SIR!"

MARY ANNER ON HOLIDAYS.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

YOU'LL be surprised at seeing of this letter, Leastways a-looking at its date. As well one might do better Than pass Whit Monday evenin' thus a-scribblin' in the kitching, Which while I write with right down spite my fingers is a-twitching.

Drat her! (That's Missis.) I'd arranged, as well to you beknown is, With my young man and LUZA ANN, the SMITHS, and the MALONEYS, And severil more, in all a score, to hire of that old CRAMPTON His werry smartest private wan, and drive to 'Appy 'Ampton. I do assure you, SUSAN JANE, the whole turn-out was proper, A holiday as promised fair to be a true-tip-topper:

None of your paltry cotton-print and billycock collections, But all the height o' fashion and the werry rust connections. I'd bought the loveliest laylock silk, the sweetest primrose bonnet— But there! 'Twill drive me right down mad if I go brooding on it. Which jest at the last moment, when all things was adjusted, Missis goes and puts her foot in it—I thought I should a' busted! Ascuse the metafore, SUSAN JANE, it's unpoetick, slightly, But when a party's right down riled 'tis hard to speak politely. Which riled I was, and all along of Missis's onreason

As goes a-wisiting in Wales at *this* rediklus season.

In course I know her little game. To settle that MISS CLARA She'd pass the height o' summer in the heart of the Great Sarah; * Or winter in them Hark Tick Zones as MISTER NARES fought shy of. 'Tain't many things as goes on but *we* twigs the how and why of— But holidays is holidays to Ladies in our station;

So I shall take the earliest chance to leave this situation. That Missis must be a bad lot, dear SUE, beyond all doubting, Who'd rob the British Servant of her favourite Whitsun outing. O SUE, that Wan! that nobby band!! them dapple greys!!! them streamers!!!!

I'll see 'em in my sleep to-night, which I'm the wust of dreamers.

* MARY ANNER probably means the Great Sahara.

GREAT AND LITTLE GAMES;

Or, Betting and Blind Hookey.

SEE, 'mongst the populace at Epsom's course,
How strictly Bobbies moral laws enforce,
Practitioners of thimble-rig pursue,
Card-sharpers chase, and rout the gambling crew.
Behold where, bearing him with higher hand,
ROBERTO proudly guards the Ring and Stand.
Can Law, which no respect of person knows,
Protect these gamblers and prohibit those?
It can. From the two heads two currents spring.
Betting from gambling is a different thing.
Card-sharpers' customers are spurred by greed;
None such moves him who backs the noble steed.
So Cads are barred from playing pitch-and-toss;
But Nobs may lay, *ad lib.* upon an "oss."
No fraud can in a sporting wager lie,
Nor the least likeness to a loaded die;
The pure green Turf, 'tis known, abjures foul play;
With man or beast ne'er tampers to betray.
Dishonest Touts all betting-men disown:
And by sound judgment make their "books" alone.

Down then, ye Bobbies, with your handy staves,
Be down on outer gangs of gambling knaves.
Drive such *profanum vulgus* from the shrino
Where the Turf's "Upper Ten" hold rites divine.

Late Hours in Hellas.

AN Occasional Correspondent of the *Times* in a recent "gush" over the PRINCESS OF WALES's visit to Athens, thus begins his description of her visit with the King to the Cathedral on St. George's Day—St. George being patron saint of Greece as of England:—

"It was a high day and a holyday. The sun which shone upon it received a royal salute on rising at noon, and again as it sank behind the mountains of the Morea."

No wonder Greece is behindhand in most things, if her sun in May only gets up at noon! Better the sun of Hellas should set for ever, than set such a bad example.

THE SPORTING MAN'S OWN PAPER.—The *Levant Herald*.

My 'ARRY, in his Sunday togs, a-tootling on his cornet!— Ah, there! if 'tadn't been for *him* I think I could a' borne it. But there's that BELL MALONEY, SUE, the artfullest minx in Brixton!—

Ah, well! I know my 'ARRY's heart a Certain. *One* is fixed on; Yet still one can't quite picter all without an innard groaning,— Yes, SUE, that smudge means tears, not ink, and so I don't mind owning.

They laughs, SUE, at our Cookney ways and style of pleasure-taking, But hearts beneath a cotton print may happy be—or aching Like mine jest now. Best hold their row, or give us something better.

Which, SUSAN JANE, you'll now perceive why I indites this letter. Just about now they're nearing home. Hark! That's their band a-playing!

And, yes—there's 'ARRY on the roof, to the brisk tune a-swaying! BELL's at his side!—oh, I'm a fool to go on in this manner;— But—well, no more at present from

Yours sadly,

MARY ANNER.

Whitmonday Night.

A Safe Rule.

"The Hon. Member for Maldon (MR. SANDFORD) proposes on the re-assembly of Parliament after the Whitsuntide Recess to move for a Select Committee to inquire into the possibility of improving the present system of selecting Members to address the Chair."

"Who should speak first?" Let *Punch* reply,— His rule would cut down claims, 'tis clear.

"Let no one catch the SPEAKER's eye,— But who can hold the Hearer's ear."

Suspicious.

"His Excellency MIDHAT PASHA has arrived in London."—*Times*.

MIDHAT in London! Who doth not smell rats? Suspicion gathers round that fez—mid hats.



PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

Smart Tailor (to dissatisfied Customer). "I MUST ASK YOU JUST TO BEAR IN MIND, SIR, THAT TAILORING HAS NOT YET BEEN BROUGHT DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF ONE OF THE EXACT SCIENCES!"

GLORIA IN GROCERIBUS.

THERE'S an erudite man,
Whom 'twould be a good plan
For the City to render its Freeman.
Who his fortune has made,
By the grocery trade,
That distinguished explorer, HERR
SCHLEIMANN!

In the Grocer's guild Hall,
As he told the guests all—
With his hosts to knit sympathy closer—
In the speech made to thank,
His health when they drank,
He had twenty-eight years been a Grocer!

He at Mecklenburgh had,
As a young 'prentice lad—
What a boast for explorer to utter—
Sold red-herrings, retail,
And, at hap'orths to sale
Put up rum, sugar, coffee, and butter.

Thence had risen by degrees,
But, whilst dealing in teas,
And attentive to that occupation,
Had with business combined
Steady culture of mind,
And assiduous self-education.

'Twas his habits of trade,
Speculation well-weighed,
Tact and system in sale and in purchase,
That bore such rich fruit
In his later pursuit
Of ancient Homeric researches.

Else he never had found
Such things underground:
Unless he a Grocer had been he,
Troy had ne'er disinterred,
Or revealed all we've heard
Of the treasures and tombs at Mycenæ.

Then for Grocers hooray!
Was not that a proud day,
When, to Grocery's glorification,
SCHLEIMANN made such a treat,
Brother Grocers to greet
In the Hall of their great Corporation!

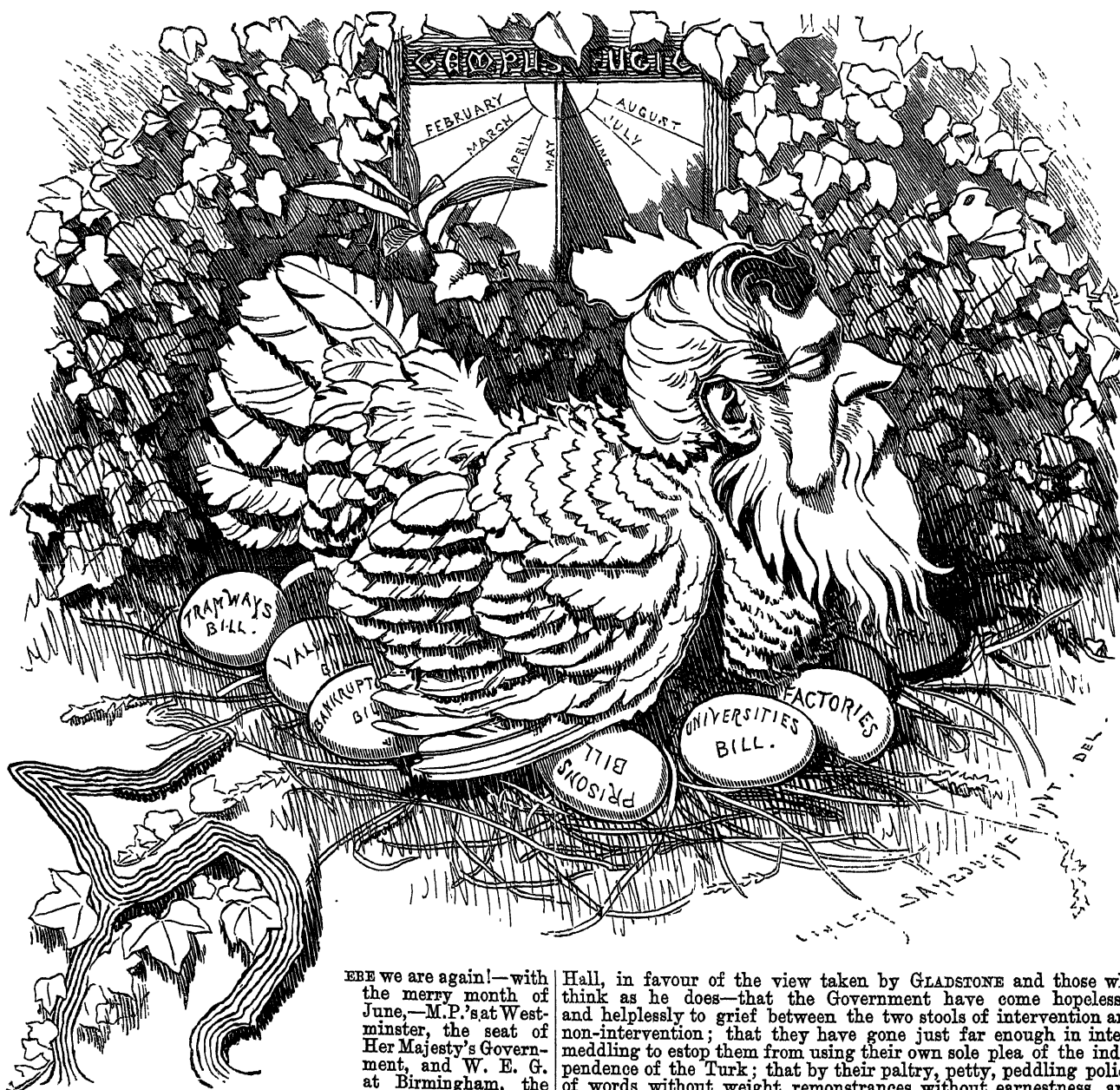
WHAT THE UPAS TREE KEEPS DEEPEST
HOLD BY.—Its Tap-root.

LITTLE TOMMY'S FIRST BOOK OF MODERN HISTORY.

(A Prophetic Edition for the Year 1887. By Punch's own Alarmist.)

- Q. How is Russia bounded?
- A. On the North by the Arctic Ocean, on the South by the Mediterranean Sea, on the West by a part of Ireland, and on the East by China.
- Q. Who is the present Premier of Russia?
- A. The RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
- Q. What are his principal duties?
- A. To write pamphlets in defence of his Master, the CZAR, and to superintend the transfer of the few still surviving English patriots from Westminster to Siberia.
- Q. What do you know about BISMARCK?
- A. That he created United Germany, and, shortly before its annexation by Russia to which he so materially contributed, became Emperor of his native land.
- Q. Who was LORD BEACONSFIELD?
- A. The last British Premier, who perished in his almost single-handed opposition to the absorption of England by Russia.
- Q. What was the last portion of England to be absorbed?
- A. The Isle of Wight.
- Q. Where were British interests ultimately centred?
- A. In the Scilly Islands.
- Q. How did the Russian Army strike the decisive blow which annihilated British resistance in India?
- A. By marching a thousand miles in a thousand hours without halting, under the conduct of FIELD-MARSHAL LIEUTENANTS O'LEARY and GENERAL PATSON WESTON.
- Q. Why did the natives receive the invaders with open arms, and hail them as their deliverers?
- A. Because the Governor-General for the time being (ROBERT, LORD LYTON) had published a portion of his Poems in Hindustani, and had threatened to publish the remainder.
- Q. How did the Russians finally establish their authority in Great Britain?
- A. By suppressing the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily Telegraph*, and making special arrangements with the British Army, the British Fleet, and all the English Railway Companies.
- Q. What became of the British Colonies in 1878?
- A. By advice of the Colonial Office they annexed one another.
- Q. What was the position of France, Austria, and Germany at this conjuncture?
- A. They had been successively absorbed by Russia.
- Q. What was at this time the position of Italy?
- A. She had sunk to the rank of a Russian dependency, after first establishing the CZAR as Russian Pope at the Vatican.
- Q. You have described in outline the marvellous advancement of Russia. Of course this cost money. How was this money raised?
- A. By Foreign Loans.
- Q. How did Russia pay off these Loans?
- A. By composition with her creditors.
- Q. At what rate?
- A. Something less than a farthing in the pound.
- Q. How did these wonderful feats come to be practicable?
- A. Because JOHN BULL, BRITANNIA, the British Lion, all the *Corps Diplomatiques*, the World generally and the nations of Europe in particular, the whole of the Weasel Family, including the ever-wakeful *Mr. Punch*, happened, unluckily, all to be caught fast asleep at the same time.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HERE we are again!—with the merry month of June,—M.P.'s at Westminster, the seat of Her Majesty's Government, and W. E. G. at Birmingham, the head-quarters, for the moment, of Her Majesty's Opposition.

From the elected to the electors is an appeal known to the Constitution—though the regular way of making it is by the head of the Government, and not the head of the Opposition, "going to the country."

Those who don't like this sort of appeal call it "stumping." The *Pall-Mall* goes further, and calls it "stumping down" to the folly and froth of the masses; the *Daily News* and *Punch* call it "stumping up" from interest to principle, from the lower terrors of the Upper Tens to the loftier convictions of the Lower Millions.

All depends on the point of view. If, as the *D. T.* and the *P. M.* keep on asserting with as much iteration as if they felt the need of reassuring themselves, as well as their readers, the majority of the nation is with LORDS BEACONSFIELD and DERBY, and against W. E. G. and the DUKE OF ARGYLL on this question, why don't they send the biggest of their big wigs on the stump too, and try to raise London or Edinburgh, Glasgow or Liverpool, Manchester or Leeds, Bradford or Birmingham, to a declaration in favour of the Russophobe and Turcophil view of the matter, as enthusiastic, whole-hearted, and unequivocal, as this of Birmingham and the Local Liberal Associations represented in Bingley

Hall, in favour of the view taken by GLADSTONE and those who think as he does—that the Government have come hopelessly and helplessly to grief between the two stools of intervention and non-intervention; that they have gone just far enough in inter-meddling to estop them from using their own sole plea of the independence of the Turk; that by their paltry, petty, peddling policy of words without weight, remonstrances without earnestness, and representations with no determined purpose behind the varnished mask of their diplomacy, they have encouraged the Turk in his obstinacy, roused and justified the distrust, and incurred the contempt of Austria and Germany, Italy and France, thrown the game into the hands of Russia, and after forcing her into a war which a bolder and a braver policy would have rendered unnecessary, put her in the best position for dictating the terms of peace when that war shall come to an end—given her the credit of having done, dared, and sacrificed all that has been done, dared, and sacrificed, in the cause of the misgoverned Christian subjects of the Turk; that, in a word, they have done everything they ought not to have done, and left undone all that they ought to have done: while so far from Russia showing as yet any disposition to attack or interfere with British interests, she has shown the most cautious determination to respect them in the widest construction of which the words are capable.

That is about the sum and substance of the Gladstonian indictment, and on that W. E. G. has arraigned the Government, in St. Stephen's first, and at Bingley Hall afterwards. The case has been heard, *tant bien que mal*, at Westminster, and has ended in a verdict for the Government. But there is an appeal from the Lower Court of Westminster to a Higher Court of Appeal—that of Public Opinion,



DILAPIDATIONS.

Architect (who has come down about the "Restoration"). "GOOD DEAL OF DRY-ROT ABOUT HERE!"
Garrulous Pew-Opener. "OH, SIR, IT AIN'T NOTHINK TO WHAT THERE IS IN THE PULPIT!!"

in which court so much of the judgment as has been as yet delivered has been against that of the Lower Court of St. Stephen's.

But let us return to our muttons of Panurge—the sheep of the Parliamentary Pen.

MR. SANFORD began by getting rid of the speech he would have spoken had he caught the SPEAKER'S eye during the debate on the Resolutions.

MR. BOURKE answered in a solemn sounding string of "words—words—words"—with no more kernel of meaning than can be got out of the assurance that when it came to settling the terms of peace he presumed we should have a voice in them. It is to be hoped so. At any rate we may trust to LORD DERRY, in any such deliberations, to represent England bravely—upon paper.

Then LORD ELCHO proceeded to air his apprehensions of war, and our unpreparedness for it, but was called to order for irrelevancy, *proh pudor!* by the O'DONOGHUE. LORD ELCHO being by the SPEAKER pronounced irrelevant, sat silent—if not corrected—through a discussion—raised by MR. DILLWYN—on the national importance of telegraphic communication between Lundy Island and the adjacent island of Great Britain. Can the price of granite and guillemots' eggs be matters of *much* national moment? Or is it of the approach of hostile fleets and invading armies that Lundy Island is to whisper to Great Britain in lightning—if not in thunder?

That matter disposed of, LORD ELCHO got up to cleanse his stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon his heart, touching England's unpreparedness for war, and said his say, till even MR. HARDY told him he had better have held his tongue. To have been rebuked for too much out-spokenness by the out-spoken Secretary for War is a distinction LORD ELCHO ought to value.

MR. HARDY said, that with the fullest sense of his responsibility, he had kept our forces on the peace footing, but not without looking to the possible contingency—not, he believed, a probable one—of war.

(But who can say what may happen with such a peace-loving, war-hating, non-committal Foreign Secretary as LORD DERRY!)

Then the House went into Supply on the Civil Service Estimates, and the cheese-parers—RYLANDS, MELLOR, and SIR GEORGE BALFOUR as lively as Mother Carey's Chickens on a dirty night—went in at

everything, from the salary of the Lord Privy Seal to the costs of Inspectors, of all sorts and sizes—Mining, Factory, Poor-Law, Sanitary, Vaccination—till, at last, PARNELL brought things to a *reductio ad absurdum* by moving to reduce by £10,000 the vote for the expenses of Vaccination, and had the pleasure of dividing—2 (himself and the faithful BIGGAR) to 115.

If Economy is to be made contemptible, commend us to its most prominent advocates in the present House of Commons. MR. DONSON ought to know better than allow his respectable name to figure in such company.

MR. MELLOR brought the cheese-paring and candle-end business to a climax of contemptibility by moving to strike off £530 (for coals, oils and candles supplied to certain offices) out of the £37,895 asked for the Office of Works.

MR. PARNELL stopped the desultory discussion at half-past twelve, on the £24,000 wanted for Secret Service Money. Ah, my worthy pair of obstructives, there is *one* appropriation from the amount asked under that name that would not be grudged—but perhaps it would want a bigger vote to do it, so *Punch* will not work out the suggestion.

The House then scuffled half-a-dozen Bills through various stages—one of them, the Bill for securing some State superintendence for the wretched Women and Children of our Canal-boat savages (for which they may bless MR. GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville first, and MR. CROSS, after him)—and finally broke up, with the happy consciousness of a first of June well begun, at half-past one.

Friday.—Till the Government has made up its mind how deep it will dip into JOHN BULL'S pocket to pay for Harbour-making, and when it has raised the money where it will spend it, it is little use for LORD C. HAMILTON or MR. BRASSEY to press the claims of Filey to have a Million spent on turning it into a Harbour of Refuge; or for MR. PRASE to show that if a Million is to be spent on Harbour-making, Tees-Bay is the place; or for MR. FRESHFIELD to urge the same claim for Dover. Every Member is bound, of course, to speak up for the rights of his own constituency to the Lion's share of any public money or public works that may be going—all the more, as Members know very well they are not likely to get it, and so may

win cheap credit for zeal on behalf of their boroughs, without any cost to the country.

BOTH SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out that a great deal of money was being spent under the Harbours and Passing Tolls Act, and that there was more where that came from, viz., in the till of the Public Works Commissioners and the pockets of those who would reap most profit from the work. LORD CLAUD had no right to expect more than 28 to 99 on his Motion.

COLONEL KINGSCOTE was Counted Out in a vain attempt to set forth the wretched state of the poorer population of the Forest of Dean, where, under the noses of wealthy private mine-owners, and the Crown, the biggest mine- and land-owner of all, a race of uncared-for savages seems to be growing up in dirt, disease and ignorance, on ever-accumulating cinder-heaps. But what cares the Collective Wisdom? Let the Local Wisdom look to it. Shall the Crown submit to be crowed over? Office of Woods forbid!

FROM THE OLD OBADIAH TO THE YOUNG OBADIAH.



CONTAINING some valuable Instruction for Youth.)

MY DEAR YOUNG OBADIAH,

IT gives me, as your Uncle and adviser, great pleasure to think that you have netted a considerable sum by acting upon the strong recommendation conveyed to you in my last letter. *Silvio* was my tip in private to you, as you well remember; and I cannot yet believe that you should have allowed almost a week to pass by

without acknowledging your gratitude to one who dandled you as a babe on his knee, and who has been more than a parent to you since you were left, by circumstances over which no one seemed to have any control, on my hands. Your father, my brother-in-law, may return in a few years' time, or he may not. Facts are stubborn things, and his attempt to set up a resemblance between himself and me—which, however, signally failed, as I was in court at the time, and in a position to personally instruct the prosecution—was unworthy of his undoubted but generally misdirected genius.

Send a P.O. order, my dear boy (*not* cheque, distinctly *not* cheque), to your old Uncle, in his retirement, and never forget that a blessing awaits those who are kind and charitable to their aged relations. Recollect it was through me that you won your money. I trust to hear from you by return. My address is legibly written at the top of this letter. And now, my dearest Nephew, let me make a few general remarks. You are commencing your career, and will benefit by my experience.

That you should have been offered a seat on LORD NEWDELL'S coach, gratified me extremely: though, at the time, you were unaware that I was of the party. It was your first appearance as a Noble Sportsman, and, I am glad to say, you did credit to our family name and ancient reputation. Your white hat and white overcoat were nearly faultless; but my fortunate discovery that Noses's ticket (marked "30s.") was still adhering to the skirt, was a bit of foresight on my part worth a fifty-pun note to you on such a day, and in such company.

But, correct as you were, and even imposing as was your appear-

ance (at some distance), yet I regret to say that, to the practised eye of an old bay-window observer like myself, you gradually fell off towards the boots, which, like the gaiters and the trousers, were evidently relics of a bygone and unsporting age. My boy, *don't half do anything*. Be dressed up to the "nines" exactly, but not merely up to the four-and-a-halves or even the fives. Also, not a fraction over the nines. Your hat, your coat (*when buttoned, mind*), your tie, and your gloves were all *de rigueur* for the Derby. But you were only attired for sitting down with your legs hidden, and had not reckoned on walking about the Course, or on being pilloried on the box of the drag, or on a corner seat at the back. *Verbum sat.*

I was pleased to notice that if you have not a fund of entertaining conversation at command, yet you are possessed of an inexhaustible store of good-humour, and have much control over your facial expression, as was proved by the really amiable smile you assumed immediately after being struck sharply, and unexpectedly, in the left eye by a well-directed pea, just as you were ogling, in a most significant but inoffensive manner, a beautiful creature in lemon gloves and a blue feather, reclining in the barouche at our side. By the way, if you *must* ogle, you should practise it before a looking-glass. To ogle as a well-bred gentleman should ogle, is an art you have yet to acquire. At present, my dear boy, you only *leer*, and it is not a pleasant sight. I will send you a little book on the subject, entitled *The Modest Ogler*. Your jokes, if not absolutely brilliant, were quite equal to those of your companions, and were intelligible to the meanest capacity. As, for instance, when, on reaching the "Cock," young DICK SQUIFFIE (do not forget that though he is only DICK SQUIFFIE now, he *will* be one of the greatest swells in these British Isles) asked you, "Is this Sutton?" and you quickly replied, "Why, yes, Sutton-ly!" It was a very fair specimen of the kind of humour to which I have already alluded. It rather lost on repetition, but will, if kept in reserve, come out once again quite fresh for next year's Derby. For my part, I hate jokes and detest puns; but on a Derby Day, when politics are out of the question, and you've got your money on, why *dulce est dissi-pere in joco*.

Your subsequent performance on a fog-horn, and your playing with squeaking dolls, which you had purchased on the race-course, were not, perhaps, in the best possible taste; but you had had quite enough lobster-salad and champagne, and the sun had been, I admit, uncommonly strong. Besides, your companions—as many of them, at least, as still remained on the drag—were not in such a state as would have given weight to their observations, even when intelligible.

The last thing I saw of you was that you were engaged in kissing your hand to a bevy of elderly damsels in a van, before you succumbed to drowsiness, when you reclined on the roof, and slept with your head in a hamper. As the grooms were looking after you, I retired quietly to the interior of the coach, and meditated on the events of the day.

Take these remarks in good part, my dear boy, as I am anxious for you in your new career. It isn't often that a nephew has an Uncle who not only *knows the ropes*, but knows where to *draw the line*; and every line I send you is worth its weight in bullion. *A propos* of bullion, do not forget P.O. order for per-centage on the *Silvio* tip, for which you have to thank

Your ever affectionate Uncle,

THE OLD OBADIAH.

P.S.—Not a word to your Aunt. I respect her scruples.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Reports to the Editor, after visiting the Lyceum, the Gaiety, and the Opera.

SIR,—There is a portent in the theatrical world. MR. CHARLES READE, author of *The Wandering Heir* and *The Scuttled Ship*, has given us an exciting melodrama whose sole fault, in the eyes of an appreciative public, is—its brevity!

The *Lyons Mail*, as the new version is called, is, in some respects, an improvement on the former one written by MR. READE for the Princess's in CHARLES KEAN'S time. For instance, much more in this present piece is made of *Julie, Lesurques'* daughter, of *Jeannette, Dubosc's* wife, and of *Jerome, Lesurques'* father, than in the former adaptation. But these characters, it seems to me, have been strengthened somewhat at the expense of the dual parts of *Lesurques* and *Dubosc*, both forcibly played by MR. IRVING. MR. READE, however, has given us an additional scene between *Jerome* and his son, which is at once the most powerfully written and most admirably acted scene of the play; and here, while the weight of the dialogue is borne by MR. T. MEAD (whose performance of old *Jerome* is excellent throughout), the force of the acting, of varying emotions increasing in painful intensity at every moment, is entirely in the hands of MR. IRVING, and, to my mind, this "bit" is the best thing he has

ever done. Those who have seen his bye-play in *Richard the Third* while listening to *Margaret's* curse, can form some idea of how this artist would develop his part in such a situation as this, where, innocent of crime, he is accused by his own father of murder and of attempted parricide, and, finally, is upbraided by him as a coward, because he refuses to commit suicide, in order to save the family name from the ignominy of the scaffold.

The change from *Lesurques* to *Dubosc* is startling. MR. IRVING'S *Dubosc* might bear a little toning down—a slight graduating where the outlines of *Dubosc* and *Lesurques* touch, so that there should be more blending of the *physique* of the two characters. Sharp little boy *Joliquet*, at the Inn, would, probably, have distinguished between the amiable, smiling traveller and the rough, gruff, scowling brute who addresses him within two minutes after the first has left. True that the wife, *Jeannette*, has been deceived by the close resemblance of *Lesurques* to *Dubosc*, but then she alludes to what she supposes to be his disguise in "fine clothes" at his house on the Boulevard Montmartre. *Joliquet*, the boy, has not had time, or opportunity, to consider this, and I think a point has certainly been lost by MR. IRVING in not making in this scene, at all events, some more marked, but purely accidental, resemblance in dress and in arrangement of hair, between *Dubosc* and *Lesurques*; such, I mean, as would naturally induce not only *Joliquet's* mistake, but also that of *Jerome*, *Lesurques's* father.

MISS ISABEL BATEMAN has never been seen to greater advantage than as *Jeannette*, the wife of *Dubosc*; and as for MISS VIRGINIA, she was a perfect picture of the fashion under the Directory.

I cannot dismiss this without recurring to an admirably studied point in MR. IRVING'S *Dubosc*. In his dealings with the gang the Actor never loses sight of his being "the Captain." He arranges the plan of the robbery of the mail, he disposes his forces with as much decision as *Richard* showed on the eve of Bosworth. Then on the spot *Dubosc* is cool and collected. His enormous draughts of brandy have had no effect on his head or his hand. He takes up his vantage-ground as if it were a quiet corner in a *battue*, and quietly has a pot-shot at the guard and driver. As he has arranged it, so he carries it out. The other robbers fumble and fuss. He becomes impatient with their mode of doing business; his idea clearly is that, after all, collaboration in such a crime is almost useless, and that, if you really want a thing well done, you had better by far do it yourself. The only accomplice at all necessary to him is *Durochat*, the traveller in the mail, played by a gentleman appropriately named MR. HERRS—and this Mister helps considerably. In the last Act, where it is all *Dubosc*—*Dubosc* drunk, mad, delirious with savage joy at the prospect of seeing the innocent suffer for the guilty, fiendish as *Quilp*, brutal as *Macaire* to *Jacques Strop* (who finds a parallel in *Fougnard*, carefully played by MR. J. ARCHER), and, finally, *Dubosc*, like some wild animal at bay, desperately struggling for existence—MR. IRVING gives such a picture as will never be effaced from the spectator's memory. The brutality of this scene is so appalling that I do not wonder at the hearty cheer which arose from the house at the re-appearance of MR. IRVING as the noble, honest, gentle *Lesurques*, to replace the wretch whom they had seen, but a few seconds before, hide behind the door, prepared to sell his life dearly. That *The Lyons Mail* is a real success goes without saying.

Across the road to the Gaiety is but a step. Here the French company was, last week, playing *L'Ami Fritz*, and, once again, though the *artistes*, headed by M. FREDERIC FEBVRE and Mlle. ALICE LODY, come from the Comédie Française, from the Ambigu, the Porte St. Martin, the Châtelet, the Gymnase, the Odéon, and the Gaité, yet the *ensemble* of the performance was as perfect as if they had been all playing together for the last fifty nights. That *L'Ami Fritz* lacks incident and action, everyone interested in the French Stage knows by this time. But, though to my mind there is too much harping on one string, it is a refreshing piece, with an air of the country breathing about it, and its success in Paris afforded pleasant and not needless proof that thoroughly good acting, an intelligent choice and unvulgar treatment of even small and unexciting incidents, and natural dialogue, will carry a simple and pure story to a triumphant issue. The speeches are perhaps occasionally too lengthy, but then these occur invariably in the Rabbi's part, who is professionally a preacher. Mlle. ALICE LODY, as sweet *Suzel*, like too many French *ingénues*, is just a thought too ingenuous; she has a way of "priming" up her lips, a little too suggestive of "prunes" and "prism." The thought will intrude that she is not altogether too innocent to have conceived the idea of trapping *Friend Fritz*, and the thought naturally follows, how long will it be before he repents of his matrimonial plunge, and justifies the ridicule of his old bachelor chums?

M. FREDERIC FEBVRE as *Friend Fritz* was inimitable; while MADAME MAES, as the old housekeeper *Catherine*, and MADAME GODIN, in *Lisbet* the maid, small as the parts may be, are the very thing represented, and help out the completeness of the performance most materially.

M. FEBVRE'S *Marcel*—in the piece which we have had Englished in

at least two forms—is a wonderfully pathetic and powerful presentation of a mind shattered by a great sorrow, and the acting throughout was in startling contrast with what we have seen in the English adaptations of the little drama.

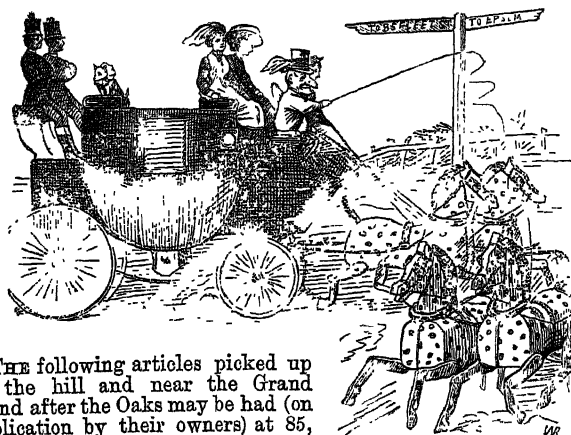
MR. HOLLINGSHEAD gives us a long list of French plays in prospect, with first-rate *artistes* to act in them.

Before this letter appears, THÉRÉSA will have made her bow to the audience on the 4th of June (the great Etonian holiday), and is to remain with us till the 18th, when comes ever-welcome CHAUMONT with things new and old.

At Covent Garden, PATTI'S *Zerlina*, in *Don Giovanni*, was, as usual, a triumph. On the *Tannhäuser* night, RICHARD WAGNER and MADAME MATERNA were in the house, but RICHARD (who seemed quite himself again) left after the Second Act. ALBANI was charming. Of course we are all longing to hear that Mlle. TITIENS is out of danger. It was but the other evening I saw her in excellent health and spirits, apparently, at the Albert Hall listening to the Music of the Future. SIGNOR GAYARRE has got rid of his accent—I mean the accent that was placed on his "E"—and looks and sings as well as ever, at least, this is the opinion, *quantum valeat*, of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

FOUND AT EPSOM.



THE following articles picked up on the hill and near the Grand Stand after the Oaks may be had (on application by their owners) at 85, Fleet Street:—

A Letter of Thanks in Turkish, signed "ABDUL," and addressed "To the sweet singing Bulbul of the House of Lords."

A Pig-tail standing on end, apparently cut from its roots while the wearer was in a state of bewilderment; also a willow-pattern plate, the bottom of which has evidently been used as an extemporised note-book, being covered with hastily written remarks in the Chinese character on the English ditto. (Mr. Punch's own sergeant has served in the East, and understands the language of the Flowery Land.)

A Total Abstinence's Pledge unsigned, bound up, with a pocket edition of Joe Miller, in a handsome case, inscribed "from SIR W. L. to MAJOR O'G., M.P." and the quotation—

— "Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

A Large Bag full of grotesque masks and false noses, with a paper pinned to the bag, "I have collected these articles which I have but too much reason to believe are sold, bought and worn at Epsom Races by Jesuits, for purposes of disguise," signed "G. H. W., Peterborough."

A Box containing a set of house-breaking apparatus and several works of devotion, in a neat case, with the initials "A. T., Sacerdos," and the inscription, "for use at St. James's, Hatcham;" the books bear the Papal *imprimatur*, and are printed at Rome.

A Packet of General Orders signed "GEORGE" with marginal notes of objections to them, apparently raised by their author. Internal evidence would suggest that the owner is a high official at the Horse Guards.

A much thumbed copy of *The Young Navigator's Manual*, dealing with nautical matters in an elementary manner, with inscription on the fly-leaf "First L.'s room, Ad. Office, Whitehall."

Proof-sheets of a pamphlet upon *Horse Racing from the Earliest Times, with some account of the latest Epsom Atrocities*, initialed "W. E. G."

A MS., with the title *Notes on Shakspeare: No. 18. On the character of Juliet's Nurse's husband—showing that his merriment was but the mask of a deep seriousness*. And another, marked No. 19, *Inquiries into the Attitude of a Chopine*. (See *Hamlet's* speech to the Players.) Addressed to the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*.



WORLDLY WISE.

First Mother of Daughters. "HAVE YOU CALLED ON THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES YET?"

Second Ditto. "YES, I HEARD THEY WERE GOING TO GIVE A BALL, AND SO I CALLED LAST SATURDAY."

First Ditto (in a tone of superiority). "AH! I HEARD THAT THE BALL WAS NOT COMING OFF, AND SO I DIDN'T!"

"QUIS TULERIT GRACCHOS DE SEDITIONE QUERENTES?"

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is astonished that *Punch* should have quoted MR. FORSYTH'S attribution of the description of the *P. M. G.*,—"a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—to those who started the paper, and not to THACKERAY, the author of both name and description. No doubt MR. FORSYTH thought, as *Punch* did, that when the projectors of the *Gazette* took its name from THACKERAY, they wished to be understood as taking also the character he had coupled with it. It is true they have done their best of late to remove this impression by the rabidness of their attacks on those who differ with them about the Eastern Question, and the recklessness with which they ascribe motives, and attach abusive epithets to their opponents. They have in fact made their disclaimer of THACKERAY'S description superfluous.

But the funniest thing is to find these flingers of hard names and harsh imputations complaining, in a late number, of "the essential want of generosity of that party who, not content with adhering to their own narrow view of a great question, refuse even to admit the possibility that the view of their opponents may be the true one, and to judge fairly of their conduct by the light of that consideration."

When has the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in dealing with this question, set an example of this generous appreciation of the policy, motives, or conduct of those who in this matter would rather be wrong, if wrong they must be, with MR. GLADSTONE, than right, if right they can be, with the *Pall Mall Gazette*?

A League of Separation.

(*A propos of the last new Union for the Separation of Church and State, set on foot by the REV. MR. MACKONOCHE and his friends.*)

BRED of priestly impatience with law and its tether,
This Ritual move leaves plain sense in the lurch.
Leagues till now have been formed to keep Churches together;
But this is a League for dividing the Church!

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

WITH the revival of the Old Coaching Days (we are becoming a trifle tired of steam) highway robberies are once more coming into fashion.

There have been two or three lately, but the Knights of the Road do not, evidently, as yet know their business. The Highway-men were, we regret to say, *on foot*! These degenerate successors of the eminent CLAUDE DU VAL and the gallant CAPTAIN MACHEATHS of a later period wore masks, which was very considerate of them, but there was no gold embroidery on their coats, no long boots and buckskin breeches, and, in fact, they had omitted to go previously to MR. MAX, the theatrical costumier, to consult him on the correct costume. And they were so stupidly practical and so vulgarly unromantic! In one instance there were two ladies in a carriage with an elderly gentleman (the servants are not mentioned, but there was no *coranto* or *minuet de la cour* danced on the heath! No; they simply presented pistols, offered the choice of "money or life," and decamped with all they could get. Another set stopped an Auctioneer. Why, here was a chance for some fun! They might have made him value his own watch and chain, and have bid among themselves! With just one redeeming spark of humour, they knocked the Auctioneer down—the Auctioneer having been previously accustomed to *knock down a lot*, was naturally surprised to find a *lot* knocking him down—and, at their *bidding* (another touch of humour) he gave up £260. But the ungentlemanly ruffians ill-treated him, and bound him hand and foot with ropes. The report in the newspaper adds that "his cries brought a policeman to his assistance about two hours afterwards." This happened near Keighley. Where were the Keighley Guardians? And where are the mounted constabulary?

SORS HORATIANA.

(*Campaign on the Danube.*)

"Russicus expectat dum defuit amnis."



“FIAT EXPERIMENTUM—!”

BRITANNIA. “ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST MADE HIS DÉBUT ON THE DANUBE, AND TO WHOM YOU AND I WILL, I RATHER THINK, HAVE A GOOD DEAL TO SAY.”

VESTMENTS AND LAWN SLEEVES.



THE *Morning Post* reports an "Important meeting of High Churchmen," in number above 300, "held, under CANON CARTER'S presidency," on the Derby Day, in the Westminster Palace Hotel, whereat:—

"A resolution pledging the meeting to resist absolutely the secular judgments of the new Lambeth Court and the Court of Final Appeal, is said to have been carried with remarkable enthusiasm and unanticipated unanimity. The meeting, after three hours' session, closed with the episcopal benediction."

Who gave it? No Bishop appears to have been present. Surely CANON CARTER could not have undertaken to play the part of one. How then could these rebels against episcopacy have possibly got an "episcopal benediction." The Ritualists are supposed not to have a Bishop to bless themselves.

AT THE SERVICE OF ULYSSES.

(On his Travels.)

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT a few days since, in returning thanks for his health at a Manchester banquet, admitted that he liked his speeches like his drinks—short and strong, but that he hated the work of talking, even under these conditions.

Mr. *Punch*, always anxious to serve an illustrious visitor, begs to present the General with a few outline orations that may be useful to him. He trusts he will appreciate the spice of local colour he has tried to throw in, to take off the air of preparation, and give an extempore and offhand style to the General's utterances.

Reply to a Corporation Address.

Gentlemen,—It is the custom to lassoo royal personages and other less distinguished visitors with a string of platitudes and pomposities, drawn up by the Town Clerk, or Recorder where there is one, and flung at the head of the object of Corporate civility. I can't escape, and I don't complain. When in Rome do as Rome does. I have. You have slicked me down. I have stood quiet to be slicked down. Thanks—now you can get out of your red gowns and big talk, and re-enter the region of rational remark, and the coat, vest, and pants of private life.

Speech on Receipt of the Freedom of the City of London.

My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,—I know you like this big place of yours to be called "the first city of the world." According to usage, I beg to declare London some pumpkins in the way of bigness, business, and bunkum. You have given me a lot of rights which I don't understand, and which I guess you never expect me to exercise. You mean it civilly, and I thank you. And now, Gentlemen, (with my Lord Mayor's permission), we will turn to for a big dinner and a big drink in genuine Mansion House style, though I guess you can't cut out DELMONICO'S.

Speech after a Visit to the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Chairman and Directors,—You have shown me an almighty big greenhouse, some considerable plaster casts, and an all-fired, handsome garden, and I don't know which I conclude to like best, your waterworks or firework fixings. On the other hand, I have shown myself on your account to a big crowd of the shilling public. I trust (as I understand on all hands that your establishment is deserving of more support than it gets), that the money taken at the doors on this interesting occasion will more than defray expenses, and that the result of this, and similar national and patriotic ovations, may be sensibly felt in your dividends.

Reply to Deputations of several Societies.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—You have come to see me with the view of trotting out your various hobbies. I am used to that sort of thing at home. I guess you'd rather talk yourselves than listen to me. I'm quite agreeable. So fire away, and I trust your orations will be reported to your entire satisfaction in to-morrow's papers.

Reply to the Leo-Hunters.

My pushing Friends,—You are most anxious to have the showing of this child among the Lions of the Season. I should have supposed the Zoological Gardens the rightest place for an exhibition of

the animal in question. However, as "living celebrities" are a step in advance of "old china," in the way of rational interest, I have concluded to come and be stared at in as many drawing-rooms as I can find time and temper for. Only don't crowd a feller out of all elbow-room when the hot weather comes—if there's any on the road—or I shall think it's White House over again.

Speech at a City Banquet.

Gentlemen,—It has given me great pleasure to assist at your almighty big feed. I hear that it has been proposed to ask Parliament to look into the way you spend your revenues. All I can say is, that if you are as spry on your duties as on your dinners, I think it will be hard to make out a case against you.

Reply to several Deputations of Rival Home-Rulers.

Representatives of a down-trodden Race,—You have done me the honour to bullyrag JOHN BULL for the glorification of UNCLE SAM. Since I came I have watched your conduct in the British House of Commons, and I should think from what I've seen of the Home-Rulers in that location that the Irish House will be a lively school of oratory, and an almighty smart place of business, when you get it. In our country we know a thing or two about the worth of the Irish Agitator and the weight of the Irish vote. However, I shall be happy to reciprocate—especially with the Major. My liquor is old Bourbon, but I've no objection to John Jamieson.

Oration to the Citizens of London in General.

Good-natured Cusses,—You have shouted after me till you are hoarse, and crowded me up till I feel as limp as a Fourth of July Orator, or a Senator on the stump. But so you did that all-fired savage the SHAN; and so you would, I guess, any big bug that came among you. However, Irish Editors and Native Spread-Eaglers notwithstanding, it's a fact your right-down American cousins do kind of cotton to the British branch of the family, and I see no reason to doubt that you Britishers will really like us if you ever come to our real grit. And why shouldn't we like each other? We've one tongue, one past of famous men and glorious associations, one future of rational progress and law-abiding liberty. We're pretty much made to the same gauge, and of the same scantling.

So, on behalf of the Young Giant I represent, I beg to thank the Old Mother Country for my reception. I hope you are as well pleased with your guest, as he has every reason to be with his entertainers, and that we shall neither of us be such darned fools as to quarrel on our own account, or such gonies as to let any set of mean cusses drag us into a row on theirs. That's about the whole of what I've got to say—except good-bye, and God bless you!

GRAVE MISDEMEANOUR.

COINCIDENTLY with the "Penge Mystery," there appears to have occurred a similar "mystery" in the Isle of Wight, wherein the *Times* refers as follows to an alleged

"CASE OF STARVATION.—With regard to the case of alleged starvation in the Isle of Wight workhouse, about which a question was lately put in the House of Commons, the guardians yesterday received a letter from the Local Government Board, stating that the evidence before them confirmed the effect of the verdict at the coroner's inquest that deceased died from starvation. Two nurses are discharged, the master is censured, the medical officer requested to resign, and his deputy debarred from further employment in any similar capacity."

This is very severe. If, for the alleged starvation of a mere pauper, officials are actually censured and even sent about their business, no wonder that people accused of having starved a respectable person are committed to take their trial for murder.

Imperfect Accoutrements.

A DAILY contemporary—not an Irish one—animadverting on the unreadiness of the British Army observes that:—

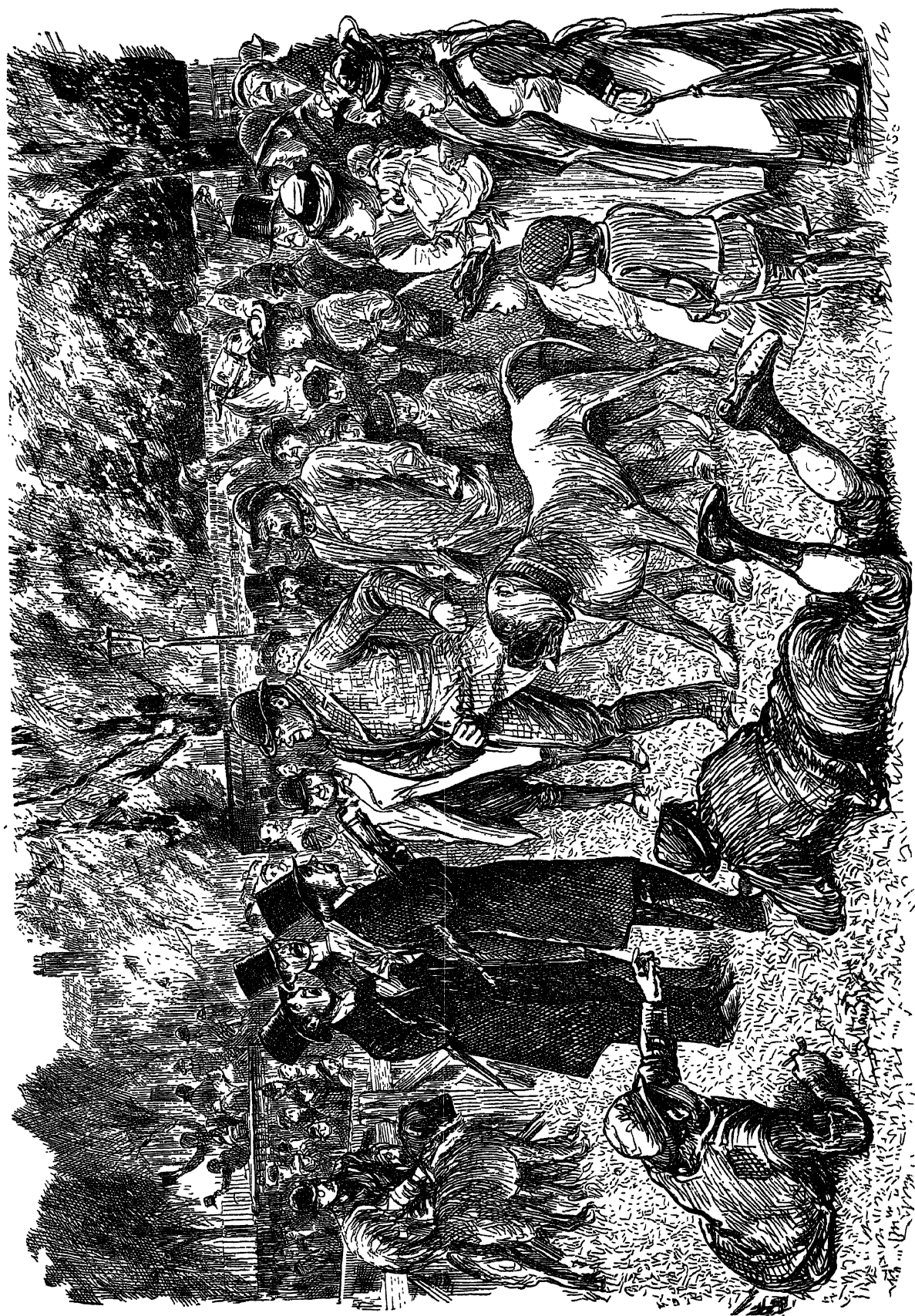
"For want of those pence, shillings, and pounds, in which England abounds more than any other country, we find our soldiers are few, that they have no gaiters and no buttons to them."

This is a little too hard upon the War Office. How could the troops possibly have any buttons to no gaiters?

A Query from the Danube.

TORPEDO, of the future's naval task,
Has won the Master's place. Should proof be needed,
To whom but to a Master, *Punch* would ask,
Is power to blow up Monitors conceded?

STUFF AND NONSENSE.—A City Banquet, and the speeches after it.



WHITSUNTIDE HUMOURS.

Holiday Maker (to Open-Air Preacher). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, JUST KETCH 'OLD O' THIS YER DOG, WILL YER, WHILE ME AN' MY MATE GETS A DROP O' BEER? 'OLD HIM TIGHT, AN' IF HE TRIES TO FOLLER US, OR GETS UP ANY OF 'IS LARKS, IT 'IM ONE OVER THE 'ED WITH YER RUMBERELLER. I WON'T BE MORE'N FIVE MINUTES!"

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Forwarded as usual by Private Wire.)*



3 P.M.—They are gaining on us! Their notes since their awful repast are quite changed. I can detect in their howls the notes of the various compositions they have swallowed. Above all, I hear the highest note (by two wolves in unison) of the "*Suoni la Tromba!*" . . . I shall write an Opera if I ever get out of this sleigh alive! . . . It will be *Maseppa!* and in one Act a panorama of his wild career, with such orchestration for the wolves as the world has never heard. Early application from music-publishers necessary. . . Cry from the Boy in the rumble. . . "Oh!" It

is a cry of agony. . . A wolf, in advance of the rest, has come up with him. The Boy, overdosed with buns, was asleep as he sat leaning forward with his head on the hood. Like Achilles, here was one vulnerable point. The wolf saw it! . . .

Halt!—for one instant. Unfair Circassian fainting, Sleigh-driver invisible in his capes. The boot suddenly opens. Pig out furious; flies at wolf. Wolf, a young one, astonished at Pig—never seen a pig before. Deadly encounter. Wolf floored. Triumph. Dance of everybody in the snow. Fireworks. *Wickski* for Pig. *Wickski* all round. Onward! . . . Wolves eat their companion. . . . Another respite.

5'30.—Donkey and Horse dead beat. If they stop, we are lost. They are panting, lame, limping!! Ha! The private telegraph wire with battery! Attach it to Horse and Donkey. Wire in! Work the battery. Send startling messages to both of them. On they go by electricity! Steam surpassed!!! Saved! Saved!—for the present.

8.—Dinner-time. Still flying onwards. Wolves distanced. Ha! The towers of the old Cathedral of St. Vitus within four miles!!

8'15.—Horror! Wire broken connecting Horse and Donkey. Donkey drops down dead. On examination we find that he has been defunct for some hours past, but his muscular power has been kept in action by the electricity. We leave him for the wolves. On again! On further examination I ascertain, having been something of a Vet in my time, that the horse also has been dead some hours, but the electric current is still passing through the wire to him, and so the muscular action is kept up. This gives the lie to the old Russian proverb about "*no use trying to drive a dead horse.*" I am doing so, and we could win a Derby like this. What a subject for a legendary poem! The Flying Phantom on the Dead Horse! I must send it to WAGNER. He would have preferred it to the *Flying Dutchman*. (I make this note in my Diary with my hands frozen as we gallop onward in the moonlight.)

10.—Night. Moon shining. Battery getting weaker and weaker. Horse consequently more and more feeble. Wolves gaining on us. Now—how about throwing over the children as they did in the story? The Fair Circassian suggests giving the Pig to the wolves. I open the boot. The Pig has overheard us. He has the letters of the Alphabet before him and has spelt out "*No, please don't!*" Touching scene. Reminds me of *Arthur* and *Hubert* in the Tower. *Arthur* (by Learned Pig), *Hubert* (by Myself). This will be a good interlude when the Circus is once started. Would tell in the season at the Egyptian Hall. Music. "*Woodman spare that Pig!*" . . . Wolves on us. . . The towers of *Gladitzova* in sight. . . Electricity stopping. Horse dropping. . . Children must be thrown over, or the Unfair Circassian. . . Begin with Sleigh-driver's Boy. . . Sleigh-driver's Boy suggests beginning with Sleigh-driver. . . The wolves are within two-hundred yards of us. . . It must be done. . . The Sleigh-driver has five capes, a thick fur coat, and a whip. . . With the whip he can defend himself, and the wolves will be a long time before they get through his capes, his boots, and at him. . . Wolves within one hundred

* Next week we shall have something to say about Private Wire. At present we can only guardedly remark that we think a Private Wire is a Wonderful Invention.—Ed.

yards. . . . One wild cry. . . . A struggle. . . . 'Tis done!!! . . .

Gladitzova at last! At the gate of the town the electric battery bursts. The faithful Circus Horse drops. Alas! poor *Black Bess!* Thou wert a gay lass! Better mare was never foaled! Ah! what a chance I've lost in not being able to play *Dick Turpin's Ride to Khiva!* Well, well, thou wert eighteenthpence an hour, and the contract was, distinctly, from London to Khiva. Thy master will lose his money, for thou, O gallant mare, hast broken the contract, and my heart! *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and I do not pay thine owner, my sweet *Black Bess!* Peace to thy manes!—I mean thy mane, for thou hadst but one.

And the Sleigh-driver! He was to have reported himself to the livery stable at *Gladitzova*—but he cannot do so now. Poor fellow! I was to have paid and discharged him at Khiva, and here we are at *Gladitzova*, only a few miles from our ultimate destination, and he has broken his agreement through being eaten by the wolves, and I have therefore no one to pay. Such is life! I explained all this to the livery stable-keeper here, who is in correspondence with my Sleigh-owner at St. Petersburg. We shall only stop here a night just to give one performance with the Learned Pig, the Hairless Circassian, and Our Boys, for the benefit of the Wanderers' Home. Then on to Khiva. We expect to be at Khiva early to-morrow.

My beard and moustache are still in icicles. On applying hot water to my face, it caused my head to swell out suddenly to the size of a pantomime mask. This will be useful in the Circus entertainment, but I can't go out till night time. However, it's good for business. The hair of Our Boys is quite white by now. They are premature old men. Ah me! a thing to shudder at, not to see. On to Khiva. Where's cheque?

I have just walked round the ramparts. In the distance I can see Khiva. It is within a walk. But I am bound to ride—not walk—to Khiva, and I am a man of my word.

FOR OUR "TWO GENTLEMEN."

THE HORSE AND HIS OWNER.

(Slightly altered from SHAKESPEARE'S.)

Who is *Silvio*? What is he,
That tips nor touts commend him?
Flyer both and stayer he,
And luck did ARCHER send him,
That well-riden he might be!

Was he fit as he was fair,
Whence the tipsters' blindness?
Blair Athol's son by *Silverhair*
Might have earned more kindness
Than twelve to one, and backers rare!

Then to *Silvio* let us sing,
The Derby field excelling:
And LORD FALMOUTH, runner fair
As in England's dwelling—
To both their Blue Ribbon bring!



SABBATH-BREAKING.

Scotch Cook. "WHISHT! THERE'S MASTER WHUSTLIN' O' THE SAUBATH! LOSE SAVE US! AN' 'MAGGIE LAUDER,' TOO!"

A VOICE FROM "GIB."

WE are, thank Heaven, familiar in these days with all sorts of kindly movements for all sorts of improvements in the lot of all sorts of people, from Cabmen and Costermongers upwards. But few classes have profited more by this kindness of the time than our Soldiers. In our home barracks reading and recreation-rooms, but lately altogether unknown, are now the rule rather than the exception. On Stations abroad, as such resorts for leisure hours are more needed than at home, *Punch* had supposed that they were quite as common as in British barracks. What was his surprise to learn, the other day, that there is no such thing as a soldiers' reading and recreation-room at Gibraltar, with its garrison of more than five thousand men, its oppressive climate, its temptations to vice and excess, and the exclusion of its garrison from most of the out-door amusements accessible to the soldier at home and in our more temperate colonies and dependencies!

There is a movement on foot for supplying this strange sin of omission, which *Punch* presumes has but to be known to be put an end to. A "Gib. cat" is a recognised symbol of melancholy, and a "Gib. soldier" is not the image a man would choose to convey the idea of joyousness. But though the Rock is not a "*quartiere allegro*," any more than the *Rock* is a joyous newspaper, under the best of circumstances, the cut of its jib would be materially improved by an "Institute," (if that imposing word is the right one to use of a modest place of resort for the soldier when off duty,) with reading and recreation-rooms where he can join in unobjectionable games, and a coffee and refreshment-room where he can empty any number of the cups that cheer but not inebriate. For his own part, *Punch* sees no objection to the provision of wholesome beer or light wines as well. But probably the canteen-keepers have a vested monopoly in these, within barrack bounds, and would object to the granting of any licence for even the wholesomest form of tipples on which a man could get drunk even under the most insuperable difficulties.

Punch has only had to receive notice of such a want to give it the benefit of his world-wide *rooti-too-it*, and to add that donations may be sent to the Treasurer, CAPTAIN M. WILBRAHAM TAYLOR, Rifle Brigade, Gibraltar, or to the credit of the Soldiers' Institute, Gibraltar, at MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN & Co., 54, Lombard Street, or MESSRS. RANSOM, BOUVIER & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S. W.

FORBIDDEN FRUITS.—Those of Philosophy à la BRADLAUGH.

A POET ON SPELLING.

"I am not afraid of ridicule, and I have a strong opinion on the spelling question. I cannot be present at your meeting, but you are quite welcome to my opinion. There are, I am informed, thirty-nine sounds in the English language. There are twenty-four letters. I think that each letter should represent one sound, that fifteen new letters should be added, so that there be a letter for every sound, and that every one should write as he speaks.—*Mr. Lowe's Letter read at the Conference on Spelling Reform, held at the Society of Arts, Adelphi.*

RASH man, refrain! These are momentous times
For poets. Muffs are meddling with our rhymes.
Is 't not enough that measure's set aside,
And every ancient rule of rhythm defied,
By that amorphous lunatic WALT WHITMAN,
But that the likes of MR. ISAAC PITMAN
Must make a raid on rhymes, and CADMUS-LOWE
Add fifteen brand-new letters at a blow
To our redundant alphabet? Thirty-nine!
An ominous number. Ask a shrewd divine.
'Twill tend to strife if the phonetic particles
Are made co-numerous with the Church's Articles.
The very prospect fills me with affright;
I've now an inkling when my rhymes are right,
But right from wrong I'm sure there'll be no telling,
If PITMAN plays the mischief with our spelling;
What pleasure would e'en MILTON's muse afford,
His spells reshaped by an ARTEMUS WARD!
Would gentle readers waste their sighs or shillings
On BYRON, if phoneticised by BILLINGS?
What bard would care to write of Love, if he
Were bound to spell it with an l-u-v?
Who'd pipe of ladies i's? Who'd not refuse
To invoke a crabbéd creature called the Muz?
And where's the amorous bard could be so stupid
As chant the praises of a god named Qpid?
Absurd! Methinks on poet's page I gaze,
No fair trim garden, but a tangled maze
Of typographic tongue-traps. And for what?
To save young spellists trouble! Horrid rot!
MÜLLER may mouth, and BIKKERS vaunt how much
Our spelling falls below his crackjaw Dutch:
PITMAN may swear "e-a" defies all law—
(His favourite vocable should be "e-haw!");
ELLIS may make his "Glossic" system known,
And SWEET be very sweet upon his own;
'Tis nice to know the rival hobbies clash—
One hopes the tilt may end in general smash—
It will not do. Bards must not have their lines
Defaced by diacritic marks and signs,
Or spoilt by comic spelling. Learned bores,
Drive not the sickened Muses from our shores!
They're put up with doubtful etymology,
They do not care a fraction for philology,
But they must leave Old England, with regret,
If Lowe lays hands upon her Alphabet;
And far from the Adelphi make their dwelling
If PITMAN sets his spell upon her spelling.

THE HOMOEOPATHY OF WAR.—Treating a revolting tribe with revolting cruelty.

NAME OF THE DEFEATED DERBY FAVOURITE (*adapted to English pronunciation, by a disgusted Backer*).—*Sham'un.*

AN EXPLANATION.

THE Editor of *London* begs *Punch* to remove an impression which the Editor thinks may be left by a paragraph in a late "Essence of Parliament," that a parody on WORDSWORTH'S "*We are Seven*," quoted by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in the debate on MR. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, had been actually sent to *Punch* and rejected by him. What *Punch* meant was not that the parody had been consigned to his waste-paper-basket, but that it was of the quality that usually finds its way to that well-filled receptacle. He thought when he wrote this that the lines were SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE'S own. Had he known they had actually appeared in *London*, he would have guarded himself more carefully against the misinterpretation which has been put on his very innocently meant bit of chaff.

SUNDAY OUT.



Bound for an "outing," to the flowery plains
South of the Thames, Barnes, Mortlake, Sheen, and Kew,
Richmond, and Bushey Park, and Hampton Court,
Where yet some hedgerows spring, and Commons spread
Exempt from bricks-and-mortar. Happy crowds!
How the fresh air invigorates their frames,

AY hath departed.
June's long
wished-for sun,
Late owing to the
Day that bears
his name,
Shines brightly as
the Sun on Sun-
day should.
Now the suburban
Lover of his Kind
Delights to view
the loaded omni-
bus,
The close-crammed
boat, and over-
crowded train,
Conveying freights
of London folk,
released
From desk, shop,
warehouse, scene
of week-day toil,

Whilst heavenly influence on their smoky souls
Streams in from fields and flowers. And what if they,
Mostly, from roll of leaf convolved, or bowl
Of meerschaum, briar-root, or humbler clay,
Where'er they go Nicotian fumes exhale,
And whiff graveolence on the balmy breeze?
Fastidious Dandy, keep thy nose between
Them and the Zephyr. Bless them! Pleasing sight
The People, at each roadside hostelry
Recruiting, *bonâ fide* travellers,
Attested such by posies in their hands
Of wild flowers newly gathered, branches green,
And blooming hawthorn or horsechestnut boughs,
Fresh rent from tree and hedge in park or lane.
How nice and pretty, coming o'er the Bridge
At eve to meet them, bringing bits of leaf
And blossom back, to brighten their poor homes!
Nipped they but bits and bunches, "Oh, how nice!"
And "Oh, how pretty!" 'twere 'enow to say.
But, in their thousands, stripping hedge and tree
Of bough and branch, with pull succeeding pull,
They'll soon go far to leave nor tree nor hedge
In London's peopled suburbs. There's the thought
That something checks the gush of sympathy,
And taints its milk with gall. It pains the man
Who loves his Kind, to see that Kind behave
Only too like stray donkeys, or wild swine,
That root and ravage, grub up, and tear down,
Whate'er comes in their way. Such woful spoil,
Such grievous havoc, urge e'en Freedom's friend
To wish that ROBERT might patrol the vales,
ROBERT in blue, with guardian truncheon armed,
To fend them from deflowering Cockneydom!

MORE INJURIOUS INSECTS.

LAST week a Conference was held, at the rooms of the Society of Arts, on Insects injurious to Agriculture. After much useful discussion, it was decided that the Privy Council should be requested to take the matter into serious consideration with a view to the suppression of the objectionable parasites. *Mr. Punch* ever ready to take a valuable hint likely to be of service to his fellows, suggests that a Conference should also be held on insects just as injurious to society as the *Phylloxera* to the vine, or the Colorado *Doryphorus* to the potato. He subjoins a few examples of the most noxious genera of these social insect-plagues.

The Home Hornet uses its very virulent venom in stinging all it comes in contact with. Its poison, of which the principle is the intensely acrid *Sarcosma malitiosum*, has been known to produce very serious effects on nervous and weakly temperaments. Luckily, it is as cowardly as it is offensive, and so may be easily frightened off for the moment, but only to resume its annoyance on the first opportunity.

The Visiting Drone. This creature is almost singular in creation, for no one has yet ascertained what useful purpose it serves in the scheme of the universe. So far as its habits have been studied, it seems to employ itself entirely in impeding the labours of others. With this object it is to be found infesting the rooms of authors, artists, actors, and other busy people, particularly the more easy-going and amusing businesses and crafts. When it has once been allowed to establish a *habitat*, it will be found most difficult to get rid of.

The Friendly Locust. This parasitic insect generally makes its appearance about meal-times. If not at once supplied with food, it will stay buzzing about the drawing-room, till it sees the family on the move for the dining-room, when it will attempt to follow them. Loaded wine and badly-cooked food will sometimes (but by no means always) relieve those who suffer from this obnoxious and persevering insect.

The Money-Lending Spider. This horrible creature's favourite habitat is in back-streets leading out of fashionable thoroughfares. It also haunts the advertisement columns of the newspapers. It feeds upon the softer genera of flies, whose blood it sucks with avidity, and in an incredibly short time. It can be easily detected by its sixty per cent.

The Wearisome Worm. This insect infests club-rooms, watering-places, parties, promenades, and indeed all crowded social gatherings. In such places it is very apt to settle on the arm, or even, in cases of the bolder species, the button-hole, of its incautious victim. It is difficult to shake off, but its sting is more irritating than really painful.

The Garrulous Gaddy. This insect has many of the peculiarities of the Visiting Drone. During its erratic flight from place to place, it deposits eggs, which afterwards develop into swarms of winged *Scandala gossipiensis*, an ephemeral insect furnished with an

ingenious prehensile machinery, besides a peculiarly injurious poison, and a sharp sting. Altogether a creature more formidably equipped for mischief it would be difficult to find.

The Libellous Flea.—Another insect of the Drone order: variety, *vitiosissima*. It delights in hopping from place to place, leaving its characteristic drop of venom as it goes. It is difficult to trace, and harder to destroy, but no opportunity should be lost of diminishing the breed of this ever-increasing plague.

And lastly, *the Would-be Comic Snail*. This creature is about the most irritating and irrepressible of all insects. Its favourite habitat seems to be *Mr. Punch's* waste-paper basket, which it fills with wonderful rapidity.

Nuda Veritas.

THE leading Swiss hotel-keepers have formed a league to put down "vails" to servants. Their wages are to be doubled, and "service" is to disappear from the travellers' bills. But won't the tips to the *valetaille* continue to be expected by them all the same, and to be paid by the traveller, who will, at any time, bleed by his own hand, rather than put up with the churlish service or chilling looks, and the humiliating sense that he is regarded as a "mean cuss" by those who look for his parting *franc* without getting it. In that case, the so-called "doing away with fees to servants," will be but a new form of extortion without vails, in other terms, barefaced extortion.

A Note from Melos.

THE lovely members that were wanting to "make the Venus of Milo the most complete *chef-d'œuvre* of classic art, have been discovered (so they say) not thirty yards from the spot where APHERODITE first laid down her arms in the time of PHIDIAS. And yet she has been conquering without them, ever since she was disinterred by an obscure French Vice-Consul, and in Paris, too, the great arena of female rivalry! If thus irresistible unarmed, what will she be now she has once more taken up her arms—and not only her arms but the looking-glass which the right arm carries—the weapon *par excellence* of Venus?

NEW PATIENTS.

THE usual State Banquets were given in celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. SIR WILLIAM GULL and MR. CÆSAR HAWKINS were amongst the Official party invited by the EARL OF BRADFORD, the Master of the Horse. The question cannot be thought irrelevant—have these eminent practitioners turned their attention to another branch of the profession, and become "Vets"?

JOHNSON FOR EVER!—No Phonetic Spelling! Manifesto of Modern Barons: "*Nolumus Orthographiam Anglicam mutari.*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AFTER L. KNAUS. (SLIGHTLY ALTERED).

about the discomfort and danger of Railway Stations used by more than one Company.

(Commons).—LORD G. HAMILTON, with characteristic briskness, promises the Indian Budget in the course of the next fortnight. It will be followed by a request for leave to borrow at home what can't be got in India of the Five Millions the Madras and Bombay famine have cost us.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE having asked for Tuesday Morning Sittings, does not, for the present, mean to ask for more.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER asked, but was refused, leave to "heckle" MR. GLADSTONE on his share in the formation of the Birmingham National Confederation—in which SIR GEORGE seems to smell a Brummagem House of Commons.

The Clerical Fellow was, with difficulty, threshed through the Universities Bill Committee, but not out of the Universities, as at one moment seemed likely.

MR. GOSCHEN moved that the Commissioners should disconnect Headships and Fellowships from Holy Orders.

SIR C. DILKE, MR. OSBORNE MORGAN, MR. TREVELYAN, *pro*; MR. MOWBRAY, and MR. BERESFORD HOPE, as in representative duty

bound, *con*. MR. HANBURY, though he thought Clerical Fellowships not only useless but injurious to the Church, would leave the Colleges with their clerical heads on.

MR. GLADSTONE liked to see a large clerical element in the teaching body, though he did not think Clerical Fellowships the right thing. His speech hazy, and scarce consistent with his vote.

MR. HARDY opposed the clause; LORD HARTINGTON supported it. Finally it was rejected by the narrow majority of 147 to 138.

In the present House such a division sounds the doom of Clerical Fellows. "No admission by orders" will soon be the rule in the Universities, as in the theatres when the house can be filled without being "papered."

After dinner, SIR C. DILKE revived the discussion of the same point on another Motion, when it was defeated by 173 to 151.

"No Clerical turnpike-tolls," will be the rule of the road that leads to snug College berths, for our grandsons, if not our sons.

"Another Church-bulwark sapped," exclaim those who look backward to the past. "Another source of Church weakness dried up," cry the Liberals who look forward. But it "has to be," as our American cousins say. Why should Dissenting wranglers and First-Class-men be so heavily handicapped in the Oxford and Cambridge three-year-old races?

Tuesday.—Their Lordships knocked off a few Bills at the usual pace, and were up, with clear consciences, let us hope, and appetites for more, by twenty minutes past five. They don't insist upon talking, *à tort et à travers*—and there are no LORDS BIGGAR and PARNELL. LORD REDESDALE is *their* worst obstructive.



THE SKETCHING SEASON, 1877.

STODGE'S SKETCHING EQUIPAGE—(HE CAN'T WALK ACROSS COUNTRY SO WELL AS WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER)—COMBINING CELERITY WITH PRIVACY AND ECONOMY.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—MESSRS. WHALLEY and GOUBLEY much exercised on LORD DERRY'S Suez Canal Despatch. That *enfant terrible*, E. JENKINS, in spite of the frown of the SPEAKER and the howl of the House, wanted explanations before the House had had time to read the papers, and MR. WHITEHEAD, a great stickler for House of Commons decorums, rapped him over the knuckles.

MR. A. EGERTON was instructed to deny the report of a mutiny aboard the *Alexandra*—the last ship in the Navy, to judge by her name, for Blue Jackets to mutiny in. To be sure, there *had* been some extra drill, some dissatisfaction between decks, some mess-traps and gun-sights thrown overboard, but no mutiny, bless you!—or if any, like the country girl's baby, "Such a little one!" "But where there's smoke there's fire"—and guns without sights might prove, on an emergency, as useless as Admirals without brains. So perhaps the Admiralty may find it desirable to look sharply into this little "flare up" aboard the *Alexandra*.

Consideration of Prisons Bill, as amended. MESSRS. O'CONNOR POWER, DR. WARD, MR. PARNELL, MR. WHALLEY, and DR. KENEALY holding briefs for the convicts, and against the prison officers, as usual. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I shouldn't like to be a prison officer under a Home-Rule Parliament.

At the evening sitting MR. MITCHELL HENRY, to a bored House, aired his often-urged theory of the inequalities of English and Irish taxation.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out, for the twentieth time, that all the inequalities of taxation between the two countries are in favour of Ireland, except the spirit duties, and those the Irish might diminish for themselves.

Why was the Major silent? And why could MR. HENRY find no more than thirty-four Irish Members to support him on a division? No wonder he is savage with his Home-Rule associates, who will insist on premature rehearsals of the Kilkenny Cat business.

The House was Counted Out at one, while MR. WHALLEY was calling attention to MR. DE MORGAN'S petition to be heard at the bar, on the "unhappy nobleman's" case. Why should the House sit to hear MR. DE MORGAN at the bar, when it won't hear poor MR. WHALLEY from his bench?

Wednesday.—More "wanting to know" what is the exact mean-

ing of the Suez Canal Communications. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT gave notice of a question. (For the answer, see *Punch's* Cartoon. That is *about* the English of it. We have the key of the Canal, and we mean to keep it—and the locks belonging to it—open, and see that the water-way is kept for its proper purpose; transit, not fighting.)

The admission of Petticoats to Polling-places was hotly discussed till a quarter to six, and then howled out, MR. COURTNEY keeping his legs against the storm with a courage worthy of the occasion, and saving the Bill from a crushing division. The political females' time is not yet. Will it ever come? *Cur. adv. vult.* Suppose we relegated the date of the Woman's Vote to that of the Parliament on Palace Green?

MIDHAT was in the House through the row, and from the Mussulman point of view of the stronger sex, must have been much edified.

JACOB BRIGHT was eloquent on Woman's Rights. MR. BUTT, on the other side, was powerful on the natural relations of the sexes, and did not want Woman converted from Lady into Lord of Man. Happy BUTT! if he has not already found Woman, even without a vote, more than a match for her master!

Thursday.—The Lords on the Scotch Game Laws Amendment Bill. The MACCALLUM MORE very wroth with the presumption of the Scotch tenant in attempting to reverse the presumption of the Scotch law that the right of killing game is in the lessor and not the lessee. His Amendment, putting the presumption the other way, was carried by 73 to 36.

It is long since we have seen their Lordships so lively. But this was a great constitutional question—in a House of (Land) Lords.

The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the Second Reading of his Bar Education and Discipline Bill. It flows from that quadruple fountain of light, the Inns of Court, and provides a Council of Legal Education; twenty-four chosen by the Inns, and six by the Crown, with an income from the Inns, and power to sit on black sheep. LORD SELBORNE admitted it was the small end of the wedge, deplored it was so small, and liked his own Bill better. But the Inns of Court didn't; so he would take what he could get, and hope for the good time coming.

Their Lordships, having thus rebuked the presumption of Scotch tenants touching game, and provided for the education and discipline of the Bar, adjourned in less than two hours. *Punch*

calls that something like business! Lower Palaver House, go thou and do likewise.

(*Commons.*)—Again much exercised about the Suez Canal. (See *ante*.) LORD DERBY has made known England's will in the matter to the effect that anything or everything may pass through the Canal, but nobody shall be allowed to stop the way to it, or fight in it, unless England knows the reason why. How about Turkey's rights in the matter? Pooh! The independence of the Porte is one thing, the independence of the Canal another.

SIR E. WATKIN having called attention to a *dictum* of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in *Twycross v. Grant*, calling a spade a spade (*i.e.*, pronouncing "rigging the market," to be but another phrase for "getting money on false pretences"), SIR ROBERT PEEL asked a question, in effect charging SIR E. WATKIN with having "rigged the market" in the case of the Humber Iron Works. SIR E. WATKIN replied with dignity and effect, pointing out how that case had, by his act, been fully investigated at law, and his own conduct in regard of it cleared of all evil imputation. SIR ROBERT *should* have known better, but he doesn't, and we presume—after all the schooling he has had against the bad habit of flinging dirt—never will.

Then the House, on the Prisons Bill, struggled for some hours against DR. KENNELLY'S, and some of his Irish friends', persistent attempts to turn the prison tables against the officers, and to make their treatment penal, instead of their prisoners'.

SERGEANT SIMON'S more reasonable Motion for abolition of the tread-wheel, the crank, shot-drill, and flogging, was negatived by 229 to 72. These punishments are to be kept—if chiefly in *terrorem*.

The House and the country should be much obliged to MR. CROSS, not only for the framing, but for the fighting of the Prisons' Bill.

Friday (Lords).—EARL DELAWARE (the appropriate Peer) moved for returns of the killed and wounded in that but too deadly warfare always going on above and underground with the powers of nature, aided by those formidable allies—ill-governed machinery and human carelessness. As an appendix, the DUKE OF SOMERSET asked the Board of Trade for information as to the progress of brake-power—not break-power—on the Railways. The DUKE OF RICHMOND assured my Lords that the Companies are improving their system of brakeage—again note the spelling—and that the Government have their eye on them.

(*Commons.*)—A vast deal of talk, including a "heckling" of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU and MR. WHALLEY, which roused even SIR STAFFORD'S practised patience into protest, till, by the united efforts of the House and the SPEAKER, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU was snuffed out, and MR. WHALLEY silenced.

Then came a miscellaneous rush of questions and answers on all sorts of subjects, crowned by MR. TAYLOR'S defeat (by 229 to 87)—destined to be a victory some day, and the sooner the better, on a Motion for the Sunday opening of the National Museums and Galleries as rivals of the Public-house, now sole sharer of the leisure of that holy day with Church and Chapel.

LORD F. HERVEY, MR. LOCKE, and—*Mr. Punch* is glad to note—the RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, for the first time, *pro*: COLONEL BERESFORD, MR. MACARTHUR, and MR. W. H. SMITH for the Government, *con*. The Treasury has a natural weakness for the Licensed Victuallers—those roof-trees of the revenue. Still, Clerical majority at St. John's House, Conservative Government and Gin-spinning interest to the contrary notwithstanding, *magnus est sensus communis et prevalebit*! So hold out, HANSARD (REV. SEPTIMUS)!

The rest of the night was consumed in a chat on the working of the Judicature Act, and a desperate struggle of MR. WHALLEY with the impatience of the House and the patience of the SPEAKER, to get a hearing for MR. DE MORGAN'S petition, in the course of which the Member for Peterborough had the pleasure of calling MR. W. H. SMITH to order! Such a new sensation for him, poor dear!

"Put out the Light, and then"—

FROM some provincial jottings we extract the following item of news:—

"BELFAST.—To-night the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland commenced its annual deliberations in Belfast, when a sermon was preached by the outgoing Moderator, the REV. JOHN M'NEELY, Belfast."

"Outgoing Moderator"! It is to be hoped that he was speedily extinguished, as, if a moderator is allowed to go out by itself, the consequences are most unpleasant. But surely a moderator oughtn't to be permitted to go out. A moderator should be "turned down," like a collar, or an idle Bton boy.

A SUPERFLUOUS SPIRIT-REVIVAL.

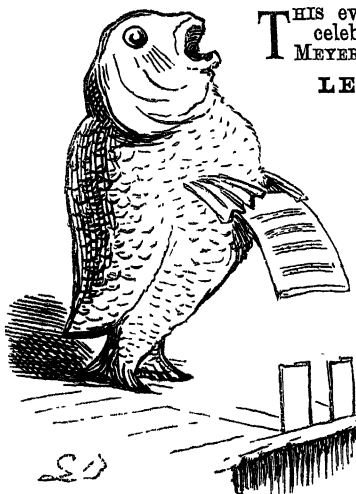
(A strain, and a great strain too, on the syllable for a new Beggar's Opera.)

WHAT! Highwaymen on Black-heath!
They've rapped up CAPTAIN MAC-HEATH!

OPERATIC STATISTICS.

A BILL OF THE *REAL ITALIAN OPERA*.

(Adapted to either House.)



THIS evening will be presented the celebrated Opera composed by HERR MEYERBEER, entitled

LES HUGUENOTS.

Valentina . . . M^{lle}. PICCOLEZZA (real name, MISS DE QUINZÉ, native place, St. Helier's, Jersey).

Margherita di Valois (known in France, where the action of the Opera takes place, as *Marguerite de Valois*) . . . M^{lle}. GRASSEZZA (real name, MRS. SILAS FIXINGS, native place, Massachusetts, U.S.).

Urbano . . . M^{lle}. DITA DI PASTILANI (real name, FRAULEIN SCHMIDT, native place, Cologne).

Conte di San Bris . . . SIGNOR CAPOFFI (real name, MR. HATTON, native place, John Street, Adelphi).

Conte di Nevers . . . SIGNOR DOLORDI DENTI (real name, M. HAVIT-OUTSKI, native place, St. Petersburg).

Marcello . . . SIGNOR LO STEENUTO (real name, MUSTAPHA SNEZZIN, birthplace, Constantinople).

Huguenot Soldier (known in French as *Le Soldat*, in Italian as *Il Soldato*) . . . SIGNOR MOSCHETTO (real name, VAN SCHUT, native place, Rotterdam).

AND

Raoul de Nangis . . . SIGNOR FOTO GRAFFO (real name, MR. PATRICK MURPHY, native place, Dublin).

Conductor . . . SIGNOR TEMPO FUGITO (real name, PROFESSOR VYLD TYME, from Vienna).

And, to make it complete, the whole Entertainment should be under the sole management and direction of MR. MCWHEESTLER, of Fife. But what's the odds? *Viva La Liberté!* and Italy for the Italians!

A SPIRIT-LETTER.

(From MR. JOSEPH ADDISON to his friend, SIR RICHARD STEELE, from where BUTTON'S Coffee-house once stood.)

MY DEAR STEELE,

SINCE my return to Barth for a brief change of scene, I have seen many things which were not dreamed of in our more primitive philosophy, not even in the capacious brain of our great SIR ISAAC, to whom, in all humbleness and sincerity, I beg the favour to be remembered.

I have told you in a former letter that the present time prides itself on being a knowing age, in comparison with whose printed wisdom the incubations of our good ANNA'S reign are but as the babblings of a child to the reflections of a philosopher. But one point I must mention, in which the present time and the past to which we belonged show an outward resemblance, which but make more apparent their inner unlikeness. With MR. DEFOE and DR. ARBUTHNOT, you will probably be, at first, pleased to hear that the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, the *Plain Dealer*, *Craftsman*, and *Examiner*, and all the rest of the countless brood of printed Ephe-meræ, which sprang to life in our day, have yielded a numerous progeny—particularly in the shape of the many satirical weekly journals which have lately sprung or wriggled into being.

But although some of these papers have taken our names, and masquerade it in our clothes, there is but little resemblance between our clean, if narrow, sheets and their broad, but too often foul, ones. Still less can they boast any flavour of the fine humour which lent a relish to the lightest performances of my dear STEELE and the wits and fine gentlemen who, with him, lashed while they diverted the town. We strove to refine manners and elevate public taste. They are panderers to the most witless excesses of the one, and active agents in the degradation of the other. They serve up the scandal of the stable and the servants' hall, or the gossip of the Club, to tickle the jaded palates of an idle and luxurious nobility, or a plutocracy which affects their vices without the transmitted habit which half excuses, or the hereditary grace which half redeems

them; or still worse, to feed the unwholesome appetites of the silly parvenus or grovelling parasites who, while they at once foster and ape the follies of their superiors, love nothing better than to point attention to the weaknesses, expose the inconsistencies, and declaim against the vices, which they imitate.

To stimulate the dull *papillæ* of such readers, plain truth, if it be ever served up, must be spiced and peppered, and folly in its essence be made appetising by a *sauce piquante*. Penmen of smart paragraphs are engaged to circulate scandal in an epigram, and disguise impropriety in the intricacies of an acrostic or the garnish of a *double entendre*. What matter if stories be apocryphal and statements unfounded? They can be corrected, if need be, next week, and the very correction will help to give wider circulation to the falsehood. If not, they will but pass away to the large Limbo of Lies, to be forgotten after their nine days' lease of noxious life.

The projectors and conductors of these papers pride themselves on being what they call "men of the world." Having grown grey in London, they lay claim to a special knowledge of that mingled *microcosm*. They have experienced most of the failures and deceptions of life. They naturally delight to rail or sneer at a world which, as a rule, has treated them according to their deserts.

Their highest pride is to parade their intimacy with the frequenters of doubtful drawing-rooms, and their freedom of questionable clubs. Their acme of enjoyment is to be admitted to a back seat on the least exclusive four-in-hand of the Coaching Club, or the high privilege of a nod from the Guards' bow-window.

An itch to know the ways and means, the lives and manners of public personages—imported, I believe, from across the Atlantic—has of late become the mania alike of town and country. These papers are at much pains and cost to describe, with the most offensive and obtrusive familiarity, and in the pettiest particulars, the homes, haunts, and habits of all about whom the world can reasonably, or unreasonably, be supposed to feel curiosity. An effigy at MADAME TUSSEAU'S (a Wax-work of the town, as noted now as MRS. SALMON'S in our own time), and an article in the *Weekly Dust-Bin*, seem at present the chief insignia of the notoriety which passes for fame.

When such and so guarded are the avenues to popular reputation, it is hardly to be wondered at that charlatans should be applauded, and nobodies magnified into importance. When I reflect that these accounts of living personages are penned either by laudatory and self-seeking parasites, or by unscrupulous enemies, I find it as easy to account for the fulsome flattery of the one class of articles as for the malignant depreciation of the other. The objects of this adulation and oburgation were for a time usually, if not exclusively, of the male sex; but you will readily understand that a custom offering such gratifications of vanity should have, ere long, extended itself to the Ladies of the *beau monde*. As every Lady fosters a secret pride in some feature of her face, some trait of her character, or some peculiarity of her dress or manners, she readily yields herself an offering on the altar of cheap admiration. So that my LADY LISPEWELL'S portrait can now be bought for sixpence in the streets, or hung at the book-stalls for any puppy to gloat over or crack his low joke upon. 'Tis true the Ladies are limned in delicate colours, and with a flattering, if not idealising, touch. Time was when women of breeding and fashion boasted a pride, if not modesty, which would have shrunk from such public exhibition of themselves. But now they seem to sacrifice alike pride and modesty, so they can but attract attention.

But for the present I must take my leave of you. MR. DEFOE will be gratified to learn that the excellent QUEEN who now occupies the throne, and more than rivals our own ANNA in the loyal love of her subjects, has granted a life-pension to his three great-granddaughters, thus relieving them from a state of indigence from which the services of their ancestor, alike to the cause of our popular literature and our national liberties, had not availed to preserve them.

I remain, my dear STEELE,
Your obliged Friend and Servant,

June, 1877.

JO. ADDISON.

"In the Queen's name, I charge you all to drop
Your swords and daggers."—*Critic*.

IN MACLISE'S Caxton-picture the printers wear swords, and though MR. BLADES, the great Caxtonian authority, asserts that this practice was never in vogue, it would seem that now-a-days the manipulators of type are expected to wear daggers, to judge by the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

TO PRINTERS.—A quiet, able, and reliable Compositor can have regular 'stab EMPLOYMENT. Scale. Good references indispensable.—Address, &c.

Here a "quiet and reliable" man is offered "regular 'stab employment," and that not in Bulgaria, but in a peaceful, law-abiding country! But why, in the name of the Police, should good references be indispensable for such a calling?

REASONS FOR GOING TO ASCOT.



THE DUCHESS OF BROMPTON'S.—Because it's an agreeable change after the dusty Park, and the over-heated ball-room. Because lunch on the lawn is rather pleasant than otherwise. Because one way of spending one's time is about as good as another way.

THE DUKE OF BROMPTON'S.—Because the Duchess wishes it.

LORD AND LADY MUDGOLD'S (*new creation*).—Because the dear Duke and the sweet Duchess are sure to be there.

MR. AND MRS. PLANTAGENET DE SNUKES (*neé SNOOKS*).—Because the STUART DE JOYNSES (who ten years ago were called JONES) will have an opportunity of seeing SIR MIDAS and LADY MUDGOLD return our bows.

MR. PATER FAMILIAS'S.—Because my wife will lead me *such* a life if I don't.

MRS. FAMILIAS'S.—Because it is only right that the dear girls should see as much of their friends as possible. Because they will be so *much* amused with the scene. Because I don't mind making myself a martyr for their sakes.

THE MISSES FAMILIAS'S.—Because Mamma wants to go, and we suppose we must go with her. Because TOM has promised to bring some of his friends.

MR. FAMILIAS'S, JUN.—Because the Girls are going to ask ARAMINTA and BLANCHE to come with them. Because, if one gets bored, one can cut it all, and leave the family in the hands of the Pater.

DR. VIOLET DOSE'S.—Because I shall meet so many of my patients, and like to show them that I am not always the medical man.

MR. VAPID VAGUE'S.—Because some other fellow asked me to come. Because I am sure I don't know.

CAPTAIN ECARTÉ.—Because one can amuse oneself in the train with a little mild play. Because I am going to dine afterwards with young SCATTERCASH.

MR. PUNCH'S.—Because it's *my* pleasure to pick up good characters.

POLICEMAN X'S.—Because it's *my* duty to look up bad ones.

EDUCATION AND EXTRAS.

THE concluding passage of the police report below-quoted may seem to suggest some misgiving as to the kind of education imparted at industrial schools. At Brentford the other day a youth named HENRY BAILEY was charged with a deplorable act of mischief; an assault inflicting remediless injury on a little boy named M'CARTHY, three years old. Prisoner called to the poor child, told him to "look him straight in the face," and when he did so shot him in his face with a catapult, knocking an eye completely out.

"The Bench considering it a wilful and deliberate act, remanded the prisoner with the view of sending him to an industrial school, where, as the Chairman remarked, he would be taught something else besides knocking other boys' eyes out with a catapult."

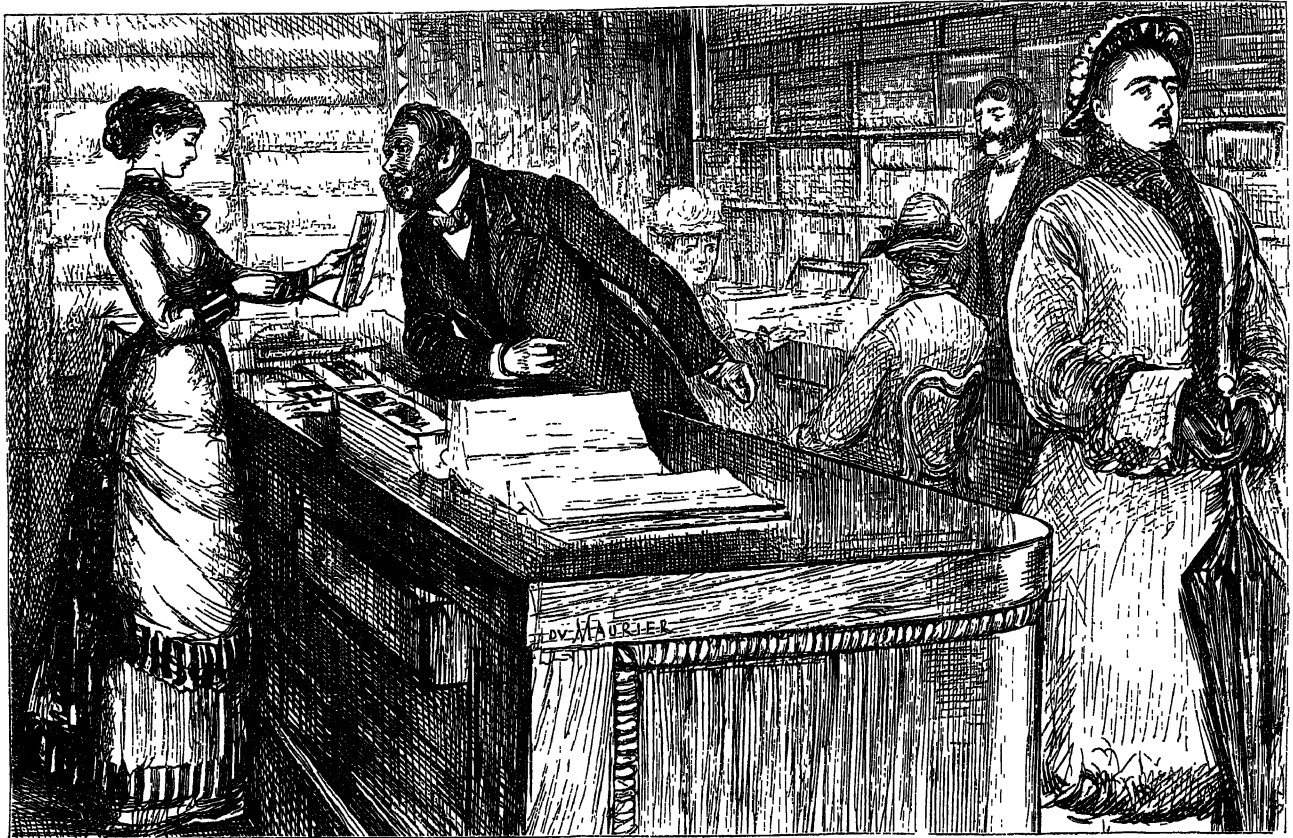
Is it not rather to be hoped that MASTER BAILEY will be taught something besides *not* knocking other boys' eyes out with a catapult?

A Powerful Illustration.

(*North British Daily Mail*, 8th inst.)

At a recent dinner of the Irvine Farmers' Society, a Member, proposing "The Agricultural Interests," said of the Irvine Town Council, against which the Farmers' Society seems to cherish a grievance, "That if a louse was to die on the Irvine Mains Farm (which belongs to them), and you wanted its skin for bleaching, before you could bury its carcass you would require to write to the Council for liberty, and then the letter would require to lie a month on the table for consideration."

SONG FOR DETECTIVES.—"Let us speak of a Man when we find him."



ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

Haberdasher (to Assistant who has had the "swoop"). "WHY HAS THAT LADY GONE WITHOUT BUYING?"

Assistant. "WE HAVEN'T GOT WHAT SHE WANTS."

Haberdasher. "I'LL SOON LET YOU KNOW, MISS, THAT I KEEP YOU TO SELL WHAT I'VE GOT, AND NOT WHAT PEOPLE WANT!"

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

It is not merely the experiments now in progress with torpedoes, and their employment in war, together with that of shells and other explosive missiles and machines, that render the present time peculiarly an age of "bangers." The "report" referred to in the subjoined telegram from a Newspaper Correspondent at Bucharest, may be deemed a specimen of many other reports exemplifying the kind of report to which the denomination "a banger" is applicable:—

"A rumour is current here to-day that Turkey has offered to pay five milliards as a war indemnity, and allow the Russians to retain the places captured in Asia. I merely mention this as a flying report."

So one would think. Turkish credit must have wonderfully revived, or Turkish cheek be enormous, if it be true that Turkey has offered to pay five milliards of money. Of course it is merely a flying report. Wild ducks fly. But to describe the report above, metaphorically called a "flying" one, in plain language, retrench the participle prefixed to it by a letter. Rescind the "f" from "flying."

"Which you please, my little Dears!"

(See Report of the late discussion at the Archaeological Institute.)

A KNOTTY question, but to prudes alarming,
'Twixt MADAME SCHLIEPMANN and grave GLADSTONE rose—
Was it her clothes made Aphrodite charming,
Or Aphrodite charming made her clothes?

Two of a Trade.

A NEW work on the subject of Spiritualism has just been produced by MR. HOME, the Medium. It very largely consists in an exposure of the deceptions commonly practised by other Mediums. Nobody, therefore, can justly affirm that this publication of MR. HOME's is all Home-bug.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

A MORE than commonly curious coincidence which occurred at Rome on the third instant was wired as follows:—

"To-day the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of PIUS THE NINTH, and the thirtieth of the promulgation of the Italian Constitution, has been celebrated with all possible solemnity both at the Quirinal and the Vatican."

Pity that such an opportunity was lost for the celebration of both anniversaries at once by the reconciliation of the Papacy with the Italian Kingdom. Church and State ought to have made it up. A Pontiff who has attained to the fiftieth year of his episcopate must have known how to live, and is surely well enough able to arrange a *modus vivendi*.

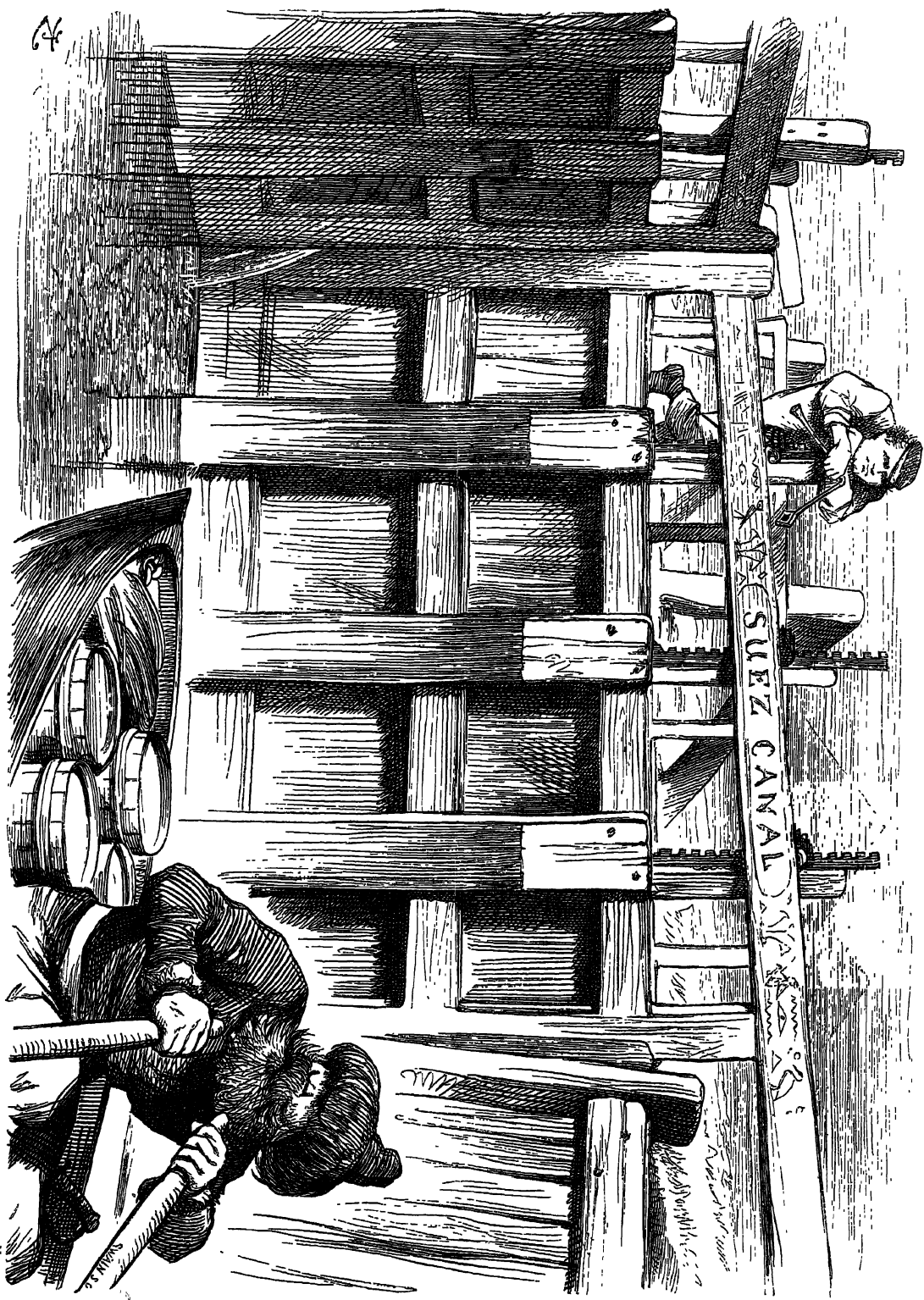
Chanson for the French Chamber.

By a Legitimist.

YES, *Liberté, Egalité*,
Are words enchanting in their way:
But if the Left should dare show right,
Let but the Marshal's might make Right,
The Right will soon show it makes Might!

Lincoln's Inn Logic.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS, in an admirable speech at the United Law Clerks' Society, could not speak too highly of the integrity and honesty of this most invaluable body of men. SIR HENRY seemed inclined to frame the syllogism thus: "An honest man 's the noblest work of God:" "A Law Clerk is, *par excellence*, an honest man:" ergo, "A Law Clerk is, *par excellence*, the noblest work of God." What must a Chancellor be!



THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

ROSSIA, "LOOK, AHoy!"

LOCK-KEEPER, "LOOK IT IS! AND WE DON'T MEAN TO LET YOU, OR ANYBODY ELSE, MEDDLE WITH THE KEY!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall and to the Gaiety for Mlle. THÉRÉSA.



A WONDERFUL place the Agricultural Hall during the Horse Show. As Your Representative in Sporting Matters, I visited the Hall on the best day—that is, Thursday. It will be unnecessary for me to describe the “humours of the road” from Belgravia, through Bohemia, to “Merry Islington.” Any one acquainted with the racy character of omnibus and cab-drivers, and the solemnity of the tramway guides, knows all about it—*et cela va sans dire*; and, by the way, I “went without saying anything about it,” so as to prevent overcrowding. Nobody knew I was there, not even the gallant Mr. SIDNEY, mounted on a charger, and shouting to invisible people to “Come on!” as though he were challenging outsiders to a joust in the tented field. The Prince and Princess were there; they entered the building half-an-hour after I had taken my seat, which I obtained at some risk by stepping into a new patent cab exhibited as a model by the proprietor, who had, at the moment of my arrival, gone from labour to refreshment with a friend. A waiter saw me, but I “squared” him for sixpence—that is, I gave him a shilling, and asked him to bring me back the change. I saw that Waiter one again. We met: ‘twas in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me. But he didn’t: he smiled. I reminded him that he owed me sixpence. He replied (with his hands full) that he was just going to get it. He disappeared. I never saw him again. However, he kept my secret, and did not tell the Exhibitor that I was comfortably seated in his new patent cab. If the Exhibitor had appeared, I was prepared with my answer. He would have found in me (for this occasion only) the Secretary of a New General Patent Cabbinit Company, proposing to try his invention. However, he did not turn up, and I remained the man in possession.

Were I MR. SIDNEY, the Manager, I would not allow, on the occasion of a Horse Show, several specimens of new Sausage Machines to be exhibited at the door. *Verbum sap.*

I inspected MR. SHANKS’S cab, which, of course, can only be drawn by one of SHANKS’S mares. It is a remarkable construction. You go one way, and look the other. The passenger, going forward, looks backwards, and I would suggest that the name of the vehicle should be “*The Lot’s Wife Cab*,” or it might be called, “*The Arthur Sullivan*,” both distinguished characters being associated in the popular mind with “*Looking Back*.”

They’ve a trifle muddled these exhibitions inside the Hall. Next to a suite of drawing-room furniture is a sheep being sheared by machinery. A young lady sells a remarkable glove-cleaner, called *Renovo*, and not far off, an enthusiastic gentleman behind a counter, is lading out patent soup, “all hot,” in a saucepan lid, and tempting the passers-by to taste and try before they buy. There’s a model horse (made of wood, like a towel-horse, or like the Trojan horse—the only one, by the way, where the direction to “get inside and pull the blinds down,” could have been literally observed) “war-ranted quiet,” and no expense to keep. There’s a family fire-engine, a family freezing machine (the family go from one into the other, and *vice versa*—but what a family!), and a Patient Grizzle of a horse (alive oh!), being clipped and groomed by machinery all day long, to the intense amusement of admiring crowds of Cockneys, who evidently thought it was some surgical operation generally performed previous to turning the animal over to the sausage machine outside.

“A pervading smell of tan, and an atmosphere of small dust. In the circus—or rather the oval—the “judges are—a terrible show.” A distinguished Oriental, in green, was taken by the crowd, who looked on the whole affair from a circus point of view, for a new sort of Clown. This idea was favoured by the sudden appearance of a groom, with a white box and a pole stuck in it, of the same make as the machine generally used by the trick horse that sups with MR. MERRIMAN, rings the bell, and fires the pistol. What this was ultimately used for, I do not know. There it remained during the entire performance, and nothing was done with it, at least, while I was looking.

After the Stallions had been trotted round (a performance encored later in the day for the Prince), a terrific gong sounded, “All in to begin!” Evidently an Equestrian Pantomime to *Harlequin and the Forty Thieves*, magnificently mounted, was about to commence. I looked out anxiously for the large heads. No. Only some men, dressed in a style something between steamboat stewards and railway porters, ran in, and arranged the hurdles. *Place aux dames!* Probably a Ladies’ quadrille on horseback. No. They are going to leap those fences. Two first do it easily. Number Three thinks better of it, and sidles round without jumping. Clever horse this. This is the one that I should give the prize to, were I a judge. Number Four first rate. Over! Number Five is a vain fool—the horse, of course—it steps along with a sideways glance at itself, as though admiring its own movements in a shop window. Over! Six is the horse for my money. Six deserves the prize. “Six shall achieve, Seven deceive,” as *Zamiel* sang. Six—a very superior horse is Number Six—does not make the slightest attempt to jump, nor even to swerve and go round the obstacle. Bravo! That’s the horse for me!

The sort of horse I should hate is the horse that hesitates, *thinks* over it, and then suddenly *jumps* over it. Bravo, Ladies, now then, all together! Over! All over, and *exceunt omnes*. Much applause. Gong again. This time it *must* be the Pantomime. No. Show of Harness Horses. *Exceunt omnes*. Gong. Now for the Forty Thieves on horseback, and the Oriental Gentleman in the centre will assume the rôle of *Abdallah*, the Captain of the Forty, afterwards *Clown*. Now for the fun! No. Only more leaping—or rather, more attempts at leaping—for they nearly all of them knock down either the hurdle or the gate, so that at last my noble sportsman’s blood is up, and from my comfortable seat in the patent cab I cry out indignantly, “Yah!” The crowd take it up. We are all yahing. Opportunity for chorus: Air, “*We’re All Nodding*”—

We are all yahing,
Yah, yah, yahing!
Oh, we’re all yahing
At th’ Agricultural Hall!

I stamp my feet. “Now, Sir!” I cry to a muff who can’t get his horse over the gate. “Now, Sir! Put him at it, Sir! Give him his head, Sir! Now then, O—ver!” He knocks down the gate, and all the crowd cry, “Yah!”

What a rage I should be in with the crowd! of *Yahers*, were I that unhappy man on the horse that won’t go. I pity him, but I “yah” at him. “Get inside, Sir! Take him home to tea, Sir!” I shouted loudly; when at that moment it struck me that the gallant veteran GENERAL SIDNEY had caught my eye. From his expression I thought it better to refer to my watch, and finding that I had overstayed my time by two minutes, I stepped out of the cab, and gained the door as quickly as possible. Policeman A. 2 left immediately after me. So did the Prince and Princess. Whether they had been yahing too, I can’t say. But altogether it was a slow performance without a Clown—and no brass band and drum!! Yah!

Talking of music, I went to hear THÉRÉSA at the Gaiety. She is wonderful. Some people might add what DR. JOHNSON said of the violoncello solo performance. She is *La Mère Angot*, Junior, suddenly inspired *à la Bacchante*. Her *refrains* mean as much as the *tol de rol lols* of the old form of comic song chorus. But there are more ways than one of singing *tol de rol lol*. As far as I have heard, “*Rien n’est sacré pour un Sapeur*” is her best song. On her entrance, in the *Chansons de Suzon* (a mere vehicle for her songs), THÉRÉSA strikes you at once as the very model of one of GREVIN’S cleverly sketched, over-coloured frontispieces to the *Journal pour rire*. There’s the black patch for the hair, the two black dabs for the eyes, the over-rouged eyelids, the generally brilliant complexion, and the large mouth. Occasionally she astonishes by her pastoral sweetness, and the next instant she has startled you by her Seven-Dials harshness. She can coo like the turtle dove, she can shriek like the macaw. To like, or not to like, that is a question—of taste. At all events she is, as the great original of this style of thing, a celebrity to see.

Mlle. CHAUMONT appears on the 18th, with *Madame attend Monsieur*; and as a *Monsieur qui attend Madame*, I sign myself
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM.

Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE, 'M, COULD I GO OUT THIS EVENING? 'CAUSE COOK NEX' DOOR'S GOT A 'LANG'AGE O' FLOWERS BEE,' AND SHE'S REQUESTED ME TO BE ONE O' THE JUDGES!"

WISDOM IN WIGS.

OH, MR. PEPPYS! If, Sir, you citizens of the invisible world take in and read our newspapers, how immensely you must have been delighted with a passage in a recent law report of sittings in the Queen's Bench Division at *Nisi Prius* before MR. JUSTICE FIELD! In case you may have missed it, Sir, here it is; something quite after your own heart:—

"That prevailing uncertainty which characterises the practice and procedure of the Supreme Court of Judicature has now extended to the question as to what clothes should be worn on red-letter days. His Lordship appeared this morning in those brilliant robes which learned judges wear on days which commemorate the birth of HER MAJESTY or the death of the Saints. On taking his seat, one of Her Majesty's Counsel proceeded to address him. But his Lordship drew attention to the fact that his wig was not of those dimensions which the solemnity of the day required."

Perhaps, Sir, you were almost as much gratified by this judicial animadversion on a Counsel's wig as you were vexed by a great man's culpable inattention to your own, in an interview at which you appeared in a new peruke—a piece of ill-breeding which naturally disgusted you.

As mightily, no doubt, were you edified by the Queen's Counsel's alacrity to apologise for the undesigned shortcoming of his wig, and his promptitude to repair that grave deficiency forthwith:—

"The learned Counsel in question stated that he had hoped it would not be supposed that he was capable of any want of respect either to HER MAJESTY or to the Court, and that he would without delay attire himself in the full-bottomed wig; he had, however, understood that the full-bottomed wig should not be worn at *Nisi Prius*."

Pretty, as you, MR. PEPPYS, might have noted, to see the importance of a wig so solemnly asserted and acknowledged, and the "wisdom in the wig" a mighty true saying. And, Lord, to think how wigs and robes do help on business, and to observe so great consequence attributed to vestments, not only in the Church, but in the Law as well.

GESLER OVER AGAIN.—How MARSHAL MACMAHON and his new Ministers make the Corporation of Paris do homage. By standing before them *unbonnetted*.

THE SPHINX AND THE STATUES.

"It is much easier to keep a Conservative majority together in the House of Commons than a Liberal majority, and that for reasons which lie at the very root of the case. . . . If you examine the remains of Egyptian antiquity, you will find that the great principle which the Egyptian artist had in his mind was the representation of Repose. But if you examine the Greek school of Art, which is admitted on all hands to be the head of all schools, you will find that the predominating principle of the Greek representations is life and motion. . . . You will find, I think, that the predominating idea of Conservatism is the Egyptian principle of repose; but in our Liberal party we have got the Greek idea of life and motion. I need not tell you that when you have got a lot of statues arranged, it is not very difficult to keep them in order; but if all those Conservative statues were to become suddenly animated with the power and the wish to walk about the halls in which they were placed, no doubt the question of drill would become much more serious and more difficult."—MR. GLADSTONE at *Birmingham*.

The Sphinx soliloquiseeth—

EGYPTIAN *versus* Greek! Sublime Repose,
Cold Silence puzzling friends and baffling foes,
Against unresting stir and hot pugnacity,
Backed by a more than feminine loquacity:
Agreed, my GLADSTONE! Gladly I accept
The apt comparison. You're an adept
In lore Hellenic: for myself, men say
Semitic *nous* is more in my calm way.
They say! What say they not? The mob must have
Its *Mephistopheles*. Once LOUIS gave
The quidnuncs quarry; BISMARCK now, and I—
Arcades ambo—lead them in full cry,
Though mostly on false scents. All fools believe
The man whose heart is not upon his sleeve,
A mine of mystery sinister and dark,
Whose secrets they, and they alone, may mark.
My craft is Asiatic? Be it so!
The East's our *cruz*, and Eastern guile may go
Some way to solving it, when Western wit
As blatant as Boeotian, fails to hit.
Greek statues, GLADSTONE? Then some frolic elf,
Some mad Pygmalion—shall we say yourself?—
Has quickened them to wild spasmodic life,
And set them all at hot and aimless strife.
Ajax defies Achilles; Nestor snubs
Astute Ulysses, who severely drubs
Fast-tongued Therisites. No, 'tis not "Repose."
When Greek meets Greek, black eyes and broken nose
Afford a sight that fills with boundless joy
The calm spectators in the Tory Troy,
Who have but little cause to dread a blow
From statues who can't keep *in statu quo*.
The placid Sphinx looks on, and blandly smiles,
His stone-still squadrons proof against the wiles
Of tempters who would break their serried ranks,
And set them, like your own, at crack-brained pranks,
Till, as with smashed antiques in learned shows,
Nor arm mates leg, nor mouth will pair with nose.
Hot friend, so prompt to pose for every part
From Nestor to Achilles, all true Art
Aims at Repose. Ask RUSKIN. There's *your* lack;
When you are up with harness on your back,
And blade in fist, against whatever odds,
Your swashing blow's a spectacle for gods.
I've felt it, and speak feelingly. But rest
Is a soft blessing stranger to your breast,
Nor can you shape its semblance, or display
The surface-calm which covers inward fray,
Like—well, like any Artist. Foes may tremble
At your hot wrath, yet he who can't dissemble
Is but half armed against the shocks of fate,
Nor can he rightly war who cannot wait.
My statues may seem stolid, but they *stand*;
While yours at every stir but stumble. Grand
Is Greek mobility, no doubt, but still
Would you not like a slightly sterner drill,
A little steadier discipline? You flush!
For shrewd *finesse* you do not care a rush—
No Greek in *that*, you trust to "life and motion,"
Untiring zeal and patriot devotion.
Extremely fine! But then your Statues stray.
Good Sir, you cannot guide your Greeks *that* way,
Save with short Rupert-rush to conquest brief,
Whose end is broken host and banished chief.
Stoop, stern-browed Mentor, to a pupil's part,
And learn a little from Egyptian Art.



EVE'S CURIOSITY.

Young Wife. "I WISH YOU'D LET ME GO WITH YOU TO THE CITY TO-MORROW, FRED!"

Young Husband. "WHY, MY LOVE?"

Young Wife. "BECAUSE I SHOULD SO LIKE, JUST FOR ONCE, TO TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE MONEY-MARKET!"

Repose is not *inertia*,—nothing less,—
But placid strength disdaining restlessness.
My Statues—well, I own they're dummies, half,
Whose *pose* oft moves their mover to a laugh
Sub rosa. But I've some who tax my spell
To keep them ranked and ranged so sweetly well.
How done? Why half my lesson you would learn,
The other half, as *infra dig*, would spurn.
Well, fine and fiery Greek, perhaps you're right,
Did not your fuss so often lose the fight.

PROPOSED NEW PRISON RULES.

(See Debate in the House of Commons, Thursday, June 7.)

No prisoner is in future to be exposed to the indignity of being conducted to his place of detention in the official van. If he possesses a conveyance of his own, he will be allowed to ride in it, accompanied by a policeman (*not* in uniform); otherwise, a cab will be supplied for his journey (the constable in plain clothes sitting outside), and the expense defrayed jointly out of the Rates and the Consolidated Fund.

Each prisoner on his arrival will be received by the Governor, and accommodated with a seat in the Governor's parlour until the apartment designed for his use is ready for his reception. In the case of females, the Governor's wife will also be in attendance. Refreshments will be provided.

A prisoner can refuse to occupy the apartment provided for him, if he has reason to suspect that the sheets of his bed have not been properly aired.

Prisoners will be allowed to wear their hair in whatever way they please, and, except at their own request, the official hair-dresser will not interfere with their *coiffure*.

After the 1st of January, 1878, all prison dresses (except those worn by the officials) will be abolished.

All degrading punishments will be discontinued, and only such inflicted as appeal to the best feelings of our common nature, and

cause no compromise of a prisoner's moral dignity. For instance, the Governor is empowered to deprive a prisoner of his daily paper, to stop (or certainly to dilute) his wine, beer, and spirits rations, to cut him off from the companionship of any cat, dog, caged bird, or other domesticated animal that may be cheering his solitary moments, and to prohibit the use, for any period not exceeding twelve hours, of his lute, accordion, concertina, &c.

Bowls, skittles, ninepins, Aunt Sallies, &c., will be provided in the Recreation Grounds for those prisoners whose conduct has been meritorious.

Prisoners can subscribe to a Circulating Library, on application to the Chaplain.

Female prisoners will be allowed the use of a piano, by permission of the Visiting Justices.

It will be the duty of the Visiting Justices to satisfy themselves, at their weekly inspection, that each apartment is as snug and cosy as the few simple and lenient rules which in future will be enforced, will permit. They must see that the Kamptulicon on the floor is in good condition, that the pattern of the wall-paper is cheerful and in nice taste, that the springs of the easy-chair are sound, and that the feather-bed is perfectly comfortable.

Prisoners may see their friends once a week, but no visitor will be allowed to remain more than two hours at a time, and no prisoner can receive more than three visits on the same day. The interviews will take place in the prisoner's own private apartment, and every precaution will be taken to guard himself and his friends from intrusion.

No restrictions will be placed upon prisoners' private correspondence. Stationery will be supplied, but *not* postage stamps.

When the thermometer reaches freezing point, female prisoners will be supplied with hot-water bottles at bed time.

A prisoner will have full liberty to send for his own family medical attendant, if he is not satisfied with the gaol surgeon; and if he has been accustomed to homoeopathic treatment, he can demand to be visited by a practitioner of that school of medicine.

The prison diet will be such as is usually seen on the tables of the middle classes.

Smoking allowed after four o'clock.

MEDICINA IN EXCELSIS.



THEY pulled up on the Heath—a select lot. The front seat of the four-in-hand, to the right of the Noble Driver, was occupied by the BISHOP OF ASCOT. EVELYN and CLARA sat behind them.

“From those letters in the *Lancet* and the *Times*, Doctor,” said the Chaplain, “the Homœopaths seem seeking to be reconciled to the Faculty.”

“Some of them,” replied DR. CLARA SYDENHAM.

“Do you consider Homœopathy all heresy?” inquired the young Churchman.

“Meaning,” asked the Medical Lady, “all humbug? By no means. Its name expresses a truth.”

“*Similia similibus*?”

“Yes; but a partial truth. They should say ‘*quædam similia*.’ The truth is true only in some cases.”

“Still, true in some?”

“Certainly—a truth as old as the hills, proverbial for ages. ‘A hair of the dog that bit you.’ For instance. In the last generation, you know, as a matter of history, young men at a symposium overnight, would sometimes imbibe more wine or grog than they found good for them next morning. Then a common remedy for their nervous disorder, in the slang of the period, termed, I think, ‘seediness,’ was a glass of bitter ale. So like cured like. Among the working classes, some men, even in the present day, from excess of drink, are occasionally subject to D. T.”

“What is that?”

“*Delirium tremens*. When it attacks a hospital patient, we have to exhibit alcoholic stimulants. Like curing like again.”

“But not in infinitesimal doses?”

“No, indeed. Infinitesimal doses of gin would, however, cure dipsomania—if the patient could bear to drink nothing else stronger than water—but, then he would be cured just as soon without them.”

“By the water cure, instead of homœopathy?”

“Just so. Infinitesimal doses are all heresy, if you like. But the homœopaths make another mistake.”

“Wherein?”

“In calling the regular practice of medicine ‘allopathy,’ as if it consisted wholly, or mainly, in prescribing allopathic as opposed to homœopathic remedies in the sense of specifics. Our real specifics, drugs which directly counteract diseases, are, whether allopathic or homœopathic, comparatively few. The great majority of complaints are curable, if not by diet and exercise alone, by exercise and diet, assisted by physic, which counteracts disease indirectly, in merely removing hindrances to naturally getting well; in particular, by causing torpid organs of elimination to do their duty. Our old friend, the black and blue reviver —”

“The what, DR. CLARA?”

“Don’t you know? Blue pill and black dose. Why, that is all the physic necessary to cure no end of diseases of different names—given due regimen as well as draught and pill. Regimen is not allopathic, neither are pill and draught, which simply promote the functions of the biliary and digestive organs. We are not Allopathists any more than Homœopaths, so let HAHNEMANN’S followers not call us names, and let them learn why they shouldn’t, and when they get to understand that, then, perhaps, we may agree with them to put our horses together.”

“Good,” said the BISHOP, who had overheard the chat between his Chaplain and DR. CLARA. “And so now for our little penny sweep, before lunch.” So saying, his Lordship sent round the shovel-hat, in which he had deposited the billets enclosing the names of the competitors for the “Cup.” The fortunate drawer was to hand over the stakes to the Pastoral Aid Society.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN POLITICS.—How can people, intent on Epsom and Ascot at home, possibly take any interest whatsoever in the Greek and Slavonic Races?

THE MORAL OF THE “OAKS.”

(As read by four-legged Fillies to two-legged.)

Look, fussy, fretful fillies—you that fume
And fight for Man’s rights by the name of Woman’s;
And lash the Press and Public to a spume,
In your fierce press to scale the House of Commons!
And you, fast fillies in a different way,
Who on the social mill make toil of pleasure,
Life-sentenced to grind nothing, night and day,
In the unending labour you call leisure!

And you, hysteric shriekers against pain,—
Be it your own or other’s, alike nothing,—
Whether of crumpled rose-leaves you complain,
Or social, legal, grievance sets you frothing;
Whether you go for pleasures, rights, or wrongs,
My fussy fillies, shrieking, slaving, sighing,
Take to your hearts, shrined in this song of songs,
The precious moral of last Oaks, won flying.

’Twas not *Astræa*, daughter of the stars,
Quickstep, *Mirobolante*, nor *Miss Golightly*—
Names smacking of the “fastness” that scorns bars—
Nor yet *Plaisante*, though christened all so brightly,
Nor bright *Belphebe*, with her port of pride,
Nor *Merrythought*, that cheers e’en toil of pleasure—
’Twas none of these that to the front did glide,
And to her owner proved herself a treasure.

But *Placida*, still calm of port and pace,
For rights or wrongs unfretful and unfussy,
That took her pleasure wisely, like her race,
Serene, and at her ease, e’en when most busy,
’Twas *she*, whose name speaks gentleness and calm,
That won the *Oaks*—from first to last untackled—
That took and kept the lead, “à la grande dame,”
With sweep of strength that speaks in grace unshackled.

Placida, type of all her sex should be,
Rather than are: the fillies’ fair ideal!
In her let all her biped sisters see
No fancy picture—*Placida* is real.
’Tis calm and gentleness, control of pace,
Of wind and limb, ambition, passion, pity,
That make the winner of the fillies’ race,
Biped or quadruped—so ends my ditty!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Once for all we beg to inform our Correspondents, that, though we, of course, know everything, these questions ought to have been sent to the Editor of the Musical World.

A FIRM BELIEVER IN EVERYTHING YOU SAY.—You are an idiot.

ONE WHO KNOWS.—Wrong again. He never was. Consult a Musical Solicitor.

A TIMID GAZELLE.—The Composer you allude to came of age at the same time. This did not, however, prevent him from attending to his usual business at the office.

PROFONDO.—PIATTI is not the first violoncello player. The first violoncello player must have lived a very long time ago.

A TENNER.—You will find the symphony in his early works. All his works were early, as he invariably wrote between three and six A.M. every morning. Compare Op. 6, Symp. 10, and count six to four bar one.

AN ACUTE EAR.—(1) Lift the dominant; (2) Yes; (3) A fine example of a Major in the Lancers; (4) Sometimes; (5) Try A flat—in Victoria Street.

HANDEL JUNIOR.—All nautical songs need not be written in C. But it is absolutely necessary that they should be within every mariner’s compass.

COUNT FAURE.—Pooh! Knock him right into the big drum, and smash him on the head with the cymbals.

TWEEDLE DUMB.—If taken slowly, you will find it do you a lot of good. Two-four at a time.

WAGNER.—The overture to *Die Wälschweyheren* commences with fifteen bars of best yellow soap.

GREGORY says “he doesn’t like Church music, and asks us what he shall do?” Go to CHAPPELL.

DOLLY DOLCE asks “What time ought LINDSAY SLOPER’s *Nocturne* to be taken at?” Bed time, of course.

*** Being pressed for space below the line, we have forwarded the rest to our learned musical contemporary above-named.

SOMETHING LIKE ENTHUSIASM.

WHEN DR. SCHLEIMANN was a grocer’s shopman, such was his Homeric enthusiasm, that he used to serve out his groceries over the counter by Troy weight instead of Avoirdupois.



SUNDAY AT HOME.

Mamma. "Now, JACK, THERE ARE TEN COMMANDMENTS YOU HAVE TO KEEP. IF YOU TOOK A THING THAT WASN'T YOURS, YOU'D BREAK A COMMANDMENT!"

Jack (remembering something about some little Niggers). "AND THEN THERE'D BE NINE!"

EPITAPH ON AN UMBRELLA.

A Dirge by S-Y G-P.

HERE lies a weapon flourished oft
In face of England's threatening foes;
A glorious beacon held aloft
When Rads would plot and Whigs oppose.
It awed the gathering Russian host,
It smote false GLADSTONE hip and thigh;
The British patriot's pride and boast,
Here let it lie!

Once sword and flag in one, alas!
Its point is blunt, its ribs are burst.
No foe to such a piteous pass
Has brought it, but—oh! fate accurst!
The friends it fain had served were those
Who flouted it and thrust it by!
So, terror once of shrinking foes,
Here let it lie.

Ah, why did SALISBURY deride;
Oh, how could DERBY thus desert
The Ægis once your party's pride,
Still spread to shield you from the dirt!
How now shall British Interests fare?
Who'll now invent 'em, guard 'em, sing 'em?
All, all is lost, so lie you there
Discarded Gingham!

"GERMS" OF INFECTION.

DR. H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, in a letter on the controversy between himself and PROFESSOR TYNDALL about "Spontaneous Generation," quotes from one of the learned Professor's recent lectures on that subject, the statement that the air of the Royal Institution has been for some time "filled with a virulently infecting atmosphere." There, scarcely needs a chemical philosopher, with his tests and instruments of nice analysis—detective of nasty impurities—to tell us that. It is too well known to frequenters of the Temple of Science in Albemarle Street, especially from experience in the Lecture Theatre on Friday evening meetings. So long ago as in FARADAY's time, even when FARADAY was lecturing, its air, impure from ill ventilation, could send listeners to sleep. So now they may sometimes nod, although listening to TYNDALL. The only wonder is that the atmosphere of the Royal Institution, replete with putrifiable germs does not infect everybody who ventures to breathe it with putrid fever from the Professor's various hay infusions. The question, "Do you boil your hay?" in suburban circles, where hay-fever is a favourite complaint about this time, will soon become as pertinent and as prominent as Mrs. WEDLAKE's "Do you bruise your oats?" used to be in the advertisement columns of the newspapers.

GOLD-STICKS AND OLD STICKS—ALIAS FIELD-MARSHALS' BÂTONS.

MR. PUNCH assisted last week at one of the most instructive and imposing ceremonies it has ever been his good luck to witness. The much-coveted *bâton* of Field-Marshal was conferred, in his presence, upon GENERAL SIR C. NILE G.C.B., M.Y.I., &c., GENERAL SIR ST. JAMES GOLDSTICK, G.C.B., O.L.A., and GENERAL LORD MUDDLE, K.G., G.C.B., V.A.S., &c., &c.

The gallant and effete Generals arrived at one o'clock, for 12.15 P.M., at the Horse Guards (old style), in Bath chairs, provided by a Paternal Government with india-rubber cushions, rugs, and hot-water bottles. SIR C. NILE showed considerable agility in throwing his hot-water apparatus at the sentry, who gave the wrong salute, and an admiring public, consisting of two messengers and a commissionaire, and our office-boy, had plenty of opportunity to compare the youth and freshness of the gallant General's audible expletives, and the age of a venerable joke which he dropped on the steps as he was assisted up by an amiable Aide-de-Camp. He was supplied with a light luncheon of lamb and ground-rice pudding, washed down by a bottle of port.

SIR ST. JAMES GOLDSTICK had to be carried in by the united efforts of three Aides-de-Camp, as the dear old General persisted in a desire to draw cocked hats on the pavement with a stick of cosmetique, used to give a purple shade to his moustaches.

Mr. Punch regrets to add that his language, though nearly inaudible, was unfit for publication. He was, however, soon pacified by receiving a box of tin soldiers to play with.

GENERAL LORD MUDDLE was the last to arrive, owing to an accident. He had dropped a rattle in the road, which was carried off by a casual Joe, and only recovered after a five minutes' chase by an agile Policeman who had witnessed the young miscreant's daring act.

The old Gentleman, who had just purchased a drum in the Lowther Arcade, wished to try the culprit by drum-head court-martial, and was with difficulty dissuaded by his companions of the Bath-Chair.

After a light refection of panada and tops and bottoms, partaken of with apparent relish by the trio of gallant veterans, the impressive ceremony of investiture with the Field-Marshal's *bâton* was proceeded with. The venerable recipients of this symbol of military command showed some inclination to babble of green fields, hand-grenades, and wooden walls, and got quite hot at one moment over a discussion of the relative values of hair-powder and pipeclay; but as they had been accommodated with high chairs, with bars in front, to rest their arms on, the altercation, accompanied as it was at moments by considerable liveliness of gesticulation, never became really dangerous to the gallant old boys. Before they were wheeled off, SIR C. NILE was understood to have expressed himself as much disgusted that his *bâton* was not made of *sucré d'orge*, while GENERAL SIR ST. JAMES GOLDSTICK wept when he heard that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was dead, and LORD MUDDLE expressed his anxiety to get back to dinner with NELSON and LORD BYRON. But the ceremony was, on the whole, got through with striking success; and nobody can doubt that the mantle of the Iron Duke, which under our military system, falls, sooner or later, on the right shoulders, has so fallen, though rather later than sooner, in this case.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Lords (Monday, June 11).—"In the name of the Prophet—Figs!"

"In the name of England's Indian Empire—a Consul!"
Such, and so proportioned, peroration to demand, is LORD DE MAULEY's proposal. In the proposer's own terms, he wants a Consul "in some selected town of Central Asia, to watch over the commercial and territorial interests of British India," threatened by the insidious advance of Russia. (*Punch* knows the man for the place—MR. PARTINGTON—MRS. PARTINGTON's husband.) LORD DE MAULEY "prefers the human buffer to parry attack." The wild tribes are such a buffer. His lonely Consul, on his weary Central Asian watch, would be another—of whom we might say, at once with perfect truth and genuine sympathy, "poor buffer!" FATHER MURPHY, in the Irish Rebellion, proposed to stop the mouth of a twelve-pounder with his own wig. Since our great Asian mystery-man proposed to bar the Russian advance Indiadwards with an



TURNING THE TABLES.

"Young Person" (applicant for Housemaid's "Situation"). "MAY I ASK, SIR, IF YOU KEEP A BOY?"

Old Gent. "A BOY! NO. WHY?" Young Person. "OH, TO CLEAN BOOTS AND KNIVES, CARRY UP COALS AND——"

Old Gent. "AH, MAY I ASK—CAN YOU PLAY THE PIANO?" Young Person (dubiously). "N—NO, SIR——"

Old Gent. "AH, THEN, I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T—THAT IS, WE SHALL NOT SUIT YOU. I AND MY WIFE ALWAYS CARRY UP THE COALS, AND WASH THE DISHES, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING. ALL WE WANT IS SOME ONE TO PLAY THE PIANO!"

empty title, we have not had suggested so formidable a barrier against the Russian Bogey as LORD DE MAULEY'S Consul. It is true the suggestion savours of political homeopathy—"similia similibus"—a phantom sentinel against a nightmare foe! LORD DE MAULEY, too! The name smacks of the noble art of self-defence—as if a man should say "*Lord Fisticuff*." But if the Russian "rally" were really to be feared, what should we have to say of such a "counter"?

LORD SALISBURY was at pains to explain that a thousand miles of waterless desert and inaccessible mountain between English and Russian frontiers, and between the Russ and his base of supplies, were a more trustworthy barrier than LORD DE MAULEY'S "buffer," and that the look-out man for British territorial interests in that quarter is not a Consul for Central Asia but the Viceroy of British India. He put the same idea into more epigrammatic form at the Merchant Taylors' banquet the same night—thanks to their continence of speech, my Lords can do their debating and dining without clash—in a phrase in which *Punch* has found the germ of a Cartoon. "It has generally been acknowledged to be madness to go to war for an idea, but it is yet more unsatisfactory to go to war against a nightmare." Awful language for an Indian Secretary to use of India's peril from the Muscovite, and, more appalling still, LORD DERBY endorsed it, and even called it "admirable!" No wonder the Russophobe organs are grinding their gloomiest. "*Il est fort en colère, Le Père Duchesne!*" There is much howling and gnashing of teeth from our fussy friends, D. T. and P. M. G., and M. P.—meaning, of course, *Del. Trem., Past Grand Master, and Member of Parliament.*

LORD TRURO, recording his Blackheath experiences, dwelt on the coincidence—which he seemed to think curious, but which to *Punch* seems but natural—that though he had been in the habit of passing over the Heath at all hours of the day and night for ten years, he had never seen a bad character or a policeman. At the same time, his house in the neighbourhood had been robbed four or

five times! Evidently, *that* was what the bad characters were about while my Lord was out walking over the Heath—

"I went to Truro's house,
Truro wasn't at home,
Truro he was on the Heath,
So I his goods did bone!"

LORD TRURO wants to know if the district is to be protected against the recent "revivals" of Captain Macheath and Jerry Abershaw?

LORD BEAUCHAMP gave the requisite assurances; and the Conservative BARON REDSDALE gave a hint to LORD TRURO that if he had carried a revolver, he wouldn't have much to fear from the Blackheath branch of the Clan Macheath. The MITFORDS still smack of their Border stock, and evidently hold to the orthodox old Redsdale rule, "Let ilka man's haun' keep ilka man's heid."

(*Commons.*)—SIR G. BOWYER asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether the Federation of Liberal Associations, lately hatched at Birmingham, did or did not come within the danger of the Statute passed in 1799 to put down the Corresponding Societies and other ugly growths of that fermenting time, so abundant in United Societies for the dissolution of everything?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN asked the same question, in relation to the "Federation of Conservative Associations."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, was happily, able to reassure BOWYER against CHAMBERLAIN, and CHAMBERLAIN against BOWYER. Neither Liberal nor Conservative Federation is so clearly within both spirit and letter of the Act of 1799 that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL can see his way to recommend indictment. But SIR GEORGE had better try it, if he see his way. Ditto CHAMBERLAIN.

Among the night's talkee-talkee on all imaginable subjects—Stock Exchange Frauds, Dean Forest, Belgravian Roads, Scotch Fisheries, Vaccination Prosecutions, Indian Civil Service Examinations, Black Sea Blockade, Administration of Irish Affairs, and

Teaching of Cookery,—came the old question about the release of the Fenian prisoners, and elicited the old answer. There are only six of them: two for murder, three soldiers, and one, sentenced after special consideration of his case, to fifteen years,—a term which may be shortened.

Of course PARNELL and BIGGAR were in the thick of it. The Major—more power to him—pointed out that the great mistake made by these men was, that they did not succeed. He quoted the case of COUNT ANDRASSY, who once bore arms against the Emperor of Austria: "The man had been a political offender, but what was he to-day?—Prime Minister of Austria."

The Major should have quoted the case of GAVAN DUFFY: "The man had been a political offender against the British Government, but what had he become since?—Prime Minister of a great British Colony."

A fight in Supply over Queen's Plates—in which the Major came out in good "form,"—and Secret Service Money, a great chance for PARNELL and RYLANDS, who boasted, not without reason, that he had unearthed one indefensible appropriation of the fund to augmentation of the salary of the man who managed it. But what service could be more secret than spending secret-service money? After all, if you can't trust your Government to do its dirty work as cheaply as possible, what can you trust it to do?

*Tuesday (Lords).—*Nothing done, but no time spent in doing it. That is the distinctive beauty of the Upper House.

*(Commons, Morning Sitting).—*MR. BOURKE will see LORD ROBERT MONTAGU at the Holy Land before he'll tell him anything about where the July dividends on Egyptian Stocks are to come from. Such is the style in which Foreign Office insolence dares insult the laudable desire for information in private Members!

BIGGAR and PARNELL had such a morning of it on the Prisons Bill. They moved a great deal, but didn't carry anything. If these noble Arcadians had the ordering of prisons, what pleasant places of sojourn they would be—i.e., for prisoners! But wouldn't the Governors and Warders have a nice time of it!

MR. SHERIDAN's clause, providing that no prisoner should be kept in custody untried for longer than three months, was only lost by 135 to 165.

Let MR. CROSS see to it. He will have to fit our judicial arrangements to secure that. Long intervals between arrest and trial should ere this have been among things of the past.

*(Evening Sitting).—*SIR E. WILMOT moved for revision—MR. PEASE, for abolition—of the Punishment of Death. An interesting debate, marked by a speech from JOHN BRIGHT, prompted and uplifted by real feeling. The discussion has at least got lifted out of its old ruts. All agree now that it is impossible to maintain rationally that death punishments are beyond the right of Governments. The question is as to their policy—their effect in checking capital crime. On that authorities in and out of Parliament differ, and will apparently continue to differ. The statistics are untrustworthy. Cases that MR. PEASE quoted to show the non-deterrent effect of death punishments in the case of murder the SOLICITOR-GENERAL appealed to to show their deterrent effect.

Punch cannot but believe that there is a class of ruffians who are only checked by fear of the gallows from carrying their brutality to those in their power beyond cruelty to deadly violence; that the gallows ought to be maintained mainly for these wretches, and that to abolish the terror of it would be to expose to new dangers a most helpless class of sufferers. But everyone of sense who has studied the subject is agreed that our law, which now lumps under the same name of Murder, offences that range from the most venial to the most heinous forms of homicide, requires alteration: and it is much to the discredit of our law-givers that this foul blot has not long since been wiped away. But so long as JOHN BULL's juries can be trusted to deal fairly and like men of sense and courage with any charge that carries death as its punishment, so as not, on the one hand, to see *circumstance attenuante* in the gallows, when there is no other; and, on the other, so as to distinguish as their reason bids them between "murder" and "manslaughter," even when the law and the judge fail to draw the distinction (as seems to have been the case in the instance of DOHERTY, quoted by JOHN BRIGHT), so long *Punch* cannot regret that the gallows is maintained as the *ultima ratio legum* for defence of insufficiently defended life against reckless ruffianism. For this, and this only, he would have the Tyburn Tree kept up, and in view of this danger—a real one, as he believes—he would feel less comfortable if it were cut down.

Wednesday.—Mirabile dictu! an Irish Bill for the Assimilation of Irish to English Parliamentary Registration read a Second Time. It is perhaps enough to say, in explanation of this phenomenon, that the Bill was moved by MR. MITCHELL HENRY, and neither supported nor obstructed by BIGGAR and PARNELL.

Cheques in practice pass like bank-notes. If good, no question is asked how the holder came by them. But "crossed cheques" are only payable through bankers. An Act last year provided that if

the drawer of a crossed cheque write "Not negotiable" across it, the banker who pays it does so at his peril. MR. HUBBARD wants to extend this to all crossed cheques. It is purely a question of mercantile convenience, and the House declined to disturb last year's Act by 175 to 68.

Ladies find cheque-law hard enough to understand as it is; but if the House kept on altering it, what would become of the unhappy females who enjoy the masculine right of keeping their own cheque-books?

Thursday (Lords).—The Priest in Absolution, and The Priest at Prayer, are manuals savouring, even in their titles, more of Popery than Protestantism. But when it comes to the reading of them, the savour becomes something that can only be described as a stink.

LORD REDESDALE called their Lordships' attention to these offensive, insidious, and indecent little shoves to sacerdotalism, before a House in which the Bench of Bishops was represented by five prelates, of whom the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL joined in denunciation of these prurient and pernicious aids to impurity, and the Society of the Cross under whose auspices they are issued. *Punch* would like to catch one of the priestly handlers of these manuals inside his premises!

MR. TOOTH, it seems, is Secretary to the Foreign Mission of this Society. A Mission so eminently foreign to the Church of England may well count the notorious *Dens* among its authorities. But if the Society and its Foreign Secretary will insist on laying and incubating the Popish egg, at least they should not be allowed snug English livings to hatch 'em in.

*(Commons).—*The Government declines to give MR. SMYTH a day for the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE suggested that SIR WILFRID LAWSON should give up the Wednesday he has been lucky enough to get for the trotting out of his own Permissive hobby. SIR WILFRID agreed, if Government would take up MR. SMYTH's Bill as a Government measure. It has all but bound itself to do as much.

The Prisons Bill, was got through Report in spite of all the obstructive activity of MR. PARNELL.

MR. WADY and MR. GOSCHEN drew down rebuke from both Irish and English, by protesting against "kid-glove treatment of treason-felony." One can understand such an outburst on the part of those who may be supposed to look on the preaching of treason-felony as the business of a National pulpit. But that English Liberals should protest against treating treason-felons as criminals is less easy to explain.

When MR. COWEN invokes the right of insurrection he seems to forget that this is one of the rights which have a wrong at the bottom of them. The right which is sacred when exerted against brute-force and oppression, becomes a wrong instead of a right when invoked against law-governed liberty. Treason-felons at this day in this country are unjustifiable disturbers of the peace; rebels not against oppression, but against order, progress, and law-regulated removal of abuses.

Universities Bill ordered for Third Reading on Monday.

Hurrah!—two of the Bills of the Session past the talking stage! Daylight at last!

*Friday (Lords).—*Of course the Foreign Office was glad to publish COLONEL MANSFIELD's dispatches, showing how Russia converts Greek Uniates by whipping and cell imprisonment, altogether very much as MARY converted Protestants to the true Church. Foreign Office takes a particular pleasure just now in slapping Russia in the face, and Society enjoys the slap. LORD HOUINGTON isn't surprised. It is only pretty Russia's way. That is why the Catholic Church, like the Jews, wishes God speed to the Turks. LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY wants LORD GRANVILLE's answers to COLONEL MANSFIELD's dispatches. But this is too much for LORD DEBBY. We may lecture Turks, though we mustn't coerce them. But we must not interfere with Russia's internal administration, though we may slap her in the face, and tell her she's a big, blustering, equivocating bully, whom we decline to believe on her oath.

It is not true (see the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY's answer to the DUKES OF ARGYLL) that we have quarrelled, or mean to quarrel—if we can help it—with the Ameer of Afghanistan or Cabul, or that we are making preparations which savour of war on our North-western frontier. All such reports are, in fact, "shaves"—the growth of Indian gossip in private letters. Indian officials will gossip, but Government is trying to break them of the habit.

LORD LAWRENCE didn't doubt all was right in Central Asia, but wished he could believe that the rumour of difficulties with the Ameer of Afghanistan were, as LORD SALISBURY seemed to think, a mere delusion.

*(Commons).—*Quite an Irish night's entertainment, what with PARNELL's notices of motion on Irish Church temporalities, Dublin Rate Collections, and the murder of SERGEANT BRETT; MR. GRAY on CONSTABLE MALONEY, and the Phoenix Park Canteen Fund; and CAPTAIN O'BRIEN on the state of the Ballinamore Canal, to begin with. Then—to balance this intolerable quantity of Irish sack—a

hap'orth of Scotch bread, in the shape of a wrangle over the Roads and Bridges Bill, but ending, *More Scottico*, with a step in advance, a Second Reading, and Committee fixed for next Friday. MR. BIGGAR was then bowled over in an attempt to stop the Summary Jurisdiction Bill. And the night wound up with a vigorous, but unsuccessful attempt at equalising the Irish Borough Franchise with the English—defeated by 239 to 165.

A BOOR AT A CITY BOARD.



Guardian of his lunch, should have been treated as he complains in his letter?—

"I have been excluded from all Committees, the resolutions against me being proposed or framed by and at the instigation of one particular member of one of the House Committees, Mr. JOHN COX. Why, let me ask? I have not partaken of any of the soup, fish, flesh, fowl, jams, jellies, custards, desserts, &c., &c., furnished the Committee at the ratepayers' expense. I have not been a party to the splitting up of large bills into small ones, so as to pay them out of petty cash, and thus blind the Government Auditor.* I was not aware of such a practice existing, until the matter came out in evidence before a Special Committee on which I was placed. I thereupon tried all I could to put a stop to such a state of things, by attending at the proper Committees, with the necessary suggestions for putting an end to the manipulations. I was defied, and the officers told not to answer my questions."

"Questions," indeed! Pretty questions! Objections to refreshment accounts and pastry-cooks' charges for entertainments to which Boor was never asked!

And serve Boor, and all such boorish kill-joys, right! "It's a poor heart that never rejoices" (according to the old saw), and not a Poor-Law Guardian's.

* Clever dogs!

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR."

GREEK has met Greek with a vengeance! Four ex-Premiers, COMONDOROS, ZALMIS, DELIGEORGIS, and TRICOUPI, in one Administration, with CONSTANTINE CANARIS, the old Sciote fire-ship captain of the War of Independence, at their head!

We question if he then commanded a craft laden with more combustible and explosive materials than he is likely to find in this curious Cabinet of ex-ministerial *marqueterie*.

Think of GLADSTONE and BEACONSFIELD side by side, and HARDY lying, or rather, sitting down on the same Treasury Bench with BOB LOWE!

What should we infer from such a Coalition but that the public had uttered "a plague on both your Houses," in accents so decisive that Ins and Outs, Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Liberals, had been startled to the conclusion that those who said so meant it, and that "measures not men" must, for once, be the order of the day?

So it is said that this portentous Coalition Ministry in Greece means business for once—i.e., that Greece feels that a crisis is at hand, in which the fortunes of the kingdom, not of a Minister and his dependents, will have to be put to hazard. So Hellas has hoisted the National flag, in the good ship *Great Idea*, with this queer crew of Premiers and this gallant old fighting CAPTAIN

CANARIS. If he but show the same pluck in blowing up his four Ex-Premiers as he did, more than half a century ago, in blowing up Turkish men-of-war, he will have approved himself, in the evening of his political days, the right man in the right place, as clearly as he did off Scio in 1822!

MORE OF MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES.

WHEN maydens blushe not to appearen dighte
In robes made not to hide but brynge to lighte,
Then schalle talk waxen loose, as cotes wax tyghte.

When plaies of Parys please ye baser sorte
Till foolles to clappe stoppe not of frenzie h,
Then shall men's wives of wantonnesse sPorte.

When husbondes playe away the long daye's griste
In nightes atte Pokyr, and in daies atte whyste,
Blame ladyes nought that wolles doe what they lis

When Fysshe be trained to run straye off ye rerl
And beren heades of death and tayles of steele,
Then Englonde's iron-walles greateshocke shal felc.

When men deigne ryde with lemans in the Parke,
And talk thereof to maidens as a larke,
Then shall loves waxen light, and firesydes arke.

WHEN POPE MEETS PRESS.



Two things going in opposite directions on one road are bound to meet. This accounts for the clashing of two antagonistic anniversaries, the fiftieth of the POPE's Episcopal life, and the five hundredth of the life of the English Printing Press. At the CAXTON celebration of last Saturday was shown, among other exhibits, an extract* from LORD HERBERT's history of HENRY THE EIGHTH, in which the Pope and the Press are brought together by no less

a link than CARDINAL WOLSEY. LORD HERBERT there states the reasons urged by the Cardinal on POPE CLEMENT THE SEVENTH for "throwing down a few superfluous Monasteries in England":—

"That his Holiness could not be ignorant what divers effects this new invention of printing had produc'd. For as it had brought in and restor'd books and learning, so together it hath been the occasion of those sects and schisms which daily appear'd in the world, but chiefly in Germany, where men began now to call in question the present faith and tenets of the Church, and to examine how far religion is departed from its primitive institution. And that, which particularly was to be lamented, they had exhorted lay and ordinary men to read the Scriptures, and to pray in their vulgar tongue. That, if this were suffer'd, besides all other dangers, the common people at last might come to believe that there was not so much use of the clergy. For if men were persuaded once they could make their own way to God, and that prayers in their native and ordinary language might pierce Heaven, as well as Latin, how much would the authority of the mass fall? How prejudicial might this prove unto all our ecclesiastical orders."

When read, let Ridsdalists and Ritualists make a note of.

* Printed by BENJAMIN HAREM, Castle Works, Liverpool.

GOLD FOR BRASS.

At more than fair exchange Great Britain aims—
Making a Civic GRANT for *Alabama* claims!

MATERNAL PARTIALITY.—The old Seal's impression (at the Brighton Aquarium) is that her cub is a Signet.



FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

"GOING TO THE THROAT AND E. BALL, LADY MARY!"

"NO—WE ARE ENGAGED TO THE INCURABLE IDIOTS."

"THEN PERHAPS I MAY MEET YOU AT THE EPILEPTIC DANCE ON SATURDAY?"

"OH, YES—WE ARE SURE TO BE THERE. THE EPILEPTIC STEWARDS ARE SO DELIGHTFUL!"

THE THREE RAVENS.

(New Version.)

THERE were three Croakers lay in a bed.
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 They were off their feed and off their head:
(With a down!)
 The three, 'ere they slept, had chorussed in fear,
 "What will become of England. Oh dear!"
(With a down, derry, derry down!)
 They drowsed, and dreamed a gruesome dream.
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 A Bogey stood in night's pale gleam,
(With a down!)
 An awful Bogey, dim and dread,
 Which straddled all across their bed.
(With a down, derry, derry down!)
 Its nose did glow, its eyes did glare:
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 It had a shock of matted hair.
(With a down!)
 With seven-leagued boots it did bestride
 A charger that a fiend might ride.
(With a down, derry, derry down!)
 It swelled, that portent big and base,
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 Until it seemed to fill all space,
(With a down!)
 Its stride could stretch from pole to pole,
 Its maw might swallow nations whole.
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

These Croakers three they kicked and groaned,
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 They gurgled, grunted, sighed, and moaned,
(With a down!)
 And, like tub-thumper o'er his book,
 Each night-capped noddle swayed and shook.
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

They shouted "Fire!" they cried "Police!"
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 They shrieked at all who bade them cease.
(With a down!)

And they cursed for fools and traitors foul
 All who would not at Bogey howl.
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

Till a Lord they blessed, and a Lord they curst,
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 Upon their slumbers rudely burst.
(With a down!)

"Wake up! No foe is here!" he cried,
 "But Bogey his nightmare that doth bestride."
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

They rubbed their eyes, they wagged their heads,
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 They paced the floor with troubled treads,
(With a down!)

"Nightmare!" quoth one. "Oh don't tell me!"
 "Dream!" said another. "Fiddle-de-dee!"
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

The third he cried, "This is too bad;
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)
 That lord who woke us must be mad!
(With a down!)



DISTURBED DREAMERS.

SALISBURY. "WAKE UP, WAKE UP, MY LITTLE MEN!—DON'T MAKE SUCH A HORRIBLE NOISE! IT'S ONLY THE NIGHTMARE!!" It has generally been acknowledged to be madness to go to war for an idea, but it is yet more unsatisfactory to go to war against a nightmare."—Lord Salisbury among the Merchant Taylors.

What can he mean, and does LORD D.
Pretend to believe no more than he?"
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

To dream-land they dropped off again,
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

Still keeping up the same old strain.

(With a down!)

Now Heaven send, if they won't awake,

Less row the three may learn to make.

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. III.—ON AMATEUR ACTING.



GEORGE TENTER-
FOUR examined.

Q. I believe your chief employment in life is amateur acting?

A. Yes. I am a clerk in a Government Office, but I devote most of the time not claimed by the Service to learning my various parts.

Q. Have you had much experience in amateur acting?

A. A great deal. When I was seventeen I played the First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons*, and at eighteen doubled *Romeo* and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Q. What are your favourite parts?

A. *Dazzle* in *London Assurance*, *Sir Peter Teazle* in *The School for Scandal*, *Bob Acres* in *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Mr. Golightly* in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and *Macbeth*.

to Conquer, Mr. Golightly in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and *Macbeth*.

Q. What is your idea of acting?

A. To learn my words, and to go to a theatre where the piece for which I am cast is being played constantly, with a view to copying every movement of the actor whose part I am afterwards to sustain.

Q. Do you not think that it would be better to think out your parts for yourself, instead of giving a weak imitation of an old original?

A. Certainly not. My First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons* was never a great success until I had seen it played by some one else.

Q. What are your objects in acting?

A. First, to show myself in various costumes to my friends and relatives, and, secondly, to benefit some obscure charity.

Q. Does the obscure charity benefit very largely by your exertions?

A. Not very frequently. After all expenses have been paid, a five-pound note is rather a handsome average for the surplus.

Q. Are you aware that amateur performances in the country frequently do great injury to professional actors?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Are you aware that many a provincial manager and his company have been reduced to penury by these entertainments?

A. I believe so.

Q. Would you be surprised if a manager were to offer you more than thirty shillings a week to become a member of his company?

A. I should be very much surprised indeed.

Q. Would you (and I appeal to you as a sensible man) play the part of audience at an amateur performance in which you had no personal interest—I mean no part to play?

A. Under no consideration whatever.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

Freaks of Fashion.

How to be à la Mode.

THE Complexion—Undisguisedly disguised.
Square Corsages—Openly cut to the heart.
Ball-Dresses—Barely decent.
Skirts—Tied back with effrontery.

THREE ANNIVERSARIES.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, 1377. WILLIAM CAXTON, 1477. PIUS IX., 1877.

THREE dates; three links, unsevered though apart,
On Time's long chain. It fills the brooding heart
With thoughts that halt 'twixt hope and fear to mark
This conflict of the Light against the Dark,
Unchanging, and unending. WYCLIFFE's tongue
And CAXTON's type; the fiery zeal that flung
Truth's gage against all odds, the sober wit
That gave the goddess wings, and bade her flit
From cloister down to cottage, with the light
Which, the more Popes would quench it, beamed more
bright.

The selisame light whose permeative glow
From Lutterworth five hundred years ago
Startled Pope, Prince, and Prelate with its gleam,
And just a century later with a beam
Of broad diffusiveness was winged to fly
Abroad from Westminster's old Almonry,—
Still leads our Vanguard legions, while, with fear
And pious blindness smitten, in the rear
The lovers of the Darkness crouch, and curse
Those dauntless facers of the dawn. Perverse
And purblind Priestdom, ever slow to learn,
Why so persistently Light's blessing spurn?
Why try your policy of Night again,
Foolish as fruitless, puerile as vain?
When did anathemas stay truth? As well
Essay with scourge to check the Ocean's swell,
Or hold the dawn in fetters. GREGORY failed;
His fiery fulminations nought availed
Against the beacon-fire that WYCLIFFE raised—
From which a kindling brand soon brightly blazed
On every hearth in England. But what hope,
Born of the shadows, buoys our later Pope,
The kindly age-worn man, whose Jubilee
E'en stubborn foes could wish that they were free
To celebrate in kindness? Yet o'er all
WYCLIFFE illumed this Pope would spread the pall
Of priestly obscurantism! Freedom, faith
That freedom well might nurse nor suffer scath,
Popular learning, free thought, liberty
To sacred books of winning access free,
These WYCLIFFE stood for, these stout CAXTON's press
Helped onward to a slow but sure success;
These Pius and his guards e'en now would stay,
Invoking night at the full noon of day,
As did their predecessors at its dawn,
And cursing Wisdom's seed as Evil's spawn.
The Jester, sobered at the saddening sight,
Sighs while he smiles, yet, loyal to the light,
Checking awhile the jingle of his mirth,
Before the sad-faced sage of Lutterworth—
An earlier LUTHER, born of British blood,
As keen as calmly wise, as brave as good—
Puts by his *bâton* that stout soul to greet,
And lays the laurel at JOHN WYCLIFFE's feet.

Something Like Military Intelligence.

"The troopship *Assistance*, with the 104th Regiment on board, has arrived at Kingstown, from Jersey, and proceeded to the Curragh Camp for the drill season."

So says a recent item in the *Military Intelligence* of the *Irish Times*. Talk of "Horse Marines" contemptuously after this! Of course they dragged the ship.

Submarine Fish-Frightening.

It seems that the West Country fishermen are inflicting grievous damage, and some alarm, on the shoals of sea-fish, by exploding charges of dynamite on the ground where they have hitherto been content to trawl for bass and brill, plaice and soles.

This is clearly an extension of the use of the fish-torpedo which MR. WHITEHEAD never bargained for.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Great Match.—The English Church Union Eleven against the Church Association.



CANDID.

Tam (very dry, at door of Country Inn, Sunday Morning). "AYF, MAN, YE MIGHT GIE ME A BIT GILL OUT IN A BOTTLE!"

Landlord (from within). "WEE, YE KEN, TAMMAS, I DAURNA SELL ONY-THING THE DAY. AND FORBYE YE GOT A HALF-MUTCHKIN AWA' WI' YE LAST NIOHT (AFTER HOORS TAB); IT CANNA BE A' DUNE YET!"

Tam. "DUNE! LOSE, MAN, D'YE THINK A' COULD SLEEP AN' WHUSKEY I' THE HOOSH!!"

RITUALISTS IN REBELLION.

THE Council of the Church Union, which boasts to have enrolled under its Ritualistic banner 2,586 clergy and 16,496 communicants, has at last thrown down the gauntlet to the Law. With a cool *petitio principii* it declares that the Ridsdale judgment has "rendered penal much of the ceremonial which the Church of England retained at the Reformation, and reconsidered and resettled in 1662."

Now, the very question for decision in the Ridsdale case was whether the practices the Reverend defendant had followed at Folkestone were such as the Church of England, at the Reformation and Post-revolutionary Resettlement had reconsidered and resettled? The Judges of the Privy Council have decided that they were not. The Council of the Church Union, flying in the face of the Judges, call on Convocation to do likewise, and advise the clerical members of the Union to treat the Ridsdale Judgment as the idle utterance of "a body recently appointed, and having no real authority."

At the same time that this document is adopted by the Church Union, the Church Association meets to express its satisfaction with the Ridsdale Judgment; its determination to do all in its power to see that the judgment is enforced; and its delight at the blow dealt thereby to the trade of the Church milliner, and the celebration of the sacrifice of the Mass by the Clergy of the Church of England.

So speak two mouths, both purporting to speak for one head, that of the Church of England.

It would be a very pretty quarrel as it stands, were it not that both Church Union and Church Association are in the main Clerical bodies, and their bone of contention nothing less than the foundations of the Established Church, and the claims of her Clergy.

OMINOUS OUTRAGE!

THE World of Fashion has been convulsed with a thrill of horror by an unprecedented outrage on Society, as represented by the dignified attendance of Aristocracy at the sports of Ascot. According to a dreadful police report, on Tuesday last—

"At Hammersmith, MAJOR ERLAN applied to MR. BRIDGE for a summons for an assault. He stated that on Wednesday he was near Gunnersbury Station, with his two daughters, looking at the vehicles returning from Ascot Races, when a four-horse coach, driven by LORD LONDESBOROUGH, passed, and he was struck on the breast by a bag of sawdust thrown from it" (!)

True, indeed, is it that—

"Replying to the Magistrate, the Major said he did not know who threw the bag of sawdust."

And of course he was under a mistaken impression in the idea that it was thrown by anybody (on LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S drag. Nobody of LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S party could possibly have thrown bags of sawdust on the return from Ascot at Ladies and Gentlemen, or, indeed, at anybody, or even have had such a thing as a bag of sawdust to throw. But the horrid fact is that a bag of sawdust was thrown by somebody or other from some passing vehicle on the road. Appalling event! What if this be the beginning of the end of the dignity and glory of Ascot; the first symptom of the decline of Ascot Races to the level of Epsom and Hampton? What next? Are we doomed hereafter to witness men and youths returning from the "Cup" with supplementary noses on, and dolls in their hat-bands? Will it be our sad fate to hear them blowing trumpets and tooting horns, and playing the *Two Obadiahs*, or the street-tune then popular, whatever it may be, on an accordion? Is the gathering on the Heath itself to be vulgarised by irrepellable Progress, and has its decadence been initiated by the bag of sawdust thrown at MAJOR ERLAN?

Of course MR. BRIDGE could not grant a summons for the appearance of a catiff unknown. MAJOR ERLAN said he would write to LORD LONDESBOROUGH for that miscreant's name and address, but of course the noble Lord knows nothing of so impossible a companion. Though driving with his back to any cad who might have intruded, he would have immediately felt the presence of an offender, whose moral emanations, as sensible as the effluvia of the dead fly in the Apothecary's unguent, would have got him at once detected and expelled.

Too GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE (*from a Sandwich Man*).—Charing Cross. Folly. Last Nights.

"Hawks," says the proverb, "will not pike out hawks' een," but Clerical crows, it would seem, decline to follow their wise example, and are ready, under various names expressive of peace and concord, to fight to the death against each other, and one of them against the Law into the bargain.

Let JOHN BULL look to it. He may not be anxious to see a clean sweep made of his Church by Law Established; but when a large body within his Church by Law Established defies, disowns, and disobeys the Law, it has already disestablished itself.

There is only one duty for the Clergy who take this course; to shake off the yoke under which they refuse to bow their necks, and to cease to eat the bread of an Establishment whose laws they defy. "That's so," my Reverend Gents of the Church Union, and no two ways about it.

"*Paris vaut bien une messe*," said HENRI QUATRE. "*La messe vaut bien le presbytère*," should be the saying—followed up by doing—of the Church Union.

You will be easier where your opinions are already—out of our pale. A Protestant Establishment will be infinitely more comfortable out of yours.

More Pernicious Literature.

A SACERDOTAL manual of auricular confession, privately printed, and circulating among an association of Anglican Clergymen styling themselves the "Society of the Holy Cross," which LORD REDESDALE the other evening denounced to the House of Lords, is not so happily named as perhaps it might be. Such is the character of this work, that, if sold openly, it would perhaps be subject to seizure under LORD CAMPBELL'S Act. It is entitled *The Priest in Absolution*. An obvious analogy to another treatise, at present under prosecution, suggests as a better title for it—*Fruits of Theology*.

MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Diary continued, and forwarded by Private Wire.)*



HE Saturday after last.—
Gone wrong again.
Got a new horse at
Gladitzova (on sale or
return), and a new boy,
who said he knew the
way. Discharged new
boy at third mile-post.
Met a man, who said
that wasn't Khiva in
the distance, but an-
other place. Took
first turning to the
right. Thaw. Sum-
mer beginning.

Mid-day, Saturday.—Came up with a private caravan, consisting of an aged Moldavian, an old Wallachian, a Merryvingian (such a funny fellow!), a couple of Kirghiz-men, and one Roumaniac from Kolni Hatchski. The old Wallachian, a bald man without any moustache or beard, was very unwell. He said he'd make his will, and leave me everything if I would only cure him. Felt his pulse. Having no medicine by me, gave him some of MR. BRILLANTINE'S Essential Regenerative Stimuloso—a powerful oil for strengthening and darkening the hair. N.B.—Here would be a fine opportunity for taking advantage of my riding to Khiva as a Travelling

* It may have been observed that we have allowed the last two letters to appear without (comparatively) note or comment. The fact is we have been compelled to observe the utmost caution, as well in the public's interest as in our own. But for our certainty that our Khivan Correspondent is not within reading distance, we should not append this Note. Fortunately, we are in possession of his entire MS., which we shall either withhold or publish as may suit our convenience and serve the cause of Truth and Justice. We are not prepared, as in view of legal proceedings, to swear that at this moment our Riding Representative is not "riding to Khiva." He may be. We have taken Counsel's opinion, and Counsel says that "in a criminal case, where the charge must be verbally accurate, and the evidence of guilt be in strict accordance with the wording of the charge, it would be very difficult to prove that, at some time or other, during the course of these letters, our Correspondent was not riding in the direction of Khiva, as he has alleged. For example, it must first," says Counsel's opinion, "be proved (*vide* 1 Will. c. 2) that he was not riding—and all along the *onus probandi* is with the prosecution; secondly, it must be proved that, if riding, he was not riding to Khiva. Now, it is evident," says Counsel's opinion, "that any person on mounting his horse in Park Lane, for example, is competent (*vide* *Crosse & Blackwell's Digest*, 2 O.T.) to remark to those about him, 'I am now going to ride to Khiva,' and may, to give a local colour to the assertion, actually turn his horse's head in an Eastern or a Southern or a South-eastern or South-western direction, according to his (the rider's) ideas of where Khiva may be situated. For his *bona fide* intention having been announced of riding to Khiva, the law presumes that a sane person knows what he is about, and is acquainted with the road he has undertaken to travel; on which road only by mistake, to which all human beings are liable, or by misadventure, to which all human beings are subject (*vide* decision in *Fowl and Pullitt's case*, under 10 Hen. 8, *Egg, Shelley, and Boyle's Reports*), he could be possibly supposed to go wrong. Therefore," continues Counsel's opinion, "though the Correspondent in question may never have left London, yet if he were *bona fide* and of honest though mistaken purpose, perpetually riding to Khiva, there would be, and could be, no basis for a criminal prosecution, nor, indeed, any safe ground for an action at common law." (*Vide* 4 Geo. 2, c. *Gunn's Reports*, edited by J. Ingo.)

Thus advised, it is necessary for us to be cautious and reserved. We may mention, however, that we have secured Private Wire, and have, at a considerable outlay in the shape of an annuity to his mother, got a firm hold on Our Own Confidential Boy. We are now going to take Counsel's opinion again. Our first Counsel advised us to take Counsel's opinion every two hours, and the last thing before retiring to rest, until we found some relief. We intend doing so; and hope to satisfy the public as to the *mala fides* or *bona fides* of Our Correspondent before a fortnight has passed.—ED.

Advertising Agent. Let everybody who has anything to puff send out samples at once to Me, and I'll try 'em on the Khans and other people! My charges will be moderate, but payment in advance, to my agent in London, is absolutely indispensable. No Prior Pay, no Posterior Puff!—He drank it all, and became insensible. We are stopping on our road, awaiting the consequences anxiously.

In the evening amused the Party with the Learned Pig, cribbage (won five games out of six), and an acrobatic performance from Our Boys. Fair Circassian sulky.

Midnight.—Patient still insensible.

1 A.M. Sunday.—Effect of Regenerating Stimulant gradually perceptible on the bald Wallachian. Hair sprouting out in various parts. Patient recovering consciousness: irritable. He is suffering from an entirely new illness, which, on the homeopathic principle, has driven out the other. It makes him fretful, like cutting his teeth, only that this is cutting his hair.

3 A.M.—Whiskers appearing. Patient restless and feverish.

4 A.M.—Bald head suddenly breaking out into a sort of brown stubble. Patient using violent language in his native tongue. To soothe him, his friends sing a part-song, and play curious musical instruments.

5 A.M.—Hair two inches long on head. First appearance of moustachios. Lengthening and darkening of eyelashes. Patient being held down in bed.

6 A.M.—Rapid growth of beard, moustachios, and hair of head. A crisis. We sit on him all at once, and place the Pig on him to keep him warm. His friends still singing and playing on instruments. Wickski all round. Daylight.

7 A.M.—Thank Heaven! Patient asleep. Crisis past. He is recovering, after an entire change of hair produced by one dose of BRILLANTINE'S Regenerative Stimuloso, sold in bottles from 3s. 6d. upwards. Apply to me, through my agent in town. None genuine without my signature. I re-name it on the spot, the "Khivan Curative Compound." Pig spells it out on the Alphabet. This will be a point for the Show. When I ask him what's the best remedy for anything, he'll spell out "Khivan Curative Compound," and I shall say that's the Pig's al-litter-ation. The *jeu de mot* will be sold with the bottle, and some allowance made to the purchaser on its return. More wickski. All to bed.

Sunday.—Spent it becomingly. Rang bells, as if for Church. Then all slept, as if during a sermon. Heard Pig his catechism. Set an excellent example to the four Tartar boys, and taught them one of BISHOP'S glees. The boys stood in a row, with their hands behind them, and their chins up in the air. I shall call them the *Evanski Choristers*. They sang "*Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright*," to the fair Circassian, who was much pleased. The lines run—

"Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright;
Sleep while we sing, good night, good night."

Don't remember any more of it, but eked out the glee by repeating it over and over again. All delighted. The stupid Fair Circassian explained to the Caravan people that she was "Lady Bright." They got this into their idiotic heads and would address me as LORD BRIGHT. They think I am on a diplomatic mission to make peace between Turkey and Russia. Served wickski all round, and explained. Hairy Patient progressing. Before retiring, sent in my bill for medical attendance, making up prescription, &c. Hairy Patient promised to settle it in the morning. All to bed.

Monday.—Woke late. Caravan party disappeared. Gone without paying. Whatingratitude! Think I hear them in the distance singing, "*Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright*!" Pack up, and pursuit.

10 A.M.—No signs of them. Crossed a river. Examined map. Only one river mentioned in it.

The Oxus. If it is the Oxus, we ought to be near Khiva. If it isn't the Oxus, where are we?

11 A.M.—Fine day. Warm. Wind S.W. by E.C. Clear. No wolves. Nothing visible anywhere. Stopped for breakfast, and worked at fitting up my new sleigh with a "speaking machine," on the principle of the one in the Grand Hotel, Paris. It is connected with a lightning conductor which stands up at the back of the sleigh. The Conductor is thus made to exclaim, at intervals, "Khiva! Khiva! Full inside! All right!" This will have the double effect of keeping off wolves and attracting any passengers, as there is plenty of room in it, and at three kopecks a head an honest rouble may be turned. The sleigh is fitted with a pair of boots, instead of one, which is a novelty. LADY BRIGHT, the Unfair Circassian, quarrelsome. Shall drop her at Khiva, and the boys too. Rations running short. They threaten to mutiny and eat the Pig. A firm hand is necessary. Onward. Ha! Khiva in sight. . . An anxious night . . . on guard before the boot where the Pig is. . . Through a slit in the covering of the sleigh I hear the confoundedly Unfair Circassian telling the Tartar boys how nice ham is! and what delicious things pigs' trotters are! Then she describes crackling and pig's fry!! The Tartar boys, by their religion, are bound to detest pig. She is trying to convert them. Hate proselytism. What a subject for a romance, *The Pig and the Proselyte! a Tale of the Great Atrocity!* . . . Another moment I burst in upon them! I begged them to remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee. They writhe . . . they do remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee . . . I have struck a wrong chord . . . I adjured them by all the glories of their ancient creed not to apostatise . . . I drew a fearful picture—or a picture—of the pains of indigestion . . . they were touched, and the Pig is untouched! The Unfair Circassian flew at me . . . ah! what a night of terror!!! . . . *Wickski* all round . . . quiet restored . . . we speed onward . . .

Wednesday, 4 A.M.—Khiva—it must be Khiva—in sight . . . at last! . . .

Same Day, 6 A.M.—At the gates. Saw a Sentinel. "*Ve Gates?*" I asked. (German *jeu de mot*—one of my *splittersidenen*—quite new.) He presented his musket—I presented *wickski*. "O much-caressed son of extraordinary overfed parents!" he exclaimed, "I never take anything so early, except—a prisoner." . . .

Same Evening.—In a Russian gaol. At least, I think it's Russian. I don't know whether I'm at Khiva, or not: no one will tell me. All I can ascertain from the Gaoler's Daughter (a pretty black-eyed girl) is that this is a Russian outpost, but that the name and the whereabouts is a secret. "Can I send a letter by this outpost?" I inquired. She smiled; and hearing her father's keys clanking in the corridor, she retired. . . . I am alone. . . . Boys, Circassian, and Pig, all gone. I contrive to write my Diary by ingeniously (for I am never at a loss) making some ink out of brick-dust mixed with the remains of my *wickski*. It is an admirable invention, will cost half the price of the best ink, and can be patented, on my return, as "*Brickski-Wickski*, or Indelible Khivan Incorrosive Ink." I have sharpened an old rusty nail, and am now writing this on a leaden plate, placed here for my supper, which (the plate, I mean) I shall throw out of window, in the hope of its being found, and forwarded to you. I have no Private Wire. Nothing. I shall write on the leaden plates (throwing them out of window as soon as finished, and only hope they won't fall on any unfriendly head), then on my pocket-handkerchiefs, linen, and sheets. They will be sheets ready for the Press. The Gaoler's Daughter addresses me as "*LORD BRIGHT*." The Circassian has told her this. Please get up a Subscription for "*LORD BRIGHT*, the Unhappy Nobleman now languishing in a Russian gaol at—". . . I'll let you know where it is when they tell me . . . but do get up an agitation, and memorialise the Government. Couldn't you induce W. E. G. to make speeches about me? Tell him it's the Turks who are "*atrocitying*" me—not the Russians. My agent in town will receive subscriptions, and will forward to me safely any packages of lint, soap, books, warm clothing, champagne, haunches of venison, &c., &c., "all addressed to the Unhappy Nobleman," &c., &c. *Work the Oracle*, or, if you don't, I shall never get to Khiva! There's a subject for a song in prison! It would sell immensely. Composed by Our Riding Representative (or Representative for the East Riding) when in prison at—*tz*. (It is pretty sure to end in "*tz*" or "*owa*" until we get more frontierwards, when it ends in "*m* or *n*," as the case may be.) The words would be something to this effect:—

"Then work the oracle, my boys,
And use the mighty lever
To raise subscriptions, or, my boys,
I'll never get to Khiva!"

Chorus. With my (the singer's and composer's) tol de rol de
riddle lol,
Tol de rol de riva.
Oh tol de rol de riddle lol,
When shall I get to Khiva?"

You see my spirits are still above proof. . . Hark! a footstep. Hush! 'tis the night-watch! he guards my lonely cell. I must hide my leaden plates, sheets, and writing apparatus! . . . 'Tis the Gaoler. He will enter and find me whistling in my sleep . . . will write more directly he has gone. . . .

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY SUNDAY.



PLEASANT can't be wrong" is the motto of the Upper Ten—as for instance:—

LADY MILLEFLEURS HAUTON (*Grosvenor Sq.*).—Church, of course, you know, in the morning, and then a gentle drive to Twickenham on my Lord's drag, a dinner at the Orleans Club, and a pleasant journey home in the cool of the evening.

MRS. SMITH FITZ-SMITH SMYTHE (*Bayswater*).—Westminster Abbey or the Chapel Royal (when we get a ticket) in the

morning, and then a stroll in the Zoo. Nice little dinner for the girls and their friends afterwards, you know, because we must think about the future.

THE HON. BERTIE DANGLE (*Noodles' Club, St. James's*).—Oh, get up at twelve, don't you know? Breakfast at one, and then, if it's really a jolly day, take the train to Maidenhead, go up the river to Henley in a steam-launch, and dine at SKINDLE's afterwards.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY FASTWAXES (*Mayfair*).—Can't do better than take a coach from Slough, and pic-nic at Burnham Beeches. Drive back in the moonlight with a pleasant party—particularly jolly—at least I always find it so, my dear.

CAPEL COURT, Esq. (*Cornhill and St. James's Street*).—Pack up a bag on Saturday, and take the train to—no, I won't tell you the name, as the place is my own discovery—on the river. Get a room at the Inn (excellent one), and be up betimes on Sunday morning. Put on your flannels, get into a boat, pull to a quiet shady nook, and then smoke, fish, and sleep. Refreshments, iced food and claret-cup. Top up with a cold dinner with an old chum in the evening. Up to business at ten the next morning. That's about the best way of spending Sunday that I know of.

MR. DORMOUSE (*Duke Street, St. James's*).—Well, I always spend my Sunday in the Club; and, on my word, I find it one of the nicest days in the week. Breakfast, and then the *Observer* and a mild cigar in the smoking-room. Then a little chat in the drawing-room with one or two old fellow-members—fogeyish, perhaps, but, at all events, not fast—hate your fast fellows. Then into the library, and read until dinner-time. Late dinner, and bed. What more can a quiet man want?

MR. COUNTER (*Bond Street and Pimlico*).—Generally order out the 'osses and the carriage, and take a drive to the "Star and Garter" at Richmond. Then, yer know, me and Mrs. T. and the gals, and Tom and some of his College friends, 'ave a real good dinner (champagne and what not), and come 'ome again.

MR. SMALLPIECE (*Stoke Newington*).—Oh, I can't do it in the same style as them West-End relatives of mine. The money in the till won't run to it. No; what I does is to put the 'orse in the cart, and take the Missus and the young 'uns to Ampton Court, for to see the 'orse chestnuts in bloom. And very pleasant it is, too.

BILL JONES, Labourer (*Seven Dials*).—Gw do I spend Sundays? Why, 'ow can I? There ain't nowhere for me to go to. The Museums and Pictor Galleries, they ain't for the likes of me! No; I can't go nowhere; so I chuck myself into the public-house until I am turned out by the potboy and run in by the Pealer! That's what I do on a Sunday. 'Cos why? 'Cos you nob's ain't left me nothing else for to do!

PRISON DISCIPLINE BILL AMENDMENT.—For Penal Servitude read Peaceful Seclusion *passim*.

TWO JUDGES.

Admiral Rous,

STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Born, January, 1795. Died, June 19, 1877.

Two Judges have to higher judgments passed,
Leaving their record, each in his own Court;
As if Fate's irony for once had classed
The Bench of Justice with the Seat of Sport.

We hear the "Bravo, Rous!" in death, as life,
From Jockey Club and handicappers' bar,
Where—strange repose from elemental strife—
He steered his Turf craft, like a ship of war,

With pluck, and purpose clear, and voice of power,
Through shoals of knavery and sands of sin;
Truth his chain-cable, honour his best bower,
Good name to risk and little love to win!

Light lie the turf on the Turf-Judge's grave!
May his work's merits o'er its kind prevail;
Nor let the sorry sport for which he gave
His life's best part against him weight the scale.

Nor such our prayer above that other bier
Whereon a nobler Judge to rest is laid;
Whose work was worthy of the soul sincere
That triumphed o'er disease, and pain o'er-swayed.

The Right Hon. Sir George Mellish,

LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

Born, 1814. Died, June 15, 1877.

From his youth up a martyr on the rack
Of unearned suffering that most wills had tamed,
And turned a nature less heroic back
From strenuous effort, pitied and unblamed.

But, quenching sense in spirit, he so strove,
That early manhood found him early wise,
A Sage in whom, as pain o'ercame not love,
Strong soul weak body bore on high emprise.

Till on the judgment-seat, as on the way
That led up to its honours, he was seen,
Bearing the heat and burden of his day,
Of soul unruffled, patient, and serene;

With a sweet sadness putting pain aside,
To bend his ripened judgment to the cause,
And turn the clear light of his mind to guide
His brethren through our labyrinthine laws.

When men, in after times, would have held up
The glass of all that a great Judge should be,
The face of MELLISH, with his bitter cup
Beside him, let the Bar of England see!

TWO WOMEN.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

(LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL).

Born, 1809. Died, June 15, 1877.

ONE lived for grace—one lived for good; so runs,
In brief, the record of Two Women's claims,
Whose lives, unlike, closed with close-following suns,
Bequeathing memories diverse as their fames.

One, the famed daughter of a famous line,
With grace and charm, with wit and beauty dowered,
Yet on whose power to please, and will to shine,
Some adverse star malignant influence showered.

Her bridal wreath was blent with weeds of strife:
An ill world's ill report, by party aimed,
Fleshed its foul shafts in her unguarded life,
Until fair-weather friendship shrank afraid,

And hate and envy gave their tongues free play
On the proud soul that would not be o'er-borne,
But strove to show brave face to bleakest day,
And hid her wounds, and gave back scorn for scorn:

And sang her song, and smiled her smile, and stanch'd
Her tears to strain her children to her breast,
But death's pale blight her hope's bright blossom blanch'd,
And left her all but lone in dark unrest.

Till time and fair life bore down ill-report,
And grief in patience, if not peace, was lost;
And she lived on, and sang, and held her court,
And dwelt in memories of the loved and lost.

Still beautiful, still graceful, with her voice
Of low, sweet music, and her gift of song;
Tenacious of the friendships of her choice,—
Fast because wisely made as cherished long.

Truest of all, the friend who, at the last,
Gave her married life the shelter of his name,
And a short sunshine o'er her evening cast,
Denied her in the morning of her fame.

Noble of soul as beautiful, endowed
With all that should have crowned a life with joy,—
Well for her she has past beyond the cloud,
Tended by faithful love, to join her boy.

Nor on the heights of England's proud estate,
Where its spoilt children keep their giddy round,

*Mary Carpenter.**Born, April 3, 1807. Died, June 14, 1877.*

The other learned to weigh man and man's fate,
Studied life's lessons and life's labour found.

But in a frugal, pure, and peaceful home,
A place of sober learning learnt to see,
Through faith and trust in God's good time to come,
That where ill is, good may, and will, yet be.

Her parents' help, her sisters', brothers' guide,
She grew as high of heart, as mild of mood;
With power o'er youth's rebelliousness and pride,
As one that from her own youth up was good.

And early fixed her mind, and chose her part,
To work in the high faith which few can feel,
That there's a spring of good in every heart,
So you have love its fountain to unseal.

This faith it was that marked a course for her,
And braced her for its trouble and its toil,
Cheered her 'gainst proofs how much the best may err,
And kept her pure as snow from taint or soil.

Out of the scaffold's shadow and the dark
Of lives from youth-up weaned of light and air,
She gathered sinking souls into her Ark
Of Love that rode the Deluge of Despair.

'Twas she first drew our city waifs and strays
Within the tending of the Christian fold,
With eyes of love for the averted gaze
Of a world prompt to scourge and shrill to scold.

From seeds she sowed—in season mattered not,
Or out—for good all seasons are the same—
Sprang new appliances, of love begot,
Lost lives to save, and wanderers reclaim.

Nor at home only; when her hair was white
She crossed the sea, on India to bestow
The love that England prized at length aright,
Following leads she was the first to show.

Not from far Pisgah only did she view
The Promised Land, but lived its soil to tread;
And dies bequeathing work for us to do,
While praise and blessing crown her reverend head!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



O NATURAL, when my Lords were engaged on a Burials Act, that we should have had more than one funeral performed on Monday, June 18. First came the burial—under a heavy heap of objections from the DUKE OF RICHMOND, half-promises by the LORD CHANCELLOR, and solemn rebukes of the EARL OF

BEAconsFIELD—of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK's Clause empowering silent burial in cases of such "open and notorious evil-livers" that, in their case, the Clergyman feels the Church Service's words of Christian hope and trust an impious mockery. But the relief which both Archbishops and two Bishops made bold to ask for, the Government was afraid to grant, and the House declined, by 146 to 89, to ease clerical consciences, perhaps distrusting clerical discretion in grave matters.

But the minority had their revenge when it came to the performance of the second funeral of the evening—that of the Government Opposition to LORD HARROWAY's Clause authorising the use in parish churchyards of burial services other than that of the Church of England. This was carried against the Government by 127 to 111, the majority of 16 including an Archbishop of Canterbury, three Bishops (Exeter, Oxford, and St. Asaph), and twenty-one Conservative Peers. However the Bill may fare this year, the Clause is carried, and its enactment in the law of the future is as good as an accomplished fact. We congratulate the Church on this abandonment by its heads, if not its rank and file, of an untenable position.

Then their Lordships had a light legislative meal of Oysters', Crabs', Lobsters', and Mussels' Fisheries Bills and Provisional Orders, and was up by half-past seven. Another lesson for the Commons. Though Astley's is closed, "Rapid Acts" are still to be seen in Westminster. Apply at the House of Lords.

(Commons).—Why is Monday night like misery? Because it makes the House acquainted with "strange bed-fellows." Here are some of the odd rubbings of shoulders in last Monday's omnium gatherum of questions and answers:—

Army Examinations and *The Priest in Absolution*; The Irish Sunday Closing Bill and New Caledonia (should it not have been New Hibernia?); the Richmond Park Rabbits (which SIR G. CAMPBELL doesn't like, because they honey-comb the ground to the risk of horses' legs and riders' necks, and MR. GERARD NOEL does, because they are pretty creatures, and it is delightful to see them turning up their white "scuts" as they flash through the fern); Short Army Service *versus* the roster (roaster?) of Indian duty; the grave question of the gravel between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch, (which SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFE wants, and MR. GERARD NOEL objects to, because the riding Gentlemen bespatter with it the walking Ladies; SIR HENRY must have felt gravelled with an explanation which shows up the Hyde Park equestrian in the character of "a Galloping Snob"); MR. RYLANDS's wish to know if MR. LAYARD had spoken to the SULTAN about his Ministers' negligence in carrying on the war (MR. BOURKE did not know anything about it. What do we keep a Foreign Office for?); the Controllorship of the Stationery Department (which has gone to an outsider, a disappointment that naturally riles those in the Department who had looked for the office among them. But that would have been "promotion." The business of the Department is "stationery," and so, we presume, its servants should be content to be); Army Promotion, and the Denton Melton rifle range (where a beneficent rain of bullets seems to be showered on the surrounding fields—a modern version of the myth of Cadmus sowing the ground with lead); the log of



EXPENSIVE !

Londoner (to Friend from the North). "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE OPERA, MACALISTER?"

Mr. MacAlister. "NO THAT BAD. BUT IS'T NO DREADFUL, MAN, TO BE SITTING IN THOSE CHAIRS AT TEN SHILLINGS APIECE!"

the *Thetis*; the number of prisoners in the United Kingdom (30,000, so says MR. CROSS, instead of "nearly a million," as loosely put by MR. G. POTTER); Transvaal Annexation the pro(tests against it), and the con(tents with it); the prosperity of Natal; the site of a Naval College; the striking of HOBART PASHA off our Navy List; the Irish Sunday Closing Bill (with which the Government has played rather a dodgy little game, having managed to send it back to the Select Committee, so SIR WILFRID LAWSON won't give up his Permissive Hobby-ride on the Wednesday he has been lucky enough to get for it; and though SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE spoke of the possibility of MR. SMYTH'S Bill being proceeded with, he judiciously said nothing of "probability").

After its unusually heavy game of "cross questions and crooked answers," the House set in for serious business, and the rest of the long night was devoted to the Navy. Poor MR. WARD HUNT, though scarcely able to stand on his gouty foot, was regularly baited first by MR. SHAW LEEFVRE, then by DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, and then by a whole pack, headed by REED, GOSCHEN, and SEELY. MR. SHAW LEEFVRE fell foul of the Admiralty for abandoning Competitive Examination for Naval Cadets, and substituting what is called Nomination with test examination, but is really the bad old system of patronage revived. It must be admitted, whatever we may think of Competitive Examination as a means of getting the best raw material of officers for land or sea, that it is an improvement on the old Patronage System, which combined hap-hazard and injustice. MR. SHAW LEEFVRE made out so strong a case that it hardly needed the strengthening it got from GORST, CHILDERS, and GOSCHEN. As for MR. HUNT, he had not a leg to stand on—in more senses than one.

But what would be the good of having the priceless blessing of a Conservative Government, if it did not, as far as possible, restore patronage, and give the proper sort of people one chance at least for their stupid boys, for whom the nasty levelling system of competition leaves no opening? Poor dear fellows! Everybody that is anybody ought to be delighted that stupidity should have its chance. And, after all, the old system gave us very fair officers in NELSON'S time.

"*Nous avons changé tout cela*," you say. Machinery calls for brains as well as heads and hands. And, however kindly one may feel for the fool of the family (who had such a good time of it once, that it seems as if he were having more than his due of hard time now), it *does* seem rather cool deliberately to turn the Navy into the waste-boy-basket of the Upper Ten Thousand.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR touched with a gentle hand on the blunders of the late Arctic Expedition, and quietly hinted, while he deprecated, censure. If ever we send another party to the Pole, we must attend more to ventilation and varied diet. Probably this had as much to do with the outbreak of scurvy in the sledging parties as the omission of lime-juice.

Last came the far more serious question of the *Inflexible*. This is the last new type, "the war-ship of the present," and we have other ships a-building on her lines. She has a central citadel and unarmoured ends. Will the one float, if the others are riddled or shot away?

MR. BARNABY, head of the Board of Naval Construction—MR. REED's connection and pupil—says "Yes." MR. REED, BARNABY's ex-instructor and past-master in armoured ship-building, says "No;" declaring that if once her unarmoured ends are peppered, the *Inflexible's* armoured citadel will obey inflexible laws of gravitation by turning the turtle. HUNT might well feel his least gouty leg shaky under him at the indictment of the *Inflexible*, as urged on Monday night, and newspaper discussion of the subject has not improved matters.

Punch would not much like to command the *Inflexible*, till a considerable Committee has sat upon her. He presumes that will have to be done before this doubtful duckling of BRITANNIA'S is allowed to be taken into action. Think, in her first battle, if she were to "take action" by capsizing!

Tuesday (Lords).—Not a drop of Essence to be extracted out of the Peers' brief and barren night's work. Tried by its Peers, Parliament must often be found guilty of doing next to nothing. But at least it does no harm.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—MR. O. MORGAN gave notice, if Government bury the Burials Bill, he will resurrectionise LORD HARROWBY'S Clause in the shape of a Resolution.

Prisons Bill read a Third Time, under a leaden pelt of protests from such incongruous quarters as RYLANDS, PETER TAYLOR, NEWDEGATE, DODSON, and PARNELL. Even men as sensible on most subjects as SIR W. BARTLETT, and MR. HIBBERT owned they didn't like it, but deprecated division. The opposition to the Bill is based on the mistaken notion that prison management is a local, not an imperial, business. Convict prisons are in the hands of the Central Government already, and there is no reason in principle why County Prisons should be in the hands of local magistrates. There will be plenty of useful work for them under the new Bill. Once more, *Mr. Punch*, in parting with the Bill, takes off his hat to MR. CROSS, as he did in welcoming it.

The Morning Sitting wound up with a rattling Irish shindy and tremendous match of *Talk* against *Time*, in which PARNELL and BIGGAR both appeared in their favourite characters of the "Hibernian Bore," and the "Imperturbable Obstructive." *Talk* won easy.

Wednesday.—CHAPLIN and Race-horses? Yes. But CHAPLIN and Road-Locomotives one would have fancied were like "cows and swimps" in *Lord Dundreary's* zoological classification, "Things that didn't go together." A vast variety of opinions was vented on the subject of these ugly, but useful, Colossi of Roads, who, having a giant's strength, are rather tyrannous, now and then, in using it like giants, to crush both roads and lesser things that travel thereon, to say nothing of frightening horses and causing runaways and upsets. A Colossus can't be put in harness with as much impunity as a Pegasus. But it was evident that the subject was unripe and the Bill ill-considered, and that the best course was that recommended by MR. SOLATER-BOOTA—to withdraw it for longer incubation.

The rest of the sitting was wasted over MR. SHARMAN CRAWFORD'S Bill for turning Irish Tenants into Landlords, by means of an arbitrary extension of Ulster Tenant Right, which was of course decisively rejected.

Thursday (Lords).—Silent burial of the Burials Bill. The gay GORDON may sing—

"That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Who winged the shaft that made him die;
For 'silent burial' was none,
Save of the Bill 'twas licensed by."

But over LORD HARROWBY'S Clause, if not over the DUKE OF GORDON'S Bill, *Punch* may carve "*Resurgam*."

LORD COLERIDGE was forced to leave Married Women's

Property for the present to take care of itself, under the Act of 1870, being forced by a consensus of Law Lords' opposition to withdraw his Bill for its amendment.

(*Commons.*)—Government is not going to prosecute *The Priest in Absolution*. Why should JOHN BULL's servants fall foul of a book that falls so foul of itself—above all, when JOHN BULL can deal with the foul man instead of the foul book, as in this week's Cartoon recommended?

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON expounded the Indian Budget to an enthusiastic audience that never exceeded twelve, and once dwindled to five. How enthusiastic that dozen and that quintett *must* have been! Low water was reached while MR. LAING was speaking, and MR. HAMOND, "Lone-sitting in a void of Tory seats," called the SPEAKER's attention to the fact of that faithful Five!

While the sand was running through the glass, LORD GEORGE was running through the House, scraping together the needful Forty, and just made up his tale, counting the SPEAKER as one of its joints!

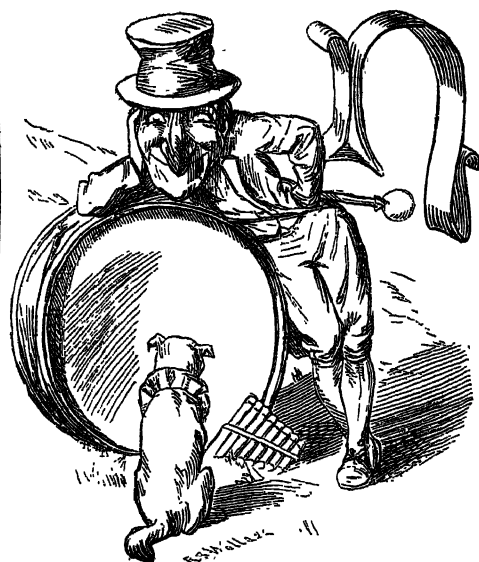
Poor LORD GEORGE! He did his best, and he is ready and willing, glib, and, for an Indian Budget-bearer, not unlively. But though the House has a formula of impatience over the tardy appearance of the Indian Budget, when that mysterious compound of facts and figures, that hash of problematical estimates and accounts past, present, and future, does appear, the Collective Wisdom declines to pay it even the poor compliment of a hearing. The ugly truth is that Indian finance is voted a matter for experts; and when even *Punch* finds it is better to imitate the House, and leave LORD GEORGE's figures to those who can sift and weigh them, what wonder if the House goes and does likewise? India, luckily for her, is not governed from St. Stephen's, but from over the way, in Downing Street.

Friday (Lords).—Drawn blank.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—An Irish fight over the Irish Judiciary Bill, which does something to reduce the plethora of the Irish Judicial Constitution by bleeding of salaries and amputation of appointments. The Bill reduces Puisne Judges' salaries to £3,500, and lops away two Judgeships (of the Common Pleas and the Admiralty), a Barony of the Exchequer, and a Receiving Master-ship. All but those who suffer by it will call this "a judicious use of the pruning-knife."

Evening Sitting.—A Count Out of a bored House on a BOARD Motion about Superannuation Allowances. What does the House care? It doesn't consider itself superannuated, and nobody ever makes it an allowance!

ARTS AND MUSIC.



O! Mus. Bac. or Mus. Doc. is hereafter to be made, at Cambridge, without passing a preliminary Examination in Arts. We believe that the papers will be drawn from the list of subjects subjoined:—

On the Art of keeping down as much as possible, in the conduct of an orchestra, the prominent trombone, the insufferably vain cornet-a-piston, the obstreperous ophicleide, and the grumbling double-bass.

On the Art of Conversation at

the pianoforte with one admirer in an unaccompanied flirtation, or with many, during an exhibition of musical fireworks.

On the Art of Refusal, combining the usual excuses from cold, cramp in the fingers, loss of manuscript or memory, with final resignation, prefaced by passing the hands through the hair, dabbing the forehead with a handkerchief, or cracking the finger-joints.

On the Arts of "crabbing" your rivals, damning the best composers with faint praise, and judiciously drawing fish into your own professional net.

On the Art of Painting, as connected with designs for Song-covers, illustrated by a comparison of the relative attractions of "the moon-lightly sentimental," "the sensationally seductive," and "the musically vulgarian."

On the Arts of blowing your own trumpet with discretion, drawing notes out of publishers and managers to any amount, and striking the lyre of criticism with promptitude and effect.

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

*Still in Prison—Diary Continued Under Difficulties, but Sent all the Same with Marvellous Regularity.**



EVENING.—What evening I don't know. Ah, pity me in prison! If they still continue to think I am "LORD BRIGHT," they will perhaps have an iron mask made for me, and immure me here for years. If they have any sense of humour, they wouldn't have an iron mask, but a pantomime head with goggle eyes and a perpetual

grin, so that when I showed my face at the window ("Only a face at the Window"—song for the occasion), the warders could say to any outsiders, "See how happy he is! always laughing!" . . . I am writing this, with a sharp nail, on my pocket-handkerchief. . . . Perhaps the washerwoman will see it. . . . What will she do with it? . . . All hangs on that. I tremble for the fate of the Fig. . . . I am afraid that these Borderers don't kill and eat pigs, they torture them. . . . Still, HERR GRÜNZ (the Pig) has got the bag of letters hung round his neck, and if they'll only spread them out before his snout, he'll introduce himself. . . . But ah! should HERR GRÜNZ meet the Cossack torturer with his knout, which will get the best of it—that snout or this knout? (Another idea for a book of travels—ideas flow in prison—it is so quiet—*The Knout and the Snout—a Traveller's Tale.*) . . .

Sunset.—The Gaoles' Daughter came to fetch my things for the *woshski*. . . I pressed her hand . . . she placed her finger on her lips . . . while there is life there is hope. . . She is gone . . . again I am alone, with a white mouse in the corner, and a spider that has come out for an evening walk through its web in the angle of the window. Sitting down suddenly, I become aware of my pack of cards in my tail coat-pocket, for I was in evening dress when taken prisoner (being generally in this costume, in case of having to give an entertainment impromptu with Pig and Cossack and tricks with cards), and I have not yet been able to change.

* All we have to remark at present is that, acting on Counsel's opinion and we've had some of the best that could be got at the Bar, sending the Office Boy out for it regularly every two hours in this hot weather, we reserve what we have to say till the right moment comes for speaking, and then, from Fleet Street to Bow Street is but a step, and thence—But, of course, we may be wrong after all.—Ed.

Sun down—Lights up.—Commenced teaching the White Mouse *écarté*. An apt pupil, but possessing neither the solidity nor gravity of the Fig. Governor sent to say he is coming to see me. He entered, preceded by two men bearing *dipzakis* (i.e. long thin tallow candles.) On their retiring he discovered himself. *The patient whom I had cured with the hair oil!* He produced my pocket-handkerchief, which had been sent to the Washerwoman, and which the Washerwoman had immediately forwarded to him. He advised me not to do it again, for it would only be waste of time, as the Washerwoman, a stupid person, invariably sent everything of the sort to him, and had to be rewarded for her fidelity by the Government, out of which he (the Governor) did not make anything, except by way of adding to his stock of linen. He had, he added, quite a remarkable collection of haberdashery, for all the prisoners wrote on their pocket-handkerchiefs, shirt-fronts, false collars, &c., and so he had not had a linendraper's bill for years. I undertook not to do it again, and the Governor promised (out of gratitude for his cure, and his magnificent growth of hair and whiskers, in consequence of the dose of hair oil) to wink at anything I might do in the way of escape. To show his friendly spirit, he began by winking at the cards and the white mouse. Then he withdrew, but most thoughtfully returned to wink at the spider, and then, having winked at everything all round, he left, not however before he had lost one rouble to me (and paid) over the three-card trick, which was evidently quite new to him. What a charm there is in novelty!

Night.—Night-Lights brought by the Gaoler and his daughter. For a consideration they smuggled in some *wickski*. From my cell I can see one of the small windows of the Governor's room. It is a mere slit, just enough for the Governor's eye, which I recognised placed close to it; and, true to his promise, he is winking at the *wickski*. We are safe. Gaoler brought in his own pack of cards (he said he never trusted prisoners), and insisted on teaching me a Cossack game, at which he is an adept, called *Ykook Dnib*. He dealt out about fifteen packets face downwards, and asked me to choose and give him one of them. If the card at the bottom of the pack so chosen should be an ace, then he would pay me on all the other bottom cards (except aces, for "ties pay dealer"), and if it should be the Czar (the highest) then I should pay him on all. A clever player at this game can, I believe, so arrange as to "force" the choice of a pack. I was hesitating, when suddenly the White Mouse ran out, hopped on to one of the packs, and ran off again in a frightened manner. Gaoler swore he'd have the hole stopped up. It suddenly occurred to me that I would choose the pack on which the Mouse had squatted, and give that to the Gaoler. Scarcely had I placed my finger, hesitatingly, on the pack in question, when, happening to look up, I caught the Gaoler's Daughter's eye (or the eye of the Gaoler's Daughter—vide first Russian Exercise Book), which, by its expression, coupled with a movement of her hands and head, seemed to say, "Oh, my! what a born idiot you are!!" . . . Too late to retract without a row. Gaoler insisted on taking up the pack where I had placed my finger. I protested. I said I only placed my finger there by accident. Gaoler savage. I yielded. I gave him the Czar! Gaoler's Daughter's eye seemed to say, "Well, you are an ass!" Yes; but once bitten, twice shy. And then, as I reminded the Gaoler, *we hadn't settled to play for anything*. True. In his eagerness the old humbug had forgotten this. Would I make it a rouble on each pack for the next deal? Certainly—a rouble or a double—that is, a two-rouble piece. Deal as before. I hesitated which to choose. Oddly enough, the Spider came down on a long line, hung over a pack, and then ran up again, and disappeared. I looked up: Gaoler's Daughter's eye said "Don't!" and, by a movement of her charming head, indicated that the pack in the right-hand corner would be the one to try. All this in a second. It flashed across me that the Spider and the Mouse had been trained by the Gaoler. That they are, so to speak, "his creatures." I followed the girl's advice and chose the pack in the right-hand corner. Gaoler turned pale. Asked me if I wasn't mistaken. I replied, politely, "No," and presented him with the Ace!! There were no other aces turned up, and he had to pay me on all. A double per pack was, for fourteen packs, fourteen doubles, that is, twenty-eight roubles. I asked him for the money playfully, and said, by way of a *jeu de mot*, "I'm sorry to t-rouble you for the coin." He was wild. He kicked out at the White Mouse, which was innocently standing on its hind legs in the corner, and sent it flying into its hole, then threw the three-legged stool at the Spider, who was out of sight in a jiffy. The stool broke the web and the window-pane. Gaoler wouldn't play again, but said he would go and get me the money, as he hadn't so much about him. Before I could answer, I saw his daughter, behind his back, speaking to me in the dumb alphabet. She said, "Let him go: as he owes you money, you won't see him again." In a second it flashed across me . . . the one obstacle to my escape was removed . . . I had got rid of my Gaoler!

Midnight.—Gaoler departed. Meditating on the events of the evening, I could not help arriving at the conclusion that the Gaoler must be an uncommonly clever man. But what a pity to see talent

like his so thrown away! Because really he must have taken no end of pains to train the White Mouse and the Spider. And what could he have got by it? A few roubles from an occasional prisoner. If I could only have trusted him, I would have proposed a partnership in "a travelling business." But I am afraid he would be too suspicious for a partner. . . . All quiet. From my window I think I can still see the Governor's eye winking at everything that is going on under his nose. Hark! From below I hear the splash of the waters that wash the base of the tower. . . . On the draw-bridge I can distinguish the sentinel's tramp and the password for the night. For strategic purposes it is a Turkish word—"Bosh." "Khiva là?" is the question. "Bosh," is the answer. "Pass Bosh, and all's well!" is the reply.

The bell of the old Kromesky (the name of a chapel belonging to the Tartar Dissenters), sounds two. Then all is still. . . . I lean against the prison-bars, and wonder whether . . . Hark! . . . A barrel-organ played *pianissimo* . . . and the tune . . . "Oh Leonora Addio!" from *Trovatore* . . . so suggestive—Leonora outside, Manrico within . . . I am Manrico within, and I commence the strain: then the quick part (Leonora's portion) is taken up, outside, by the organ. Why not by the human voice? Because, clearly, it is somebody who can't sing, or who has not got a human voice. Through the pane of glass, broken by the Gaoler in his passion, I stretch out, and see, leaning against the outside wall, an awkward female figure, in an old-fashioned "poke bonnet," playing a small organ. I recognise the organ—it is the one that we have never parted with on our tour, it having been invariably used for accompaniment to the Pig's performance, and it was the handle of this I had taught the Pig himself to turn. . . . It is the Pig . . . disguised in the poke bonnet . . . the Pig in the Poke!! . . . He sees me, and in the moonlight spreads the letters out before him, "Escape by Private Wire." Suddenly, under my nose, comes up the side of the tower,—the Wire. I fasten it to the top bar. I stop for one moment to put the cards and the White Mouse in my pocket (he seemed to implore so hard not to be left behind), and descend the Wire. . . . I am descending slowly but surely . . . and writing this with the other hand so as not to lose time . . .

As I go down I catch sight of the Governor's eye, through the slit in the wall, winking at my escape. . . . Bless him! . . . In the court-yard the Governor's carriage, the Gaoler's Daughter, the Pig in disguise, and the barrel-organ are waiting. Not a moment is to be lost. . . . We gain the first drawbridge. . . . "Khiva là?" "Bosh!" I reply, imitating the Governor's voice (I shall add "Imitations" to my Entertainment, on my return). "Pass Bosh, and all's well!" . . .

Once again we are challenged . . . same business as before . . . at last we are out on the high road . . . and free!! "But," as the Pig says on his letters, "we have now a squeak for it."

BONNETS IN COURT.



THE other day at Croydon, a Widow Lady was courted, at least County-Courted, for forty-seven pounds, which trifling sum was owing for five bonnets which she had lately bought. Whereon the learned judge remarked:—

"Forty-seven pounds for five bonnets! Why, that is nearly ten pounds a-piece! . . . It seems to me wicked and reprehensible extravagance. The price of one of these articles should be sufficient to dress a lady well."

"Wicked and reprehensible extravagance." Surely these are hard words to throw at a lady in a public court of justice. Might the widow not have pleaded that she only wished to show how dear she was likely to be to any daring second husband who dared to take her to wife?

SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.—See the Monday charges at the Police Courts.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.—Going to the Seaside in search of quiet.



“ALL IN THE DAY’S WORK.”

Gigantic Footman. “DID YOU RING, MA’AM?”

Tender-hearted and Impulsive Lady. “YES, THOMAS. YOU SEE THIS POOR KITTEN THE CHILDREN HAVE FOUND? IT IS MOTHER-LESS! GET SOME MILK, THOMAS! MEW LIKE ITS MOTHER!—AND FEED IT!”

PUNCH TO THE PRIESTLY PAUL-PRYS.

PAH! ’Tis a loathsome task; a piece of work
That *Punch*, as well as REDESDALE, fain would shirk;
But, lest the pest should suck fresh life from doubt,
“War to the Knife!” the tocsin must ring out.
Stand up, you Priestly Prys! Sham Roman pranks,
Mock-monkish tricks, we look for from your ranks—
Matters of course, as ills familiar borne,
Or flagellated with half-careless scorn;
But when the gnats that pester poison too,
They must be crushed—and so, Jack-priests, must you.
What poison worse than the foul canker-worm’s,
Dropped in the germ to blight the opening bud?
Nor casuist wriggings, nor sophistic squirms,
Henceforth can clear you; it should stir the blood
Even of Gallios, whom your mummeries irk
No more than puppet-posturings, to see
The leaven of your impious piety
In black and white once more at its foul work.
Hearts in these fevered days are not too clean,
Imaginations not too sweet. What then?
You’d peep and pry into the souls of men,
To scent uncleanness out with snouts unclean;
You’d poke and pry upon e’en childhood’s tracks
For the snake’s trail. In maiden minds you’d wake
Spectres more easy raised than banished. Take
Your nostrums hence! Sham-Spiritual quacks
Must not be trusted with our households’ health.
We dread your creep of super-subtle stealth,
Nor will we trust your fumbling hands to feel
About the roots of life. Let Spirit deal
With Spirit frankly in free daylight. Learn
That still our English natures scorn and spurn
This fleshly inquisition of the flesh,
Whose prying serves no end but to enmesh

Confessor and Confessed in Sense’s snare.
So stand aside, let in the fresh June air,
With flowery breath to sweeten once again
The place your presence taints. ’Tis all in vain
You’d burrow, molewise, in the dirt. Give o’er!
We will not have this bastard-birth of Rome—
Will guard from it the purity of home,
Or crush it, like a viper, at the door!

STRANGELY MISTAKEN.

AN indignant veteran evidently of an age at which indignation easily overbears intelligence, and who writes from the House of Commons, has so utterly misconceived the drift of an article in the last number of *Punch*, entitled “Gold-Sticks and Old Sticks,” as to explode in the following letter:—

“The article in *Punch*, holding up to public ridicule the supposed infirmities of the gallant veterans who have just received the Marshal’s *bâton* as a reward after a long life spent in the service of their country, is a *disgrace* and an *infamy*.”

“In any other country this outrage would meet with severe punishment. Here, however, at least, public opinion will reprobate the cowardly and un-English crime.”

Till *Punch* read this letter he would have thought it impossible for any one to suppose that the objects of ridicule in this article were the “gallant veterans” who have done their country long and good service, and not, first, the system which postpones what should be the honours and rewards of these gallant veterans till their recipients are on the brink of the grave; and, secondly, the abuse which confers such honours and rewards not on “the gallant veterans who have spent long lives in the service of their country,” but on those who have never faced worse dangers than those of a drawing-room, and whose lives have been spent rather in the functions of a funkey—if one of a gorgeous and grandiose kind—than the duties of a soldier.



“A WOLF IN SHEEP’S CLOTHING.”

MR. BULL (to BRITANNIA). “WHENEVER YOU SEE ANY OF THESE SNEAKING SCOUNDRELS ABOUT, MA’AM, JUST SEND FOR ME. I’LL DEAL WITH ’EM, NEVER FEAR!!”

M. AN. N. ON THE PLAY.



VERIES suggested by a Dialogue that recently occurred in the earlier portion of the Nineteenth Century.

N. Where are you going to, my pretty M?

M. I'm going a mooning, Sir, she said.

N. Then let's talk about theatres and plays. I select this subject because I never by any chance visit a theatre, or see a play myself, and really know nothing whatever about the matter. Besides, the proper place for "M and N, as the case may be," is not at the theatre,

but in the Catechism.

M. True. But if there were a good play, you would go and see it?

N. Would I? I don't think so. But what is a good play? Can any play be good? Can it be good to see a play, to write a play, to act a play, or cause or permit a play to be acted?

M. I do not pretend to answer you in detail, for you are evidently such a consummate idiot. Let me tell you what I object to in plays. I object to their long runs. I object to an actor going over and over the same ground. I want to see something different—or to have the chance of seeing something different—every night of the year.

N. So I should say, if I went to the play; but I really don't. Couldn't think of such a thing. I like sitting at home with my deaf old Aunt, who listens to me through an ear-trumpet, while I practise tunes from WAGNER on the violin. My name's NODDY. I reside in a suburban district.

M. And mine's MUFF. Miss MUFF, of Islington.

N. But aren't there lots of people, Miss MUFF, who say the same as yourself?

M. Oh, every one, I should say.

N. But they can't all go to a theatre at the same time; so that the piece you want to see on Monday, other people would want to see, if worth seeing, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and so forth.

M. Oh, quite so. Why, you are not quite such an idiot as I took you for, Mr. NODDY! Bless me! here's L.

N. Who's L?

L. LESSER, and I've heard what you've been saying. You ecstatic, æsthetic, dilettanti people, M. and N., seem to forget that a Lessee has to depend for his livelihood on his profession. He has to cater for the public. When the public likes a thing, the public tells the Lessee plainly that it can't be given too much of this good thing. The Lessee consequently pleases the public by

repeating the dose—*ad nauseam*, one would have imagined, but the fact proves that this is *not* so—pleases himself by making a handsome sum of money, and benefits a considerable number of professional ladies and gentlemen engaged on his establishment, and whose presence is essential to this piece, and *not* to another.

N. Oh dear, what a state of things! M. Oh that Art should be reduced to the mere sordid worship of filthy lucre!

L. Nonsense. The Artist paints a picture, and if he could get as much money by one as by three, he would pin his reputation on that particular canvas, and perpetually exhibit it. This, by the way, is done now-a-days. Ah, Mr. A!

A. Yes, Mr. A.—which stands for Author—has not been considered at all in this question. I confess that, under certain conditions, I too should like to see variety the rule at all our theatres, and not the exception. But when we come to the *argumentum ad pocketum*, how am I to get my living? for I do not wish to cede my present rights for the mere sake of putting WYCHERLY, VANBRUGH, CONGREVE, FARQUHAR, or even SHAKESPEARE and SHERIDAN, on the stage *everywhere*. I am aware that for the performance of these works the Managers of to-day have no fees to pay; and as a matter of business, if the plays of these ancients bring grist to the modern mills, I could not blame a Manager for obtaining the biggest possible return for the smallest possible outlay.

L. But, Sir, a modern dramatic author who achieves a success is well remunerated.

A. Is he? I am not aware of it except in accidental cases. Where a Manager makes a fortune by only one piece, its Author receives such an amount per week as now-a-days scarcely equals the salary of a fair low comedian. When Miss MUFF and Mr. NODDY talk about High Art and constant change on the boards, they are preaching empty pockets to the modern dramatist in England. A good play is worth what it will bring. And with such an enormous population as is represented by "London," a good play that "takes the Town" may go on until the last boy in the top gallery shall have expended his uttermost farthing. Depend upon it, the public will not pay for what it does not want, and thus variety is very soon forced on both Manager and Author, who, in my opinion, should be at a proportionate risk. When this plan has been adopted, I have known the Author receiving thousands in one instance, and in another, a few pounds. Both sums fairly represented the value of the piece in the public opinion at that time. They manage these things better in France, and the consequence is that there, Authors, differently gifted, can afford to collaborate, and to bestow such time and care on a piece as is almost impossible, except at a considerable sacrifice, with us. When next Miss MUFF and Mr. NODDY feel inclined to discuss this interesting subject at length in the pages of

IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME,



(1) WHEN YOU ARE WALKING, AND THE SUMMER SENDS HER TEARS,



(2) IF A FRIEND SHELTERS UNDER YOUR UMBRELLA,



(3) YOU WILL BOTH GET WET. THEREFORE—



(4) BIDE YOUR TIME, AND PRESENTLY CALL TO YOU



(5) ANOTHER FRIEND; WHEN—

(6) YOUR TWO FRIENDS WILL GET WET, BUT YOU WILL KEEP DRY!
[Verbum sap. sat.]

a magazine, they had better first talk it over with three or four practical and experienced men—two Managers and two Dramatic Authors—and so obtain some knowledge of what they have taken upon themselves to prattle about in this present month of the Nineteenth Century. I see that MR. LESSEE has already quitted us. I salute you, MISS MUFF. Good evening, MISTER NODDY!

Striking.

THERE is no attraction for a Woman now-a-days, after her glass, so powerful as the box-seat of a coach. The members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs are literally besieged by beauties demanding, as a right, to sit well in front. As a rule, the beauty gets what she wants. In the marriageable world every girl who knows who's who and what's what now looks forward to a coach with her husband that is to be. As knowing MRS. BRYANT tersely puts it, "My MAX is a Match that will only light upon the Box."

"To Parents and Guardians."

THIS, from a late Number of the *Times*, is, at least, candid:—

EXCHANGE.—A Clergyman, near London, who PREPARES for the ARMY, will take a Youth in exchange for his Daughter (22).

JUSTICE BY MACHINERY.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that there has been introduced into Parliament a Measure entitled the Thrashing Machines Bill. This project of legislation is limited to the sphere of agriculture, but its application might be extended to penal discipline and education. At present, flogging is a very unequal punishment. It varies with the strength and vigour of the executioner's arm. So when schoolboys are whipped or caned for misconduct, neglect, or inability to learn their lessons. Surely there are many engineers and mechanics who would have no difficulty in constructing Thrashing Machines adapted to lay on the cat, the rod, or the cane with a just uniformity. Once constructed, will MR. P. TAYLOR allow *Punch* to suggest that a comprehensive Prisons Bill should contain the necessary provisions for their general introduction into our gaol machinery.

"The Priest in Absolution,"

By a much-needed application of soap-and-water to his dirt, will become "The Priest in Ablution;" ducked in the most convenient horse-pond, "The Priest in Solution;" and, in relation to the Church he does his worst to bring into hatred and contempt, "The Priest in Dissolution—of the Establishment."



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Lady. "I WANT SOME TEA, MARY. I SUPPOSE MAMMA DID NOT LEAVE THE TEA-CADDY UNLOCKED!"

Mary. "No, Miss. BUT I KNOW WHERE MISSIS KEEPS THE KEY. IT IS UNDER THE CLOCK IN THE STUDY."

SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

(An Extract from the Diary of an Imperial Majesty.)

4 A.M.—Much annoyed to find that I had overslept myself. Rose, dressed hurriedly (*demi-toilette*, night-shirt, *pantalons à pied*, and light *pardessus*), bathed in the Serpentine, and ran round the Park.

5 A.M.—Went to the Alexandra Palace, and took the officials by surprise, though I had sent word I should come to-day. Annoyed to find they hadn't an Opera ready.

6 A.M.—Took a cup of coffee, and went to the Zoological Gardens. Woke the Lions, had a ride upon the Elephants, and assisted at the Hippopotamusses' morning bath. N.B.—Proud to be beforehand with them.

7 A.M.—Called upon the Prince, and had a chat with His Royal Highness at his bedside. Afterwards visited the Polytechnic, and managed, the attendants not being up, to get down in the Diving Bell singlehanded.

8 A.M.—Went to Kew and had breakfast with DR. HOOKER. During our repast a celebrated botanist was good enough to deliver a lecture.

9 A.M.—Called at St. Thomas's Hospital, went over all the wards, and visited the museum, &c., &c. Had not time to wait for an address from the Governors.

10 A.M.—Went into the City and visited the Mansion House, the Stock Exchange, Billingsgate, and the Tower. Had a long interview with *Mr. Punch* at 85, Fleet Street.

11 A.M.—Drove to the Albert Hall and played upon the Organ. Then looked in upon the South Kensington Museum, and attended lectures upon Drawing, Art-Needlework, and Cookery.

12 NOON.—Went to the Crystal Palace, rinked, and inspected the fishes. On account of my pressing engagements, the Directors allowed me to have the fireworks by daylight.

1 P.M.—Drove to the Orleans Club, and had a pull upon the river.

2 P.M.—Went over the Mint, and inspected the machinery of the Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

3 P.M.—Drove to Lords' and assisted at a Cricket Match.

PARNELL'S GUIDE TO PARLIAMENT.

LAST week MR. PARNELL delivered a Lecture on "Parliamentary Behaviour," before an audience of whom MR. BIGGAR was the Chairman. In the course of the proceedings the English Members were denounced as "snobs," and the Irish, Home-Rulers not excepted, were accused of various offences. We hear that the success which attended this maiden effort of MR. PARNELL to shine as a Parliamentary teacher, is likely to lead to the publication by him of a *Hand-Book of Parliamentary Etiquette*. Of this very instructive manual *Mr. Punch* subjoins some specimens from a copy supplied by the courtesy of the publisher:—

When you enter the House, talk as loudly as you can, and, if possible, have a personal altercation with a brother Member about your seat.

If you arrive before prayers have been said, whistle during the ceremony.

Always be prepared with a stock of questions upon subjects of the most frivolous character. In putting these questions to Ministers make your speeches as long and as offensive as you can. If you can accuse innocent persons wrongfully so much the better. Explanations consume time, if they do not always afford amusement.

Interrupt the most useful and eloquent speeches with the coarsest objections, and shout and hoot whenever an opportunity is afforded to you.

Dine every day in the House with MR. BIGGAR.

When not engaged actively in debate haunt the Smoking-room and the Library, to the great delight of your fellow Members.

Whenever you catch the SPEAKER's eye consume as much time as possible in reading lengthy extracts from ancient Blue-Books.

Should the Leader of the Party you pretend to serve venture upon remonstrating with you write letters to the Papers impugning his honesty and patriotism.

Meet every attempt at useful Legislation with frivolous objection and vexatious opposition.

In fact, make up your mind that the House of Commons is composed of snobs, and keep up that belief in yourself and others by taking every possible and impossible opportunity of behaving like an arrant snob yourself!

MOTTO OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL. — "Here there and everywhere."

4 P.M.—Hurried to the Westminster Aquarium, and was permitted by that august body the Council of Fellows to try ZAZEL's gun-trick. Rather shaken, but soon recovered by lunch in the Grosvenor Gallery.

5 P.M.—After visiting the Royal Academy, attended "five o'clock tea" in Belgrave, South Kensington, and Portland Place.

6 P.M.—Visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Oratory, Brompton.

7 P.M.—Dinner at the Hotel. Took my coffee in Battersea Park.

8 P.M.—Went to the Egyptian Hall to see ZOE, and dropped in for a few minutes at the House of Commons.

9 P.M.—Saw what I could of Covent Garden, the Lyceum, and Her Majesty's, and much enjoyed the artistic acting of MR. JEFFERSON at the Haymarket.

10 P.M.—Telegraphed directions to my Ministers in Brazil, danced a quadrille at WILLIS's Rooms, and was respectfully refused admittance at the Beef Steak Club, where, I regretted to learn, no strangers are permitted.

11 P.M.—Supped at the Albion. Afterwards I attended a ball in Carlton Gardens.

12 *Midnight*.—Called upon MESSRS. GLADSTONE, TENNYSON, and THOMAS CARLYLE, and, after enjoying three delightful chats, returned to my hotel.

1 A.M.—Wrote a few letters, read the *Times* through, set my alarm for three o'clock, and went to bed.

Latest Instance of Development.

In a recent record of prize-winners at a great Pig Show we read—

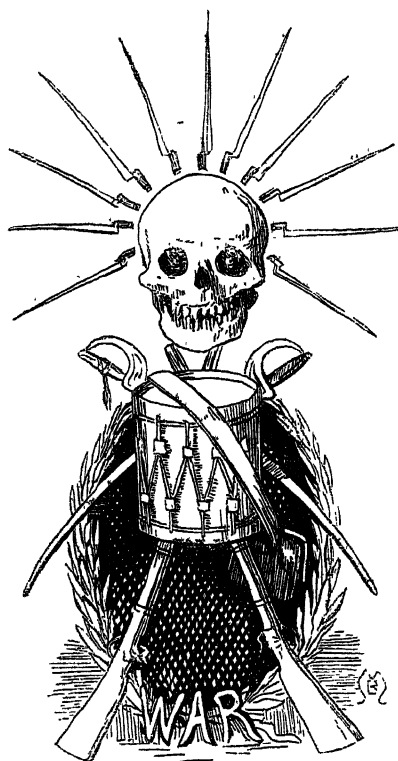
PURE YOUNG YORKSHIRE SOW, descended from EARL ELLES-MERE's celebrated *Peacock*!!!

One would be curious to know if there are any traces of this interesting descent in the eyes or tails of these Peacock-descended Porkers, and whether they are visibly proud of their pedigree, as descendants of the Peacock family have a right to be?

DAILY TELEGRAPH DIALOGUE-BOOK

FOR THE EUROPE OF THE FUTURE, WHEREVER RUSS IN URBE IS THE RULE.

(To be translated into Turkish, Russian, German, French, and Italian, and any other language, according to the localisation of the war.)



I HAVE not arrived at this station with all these boxes with a view to waging war upon anyone.

My wife is not a spy, my son is not an agitator, and the baby is not a member of any secret society.

I am not a partizan of the CZAR, or the SULTAN, or the EMPEROR. (As the case may be.)

I am delighted that Constantinople is taken, or St. Petersburg burnt. (According to the circumstances.)

I shall be greatly obliged if you will not force me to fight as a volunteer in your army.

I can assure you that my son is unable to fire off that cannon.

My wife says she will not help to carry the wounded.

Landlord, can you give me a sitting-room that is out of the reach of shell?

Do you think we can visit that cathedral (which MURRAY describes as a most interesting building) if I walk in front of our party with

my handkerchief tied to my umbrella as a flag of truce?

Will there be any battles this morning, Waiter?

Coachman, your overcharge is disgraceful, and it is no excuse to tell me that you were obliged to go a long way round, because the enemy had blown up the bridges.

Will you please show me some bullet-proof cloaks?

No, I do not want any other article to-day, thank you. Madame my wife is already possessed of a steel-plated sun-shade.

Can you give me four places on this gun-carriage, please? I was told that there would be no necessity to book the seats, as there would be plenty of room.

Will you kindly let me know when you intend to spring the mines, as Madame my wife is rather nervous.

What business we have here? Why, we are only English, and the English are the friends of everybody.

Field-Marshal, you take the matter too seriously, and if you really mean what you say about holding a drum-head court-martial, I shall certainly consult my solicitor.

Look here! If you do shoot me, I swear I will write to the Times. There now!

FRENCH CHAMBER-MUSIC.

CHAMBER-MUSIC, well played, is delightful. But French Chamber-Music can be anything but pleasant, when, according to ear-witnesses, it consists of sounds like these:—

"The Left howled and hooted, the Right barked and bellowed, Members fiercely shook their fists, and shouted at each other in a din of uncouth noises, which the President in vain attempted to subdue."

If our M.P.'s wish to emulate such performances, they had better exchange St. Stephen's for the Isle of Dogs.

But we sincerely hope such Chamber Concerts will be never popular on this side of the Channel, where we prefer our own serene "Monday Pops," to popping the Parliamentary Question in the rude and rampagious fashion of which conflicting parties in the French Chambers have lately been setting the example, pitching into each other "Right and Left"—or, as we say, in the same sense—"hammer and tongs."

PRETTY WORK IN A WORKHOUSE!

MR. PUNCH, — ONNERD SIR,

TALK of joax ere's a joax for yu. I cutt it out of a amshire Paper, giving a count of a Metin of the Southampton Board of Gardians Lately eld at the Workus, wen in that Institooshun—the Workus mind *Mr. Punch*, the Union Workus—them Porochial Hofferers ad actially led afore em a request for to sankshun, in the Workus, i Repete among the Paupers,

"A 'GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.'—The Clerk, MR. C. C. SMITH, read a letter from two of the inmates, in which they stated that they were about to ask a favour respecting an event which only occurred once in a lifetime. If it pleased God to spare them till the 24th of this month, they had been married fifty years, and they would be glad if the Board would help them to a small trifle to celebrate the 'golden' day. The letter concluded—'By so doing you will oblige your humble servants, JAMES and MARY DRUDGES.'"

Drudges in a Workus haxing to be aloud a Golden Weddin! Now, ain't that a joax, Sir, a i joax—ain't it as i a joax as ever you seed—the werry ite of Himperance? A likely joax yu'd think, but honly fānsy the gardians thei'selves in the werry hexercise of there important Porochial Hoffis a takin of it serious, and not honly that but actially some of 'em a listnin and givin in to the owdashous haplicashun of them there wicious old Paupers to desecrate the Workus with a Golden Weddin Day! Tho simminly uncredibel sitch wur the Fact.

"MR. WALDEN proposed that a little extra diet should be allowed on the day named; but the Clerk pointed out that this was out of the power of the Master. The Deputy President said he would give a small subscription in order that the old people might enjoy themselves. Whatever extra was provided in this way was to be at the discretion of the Master."

So i spose them abandund hold DRUDGES was raly purmitted to old their Golden Weddin together in Southampton Workus. Wot a violation of Porochial Dissiplin and Porochial Heconmy! I ears sad Things about Southampton Workus as to makin Paupers Too Comfortabel—they manidges things Beter in the ile of White. But sitch Indulgence as a Golden Weddin I shouldn't never have suspected heven of the Southampton Gardians. A Golden Weddin indede. A Pinchback Weddin is the Weddin i'd a hordered 'em if i'd ad the power, and they shood eech ave kep it in the refractary Ward asunder on Lo Dyet. Wy, wasn't Workuses intendid to Punnish Weddins among the indignant Pore?

In Conclusion, *Mister Punch*, allow me to pint out the werry hawful if not hobvious suckemstance that the 24th of Joon wen this here preshus Golden Weddin was no doubt sellybrated in Southampton Workus fell on Sunday. Wearby 2 orrible hountrages on Porochial Properiety was committed at wonce by Perfanin not honly the sanctatry of the Workus but hallso of the Sabath. In witch Case if the Sunday Rest Associashun and the Guvment Board don't both come down upon the Southampton Gardians, I ope you will, *Mr. Punch*, with witch ipectashun, Sir, I makes bold to conclude

Your obejent and umble Servant,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—And witch I Respeckfully submits is both Rime and Rezun.

Much Simpler Plan.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I see they are sending out people to observe the approach-ing opposition of Mars.

The opposition of Ma's can be observed among the wall-flowers at any West-End dance during the season.

Yours truly,

ANGELINA.

The Fall of a Poplar Patriarch.

WE learn with regret, from a Weekly Contemporary, that the Giant Poplar at Henley has been blown down. Our recorder of the catastrophe calls the fallen Giant "the last of its Race." What a pity the last of its Race did not survive to see the first of its Regatta!

POLITICAL OPPOSITES.

MR. GLADSTONE has defined a Radical to be a man who is in earnest. Would he, then, define a Tory as a man who is in joke?

SUGGESTED VESTMENTS FOR THE BRETHREN OF THE HOLY CROSS.—Tar and feathers.

THE Priest in Absolution will be followed, we hope, by The Horsewhip in Application.

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. IV.—ON CHARITABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

MRS. FUSSLETON FURBELOW examined.



I AM not mistaken, you have spent a great deal of time in organising charitable entertainments?

A. A very large amount of time, indeed. In fact, so much attention have I given to the work, that I have been accused (behind my back, of course) of having sacrificed the comfort of my husband's

home to the welfare of the public.

Q. Then in your case charity does not begin at home?

A. Such seems to be the opinion of my friends and acquaintances.

Q. What are the Charities you seek to support?

A. As a rule, Hospitals; although if I can find a fashionable Fund, I am nearly as well pleased.

Q. What are the Entertainments you organise on behalf of these Funds and Hospitals?

A. Balls, fancy fairs, and amateur theatricals.

Q. How do you get up a ball?

A. I secure the patronage of as many Ladies of title as possible. I obtain this patronage by writing, in the first place, an obsequious letter, in the name of the Charity, to a Duchess, asking her Grace to have the benevolence to permit her name to appear upon the list of patronesses. I point out the excellence of the Charity whose cause I am espousing, and hint that upon her Grace's decision depend the health and happiness of thousands. If my application is successful, I use her Grace's consent as a lever to work upon Ladies of aristocratic longings, and lower degree. If the Duchess refuses, I pursue the same course with a Marchioness, and so on, until I can head my list with half-a-dozen high-sounding titles.

Q. What is your next step?

A. To fill up my list of patronesses with Ladies who will be able to dispose of a large number of tickets.

Q. Do you find any difficulty in managing this?

A. No. My list is published in the daily papers, and, knowing this, Mrs. BROWN JONES DE ROBINSON is but too pleased to belong to a Committee headed by the DUCHESS OF DEHAUTVILLE and the MARCHIONESSES OF PLANTAGENET and BRANNEWTON.

Q. What is a Fancy Fair?

A. A hall or pleasure-ground filled with booths, in which all sorts of worthless articles are sold at fancy prices.

Q. Who are the saleswomen?

A. Frisky matrons and maidens who have seen many seasons, with as many attractive fast or fashionable girls as they can induce to act as decoy-ducks at their stalls.

Q. What is the object of a Fancy Fair?

A. Under the guise of charity to obtain the maximum of flirtation with the minimum of surveillance.

Q. What style is found most attractive on the part of the stall-keepers on these occasions?

A. The deportment of the barmaid at a refreshment buffet much affected by City clerks.

Q. I believe you said that charitable entertainments sometimes took the form of amateur theatricals?

A. Yes, that is a very popular channel of charity, indeed.

Q. How do you organise an amateur performance?

A. I first secure the services of a *troupe* of young men whose self-confidence is greater than their discretion. Such *troupes* are chiefly recruited from the idler branches of the Civil Service, the more briefless sections of the Bar, and the more fashionable corps of the Army.

Q. What are the qualifications of an Amateur Actor?

A. I only know of one that can be called indispensable and un-failing—unbounded conceit.

Q. Having collected your *troupe*, what is your next step?

A. To arrange my programme. This is a matter of no small

difficulty, for the ambition of amateurs, as a rule, varies inversely with their ability, and each invariably wants to play a piece in which each individually may appear in the principal part. Great firmness is necessary; and a piece should be selected in which all the parts are of about equal length and importance.

Q. Then the merits of a play would have nothing to do with your selection?

A. Nothing. My object would be to soothe the jealousy of the amateurs, to make JONES believe that he had a better part than ROBINSON, and TOMPKINS think that he had a greater share of the business of the scene than BROWN.

Q. Having arranged your programme, what would you do next?

A. I would then leave my *troupe* to rehearse as little as they liked, and to quarrel as much as they found unavoidable, until the day fixed for the exhibition of the result.

Q. Leaving pecuniary fruits out of the question, what do you believe to be the chief results of amateur theatrical performances?

A. In London to develop conceit and impair the taste for good acting; in the country, to damage the provincial Managers.

Q. You have answered my questions with such frankness that I venture upon one more. Will you kindly give a definition of charity?

A. Certainly. Charity is a virtue which (in all matters of taste, and especially entertainments) covers a multitude of sins.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

MODEL HOUSES AND THE MAIN CHANCE.

SCENE—Battersea Park. BENEVOLENCE, in a rapture.

Benevolence. What a salubrious open space this! What a pleasing combination of verdure, foliage, and flowers! How gratifying to witness its enjoyment by nursemaids and children! But who comes here? As I live, 'tis BUSINESS, straying hither from his office, in a brown study, with his hands in his pockets and pen still behind his ear. (*Enter BUSINESS.*) What, BUSY! As usual absorbed with anxiety? A penny for your thoughts.

Business. I am thinking, BEN, how I had better invest my capital. Hand over the coin.

Benevolence. Dear me, I am penniless. My last copper was bestowed upon the poor blind. I'll owe it you. Meanwhile methinks I can relieve your embarrassment. What should you say to five per cent.?

Business. Thank you very much, if you can guarantee it. Speculations are at a discount, bubbles burst, railways unremunerative, Consols contemptible—and high interest, I need hardly observe, means bad security.

Benevolence. Behold yon block of houses, reared by the Victoria Dwellings Association to provide healthy and commodious homes for Artisans and Labourers, and just now publicly declared open by the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. There is the undertaking—pardon the expression, for abodes of health preclude coffin-clubs—there is the enterprise for your money.

Business. Some Building Societies pay from six to seven per cent., I should tell you.

Benevolence. Are they equally trustworthy with the Association sanctioned by the QUEEN? Consider the little extra per-centage as sacrificed to Prudence no less than to Charity.

Business. Business is business—that is, I am I—if I can gain by doing good, however, all the better.

Benevolence. Saving is gain. The reduced death-rate is money saved. Diminished Poor-rates and Prison-rates are so much more. These gains will result from a great sanitary improvement—decent dwellings substituted for dirty slums. Then—another hygienic and therefore pecuniary advantage—our Society will endeavour to house a constantly increasing population without encroaching on commons and open spaces.

Business. By what expedient?

Benevolence. Perpendicular ascent instead of peripheral extension. We soar—that is, we build—ever, ever, heavenwards. Our architectural as well as our ethical motto is *Excelsior*.

Business. Certainly an exalted idea.

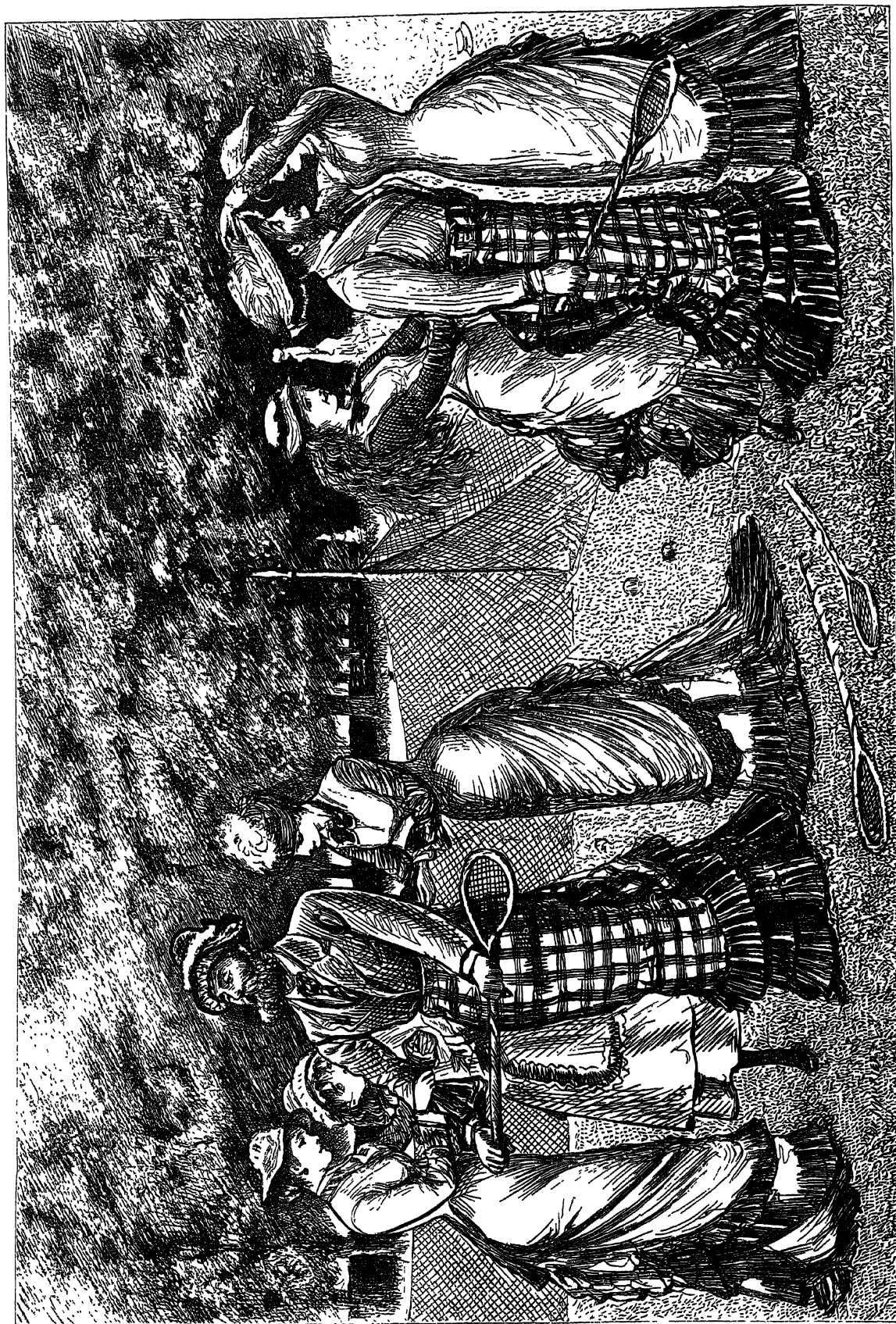
Benevolence. By which, you perceive, we consult the preservation of scenery without limitation to bricks-and-mortar. There you are again.

Business. Business and Beauty. Ha, ha! Good! But mind, BEN, I'm not going to buy a pig in a poke, you know.

Benevolence. Oh, talk not so of shares in the Victoria Dwellings Association! But see! The newly-erected edifices are not far distant. Come, let us go and inspect them.

Business. Have with you. Believe me, I shall only be too happy to combine, if possible, the satisfaction of making a wise investment with the self-approval that comes of performing a virtuous action.

[*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*]



LAWN-TENNIS.

CHARLOTTE AND ETHEL, HAVING ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE TO PLAY AGAINST THEIR COUSINS, TOM AND HARRY, INSIST UPON HANDICAPPING THEM—AS IS ONLY FAIR.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EARISHNESS is a natural attribute even of Russ Royalty. (*Lords, Monday, June 25.*) COLONEL WELLESLEY, our military attaché at St. Petersburg, has somehow made himself disagreeable to the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS—how, it has not been made public—and the Grand Duke has shown it at head-quarters in a way which the English Colonel resented as an English Colonel, and, above all, one bearing the name of WELLESLEY, should, and it is to be hoped

always will. When Colonels and Grand Dukes who are, besides, military attachés of an Embassy and Commanders-in-Chief, clash, the storm is serious, even though in a teacup—if such things as teacup-tempests can be conceived possible in such elevated regions. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that the storm has blown over, that young NICHOLAS has been brought to his bearings, and that COLONEL WELLESLEY has been able to resume his uniform and his place at head-quarters. It is to be hoped that the storm will clear the air. Of course, as Britons, we are bound to take it for granted that the Grand Duke has been in the wrong; and we have fulfilled our duty.

In spite of the united supplications of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, speaking as the head of the more reasonable Clergy—EARL HARROWBY, speaking as the author of the Clause which killed the DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill, and for its Conservative supporters—and EARL GRANVILLE, speaking for the Liberal Members of the Majority—Government persists in its determination to bury the Burials Bill. Like a coroner's jury, they mean to sit upon the body in the Recess. Sensible people feel and say they had better accept the inevitable. Sensible people should bear in mind how hard it is for a Conservative Government, even in the name of the inevitable, to fly in the face of twelve thousand clerical supporters.

(*Commons.*)—Cleopatra's Needle begins to loom large upon us. To-night LORD ERNEST BRUCE—it needed a BRUCE, and an earnest one, too, to tackle such a big thing—asked the First Commissioner of Works if the Government had made up its mind where to put it. It is satisfactory to know the Government has *not*. Two sites are suggested on the Embankment; one opposite Northumberland Avenue—*vice* the Percy Lion with the poker-tail deposed; the other near St. Stephen's Club. At mention of the second the Opposition Benches "cheered ironically" (*Punch* has been racking his brains for the ground of the *irony*, and fails to find one in any permutations or combinations he can make out of Club and Needle, Cleopatra and St. Stephen's, more brilliant than the obvious antithesis of sharp and blunt, saint and sinner); and two near Westminster Palace; one opposite Abingdon Street, the other in the centre of the oratorical quadrilateral in Parliament Square.

Punch fails to find a fitness in any of these four sites to compare with that of the oft-suggested one in Threadneedle Street—provided always that the Old Lady of that street does not utterly decline association with anything suggesting Egyptians. But what if we are going to annex Egypt? Would there not be, in that case, something very appropriate in the juxtaposition of Cleopatra's Needle—an obelisk from the temple of the God *Tum*, the Rising Son of Egypt—and the Bank of England, symbolising association of the fair but out-at-elbows Realm of Nile, with the Old Lady who represents British wealth and British credit all the world over? The City, too, would see an omen of the successful floating of Egyptian Stock by British Capital in the floating over of the stone of *Tum* by the skill of an English Engineer set to work by the liberality of an English Physician.

The Porte does not mean to allow Russian ships of war to enter the Suez Canal. As the Russian Government has distinctly declared that her war-ships will give the Canal a wide berth, this is a perfectly safe undertaking.

The Admiralty declines a Select Committee to sit on the *Inflexible*. They have put the stability of the ship to a better test than sitting on her. They have set an exact model of her afloat in a big tank, in which, after her unarmoured ends are filled with water up to the beams, she still floats like a duck with all her fighting and sea weights aboard, and shows no disposition to turn from duck to turtle. Mr. REED says he has seen the model, and that it "distinctly does not represent the danger of the ship." The Constructor of the Admiralty declares that it distinctly represents not her danger, but her safety, which is the important matter. The Admiralty Constructors would hardly be such fools as to falsify their model under Mr. REED's nose; and it is difficult to believe that Mr. REED means to charge the Department with such dirty dodging. That point, at least, must be cleared up; and when it is settled, as no doubt it will be, in favour of the Admiralty, all disputes about the *Inflexible* should be at an end before the fact that she floats—though it be but in the Admiralty Tank, instead of the broad or narrow seas.

When a Royal Warrant was issued by LORD CARDWELL's Commission in 1872 to give First Captains of Artillery and Engineers field-officers' rank and pay, the India Office grumbled on the score of the additional cost this would throw on Indian revenue, in the case of Indian service—amounting to some £40,000 a year. Accordingly, they have never paid First Captains of Artillery and Engineers the pay and allowances of Field Officers of the Line. The grievance being brought forward by COLONEL JERVIS, the India Office (present and past represented by the union of LORD G. HAMILTON and SIR G. CAMPBELL) and the War Office (present and past by the alliance, for the nonce, of MR. HARDY and MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN) resisting the demand, Government were defeated by 145 to 93; and on the vote being challenged by SIR G. CAMPBELL, the defeat was repeated by 104 to 56. So you see a House can be made on an Indian question. But it must be when the fight is over the rights and wrongs of Artillery First Captains by scores, not of nameless and friendless Natives by millions.

MR. HOLMS made one of his wild and whirling attacks on the Army as it is—or rather, he would say, as it is not—including in his fell swoop its recruiting, its desertions, its management, its punishments, its term of service in the Ranks and the Reserve, and ending by a Motion for robbing the Army of its bone and sinew by passing into the Reserve at least five thousand soldiers over thirty years of age and ten years of service. All the military authorities in the House, differing, as they do, on all other points, were unanimous in condemning this wild proposition; and MR. HARDY had an easy task in demolishing MR. HOLMS's unsubstantial facts and inaccurate figures. In truth (as MR. HARDY said), if MR. HOLMS had carried his assertions to their proper conclusion, it would have come to nothing less than impeachment of two Secretaries of War, and reversal of our whole Military System. Member for Hackney? Say, rather, "Member for Hobby!" But really MR. HOLMS has ridden his Military Misadventure Hobby too far. There should be a limit to the over-riding even of Hobbies. Ought they to be left quite beyond the pale of the Cruelty to Animals Act?

Tuesday (Lords).—London Solicitors have been accustomed to shoot their arrears into the Surrey Assize Cause Lists. Somebody objects; not the County, nor the Solicitors, nor the Suitors; probably the Judges. At any rate, the result is that the practice is to be discontinued, and Surrey Juries are to deal justice, or as much of it as can be put into process of law, on sins of Surrey only.

Commons (Morning Sitting).—Some stirring of highly offensive matter between MR. WHALLEY, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and LORD SANDON. When we say that it involved the Confessional and certain obscene Publications, it will be seen at once that the less comment the better. The usual Irish wrangle over the Irish Judicature Bill, in which the Gemini of Irish obstructiveness—those twin stars, BIGGAR and PARNELL—shone as brilliantly as usual.

(Evening Sitting.)—Long discussion of the Treasury dealings

with a Scotch Intestate's estate, which has fallen to the Crown, there being no heir-at-law, owing to the illegitimacy of the Intestate. The exercise of the Crown right was supported by 197 to 135. The Treasury may well be proud of having got £40,000 out of a canny Scot; and we can't wonder they are loth to let it go.

It did not need MR. LEATHAM's eloquence to enforce the scandal brought on the Church by the Sale of Soul-cures. But it is easier to descant on the evil than to suggest a remedy. No doubt a remedy will have to be found, if the Church is to survive this and her other ailments; but, in the meantime, where is the money to come from to buy off the owners of the two thousand livings in the market, and the rest waiting to come forward? And, supposing patrons paid off, who is to exercise the right of appointment in their stead? What would Church or Country gain by vesting hard cures of souls and easy berths of bodies in the Church, to be dispensed by her Bishops, or in the State, to be flung broadcast by her LORD CHANCELLOR? Private patrons at least secure for us varieties of species in the genus Parson. All that is possible for the present seems to be to bring the Bull's-eye (for what is Public Opinion but BULL's eye?) on the practices of patronage, and to keep the scandal of adwoson—and next-presentation-selling within the strictest bounds of decency that Public Opinion can secure.

Wednesday.—MR. R. SMYTH's Irish Sunday-Closing Bill talked out by its Irish opponents. An Irish measure, if not an Irish man, being to be roasted, there were the Irishmen, as usual, turning the spit. *Punch*, as the consistent opponent of all such coercive legislation, cannot regret that its advocates have not an Irish Sunday-Closing Act to set up beside the Scotch one. He is also glad to see that the opponents of the Bill did not include BIGGAR and PARNELL, which is much in favour of the Opposition.

Thursday (Lords).—Prisons Bill introduced by LORD BEAUCHAMP, and read a Second Time under a faint anti-central-legislation fire from LORD KIMBERLEY, LORD HARDINGE, and LORD MORLEY.

(Commons.)—Appearance of the Colorado Beetle on the European stage—in a potato-field near Cologne. Crop and field have been burnt up with sawdust steeped in petroleum. Unluckily, one beetle has been seen on the wing! The Custom-house officers have been put up to the marks and habits of the fierce invader. The English coast has its coast-guards everywhere on the look-out for *Doryphora decemlineata*. These posted, the Government can do no more than fold its hands in prayer and patience.

MR. LOWE raised the important Leeds-Fuller Question, on the right and power of the Indian Executive to interfere with the Judiciary. A long and grave discussion of a grave question ended in the common sense conclusion, that while a right of control is needed to meet extreme cases its exercise must be guarded by the utmost discretion.

HAS LORD SALISBURY, in his proposed changes of the Indian Civil Service Examination, been giving a *bonus*, if not a monopoly, to his own University, Oxford, and, in effect, excluding Scotch and Irish University men from the Competition? DR. LYON PLAYFAIR gave his reasons for so contending, and they seem strong ones. LORD SALISBURY will do well to reconsider his plan; and if he can't remove the objections, provide for them.

Friday (Lords).—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

(Commons.)—MR. TREVELYAN, seconded by SIR C. DILKE, brought forward his hardy annual—Equalisation of County with Borough Franchise and Re-Distribution of Representation.

Too soon, my dear MR. TREVELYAN. For the present your Motion—though it ended in the highly respectable Minority of 276 to 220, and will no doubt be carried some day—does more to reveal the splits in the Liberal party (as when it brings MR. GOSCHEN to his legs in opposition to your Motion) than advances the cause you have in hand.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

(IL CONDE DI BAM RETIRO, in attendance on His Imperial Majesty DON PEDRO THE SECOND.)

For my Quicksilver Emperor's
Right-hand well-named I am;
Retiro means a resting-place—
And in my case rest's a "*Bam!*"

A SAW ENGLAND DOESN'T SEE.

"ANY Port in a storm." It won't have anything to say to the Sublime Porte, let the war-storm blow never so hard!

MOTTO OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

THE PALACE OF ART.

(New Version.)

PART I.

I BUILT myself a lordly picture-place
Wherein to play a Leo's part.
I said, "Let others cricket, row, or race,
I will go in for Art!"

Full of great rooms and small my Palace stood,
With porphyry columns faced,
Hung round with pictures such as I thought good,
Being a man of taste.

The pictures—for the most part they were such
As more behold than buy—
The quaint, the queer, the mystic over-much,
The dismal, and the dry.

One seemed all black and grey—a tract of mud,
One gas-jet glimmering there alone;
Above, all fog; below, all inky flood;
For subject—it had none.

One showed blue chaos flecked with falling gold,
Like Danaë's tower in dark;
A painter's splash-board might more meaning hold
Than this æsthetic lark.

And one, a phantom form with limbs most lank,
Adumbrated in ink and soot;
The Genius of Smudge, with spectral shank
And unsubstantial boot.

Nor these alone, but many a canvas bare,
Fit for each vacuous mood of mind,
The gray and gravelike, vague and void, were there
Most dismally designed.

Or two wan lovers in a curious fix,
Wreathed in one scarf by some queer charm,
Upon the margin of a caverned Styx
Stood shivering arm-in-arm.

Or by a garden-prop, posed all askew
Neath apples bronze, with brazen hair,
A chalk-limb'd Eve and snake of porcelain blue
Exchanged a stony stare.

Or crowding round one pool, from flowery shelves,
A group of damsels bowed the knee
Over reflections solid as themselves,
And like as peasen be.

Or mythic Uther's diddled son was seen
Packed in a trunk, with cramped limbs awry,
Spell-fettered by a Siren limp and lean,
And at least twelve heads high.

Nor these alone, but all such legends fair
As the vagarious Wagner mind
Would pick from Mythos' shadowy realm, were there,
With ample space assigned

To women weird and wondrous, long of jaw,
And lank of limb, and greenish as with mould,
And full-red lips and shocks of fulvous hair,
And raiments strange of fold.

No raven so delighteth in its song,
Of sad and sullen monotone,
As I to watch those ladies lean and long,
And angular of bone.

And to myself I said, "All these are mine.
Let the dull world take Nature's part,
'Tis one to me; I hold no thing divine
Save this Brown-Jonesian Art,

"Wherein no ROBINSON shall dare to plant
His Philistine hoof,
Who feels no mystic mediæval want,
But paints in truth's behoof!

"O Mediæval Mystery, be it mine
To clasp thee, faint and fain;
Sniffing serene at low souls that decline
On sense and meanings plain."

Then my eyes filled, my talk waxed large and dim
Of BOTTICELLI's deathless fame:
"Quaint immaturity to reach with him,"
I cried, "is Art's true aim.

"To plunge, self-blinded, in the mystic past,
That makes the present small:
If eyes artistic be not backward cast,
Why have we eyes at all?"

End of Part I.

CAXTONIANA.

THE Caxton Celebration is bearing a variety of good fruit. Among the crop may be noticed Messrs. Clowes's tasteful reprint of CHARLES KNIGHT's *Caxton*—a printer's record of the first English Printer—and a tasteful Caxtonian imprint, by a well-known Baronet, M.P., Citizen and Goldsmith, of the *Rules for the Conduct of Life*, given by the City of London to Apprentices who receive its freedom. They are, indeed, the right rules for Freemen, inculcating, as they do, a man's duty to God and to his neighbour, in plain and pithy English well worthy of the Caxton type in which it is here set forth.

THE SONG OF SIMONIDES.

(Ecclesiastical Agent.)



HERE's your Livings,
appraised at a
low valuation,
Here's vic-
arage, rectory,
glebe,—all for
sale!

Come, buy an
advowson, or
next presenta-
tion,
With a discount
allowed for
cash down on
the nail!

Going!—going!
Here's Liv-
ings of every
variety!
The buyer is free
to select his
own beat;
A field of low la-
bour, or first-
rate society,
A populous town
or a rural re-
treat;

A sphere of extensive or minor utility,
As in much work or little a man may rejoice,
According to energy, zeal, and ability:
You can all pay your money, and each take your choice.

Of a High or a Low or a Broad Church vicinity,
With a parish in favour of free seats or pews,
Whichsoever accords with your school of Divinity—
If so be that you've any particular views.

Of a very choice parish, two-thirds Church-frequenters;
One where Chapels are crowded, and Church-goers few;
Or a nice sleepy berth, with no bore from Dissenters—
If the flock's loose or strait-laced is nothing to you.

Here's your Livings, with hope of immediate possession:
Whose present Incumbents no physic can save.
Here rapid Decline gives you speedy succession;
There an age of four-score, and one foot in the grave.

Here's your Livings to sell, and the best information
As to when each Incumbent is likely to die.
Here's your choice cures of souls! Buy a next presentation!
An advowson on terms advantageous! Come buy!



"NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE."

Materfamilias (just arrived at Shrimpsville—the Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?" Nurse. "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NO THINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL THE NIGGERS COME DOWN!"

THE TWO OBADIAHS.

(JOHN BULL AND WARD HUNT ON THE INFLEXIBLE.)

SAYS the Old OBADIAH to the Young OBADIAH,

"Is *Inflexible* a wonder or a whim?

Through her ends if shot should hurtle, REED declares that she'll turn turtle.

Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?

Ere afloat she has to go,
Her crew would like to know—
And I who pay, also—

Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?"

Says the Young OBADIAH to the Old OBADIAH,

"As for REED, place no dependence upon him.

The model we have got shows, though both ends go to pot,
She will swim, OBADIAH, she will swim.

In our tank that model rides,
Open plug-holes in her sides,
There, ends waterlogged, she bides,
Safe to swim, OBADIAH, safe to swim."

Says the Old OBADIAH to the Young OBADIAH,

"Tank and ship may be filled to the brim;

But REED says you've dared to tamper with your model ship's top-hammer.

She may swim, OBADIAH, she may swim.

But I mustn't trust my eyes,
For REED hints your model lies,
And, for Ship herself, denies,
That she'll swim, OBADIAH, that she'll swim."

Says the Young OBADIAH to the Old OBADIAH,

"Your eyes and wits can scarce be so dim,
As to think we'd try to chouse both Lords and Commons House—
Ship and model, OBADIAH, both will swim."

Ship and model both, my friend,
Gravitation's laws defend;
Though shot riddle either end,
Both will swim, OBADIAH, both will swim."

Lux a Non Lucendo.

MR. D. D. HOME (does D.D. stand for *Doctor Diabolicus* or *Ductor Deceptorum*?) heads his last book on Spiritualist Manifestations with the last words of GOETHE—"Light, more light!"

That is the very thing believers in MR. HOME might be supposed to want, but we scarcely should have expected their request to be backed by the Prince of Darkness, MR. HOME himself. Might we suggest to him, as an amendment of his motto, the prayer of Ajax in the *Iliad*—"Ἐν δὲ φάει, καὶ ὀλεσσον" ("Light, though it bring us to destruction").

VERY APPROPRIATE.

THE CZAR watched the crossing of the Russian Army near Turna and Sistova from the mountain of *Grabavi*—"I have grabbed." What a text for the *Daily Telegraph* War-Leader Writer!

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.—"The sooner you get the *Castalia* on the Channel Line again, the better."

FIRST "FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY."—Two hundred pounds' fine and six months' imprisonment.

NEW WORK BY DR. DARWIN.—*Tails of My Ancestors*.

SHOPKEEPER'S SCIENCE.—Buyology.



“WILL SHE SWIM?” (SOLVITUR NATANDO!)

MASTER W-D H-T (proud of his “Inflexible” Model). “LOOK HERE, GUVNOR! SHE’S FULL O’ WATER FORE AN’ AFT, AND SHE FLOATS LIKE A DUCK!”

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Communicated by Private Wire.—Thrilling Adventures.)



Y KHIVAN Karavan now consists of the Pig and Alphabet in the boot, (beautiful sign for an old Inn, "The Pig and Alphabet,") with the barrel-organ (which was instrumental in my escape from prison), the Gaoler's Daughter in rumble, the Sleigh-driver's Boy who has stuck to me from the commencement, and it grieves me to be unable to reward such fidelity by paying him his wages—but, after all, this only increases the obligation on my part; and, as I explained to him, "You see, my lad, I am so far from my native land." Then there's my new horse. It was the Governor of the Prison's horse, or the horse of the Governor of the Prison, or the horse of the Prison's

Governor (*vide Little Peter's Primer. First Russian Exercises*). A better or truer mare was never foaled. Lastly, there's my latest novelty, which accompanied me, in my pocket, from prison—*The Musical Mouse*.

Slight jealousy between the Learned Pig and the Musical Mouse. Whenever the Pig begins to practise with his letters (as he has to do every day), the Musical Mouse begins to whistle and sing, just to put him out, and make him wild. This annoys the Pig, who spells things wrong, and doesn't answer questions properly. Consequently, I am obliged to beat the Pig. Whereupon he grunts piteously, and spells out, "Cuss that Mouse!" If I could only smooth matters over, and bring them together, it would be a fortune!

The Mouse is invaluable in tricks with cards, having been trained by the Gaoler, who used to cheat his prisoners, the old villain! The Mouse—I've christened him "*Ridiculus Musurus Bey*" (and "assisted by HERR GRÜNTZ" will look well in the bill—if I can only bring them together!).

Night.—Halt of the Caravan. Spent greater part of night in teaching Pig the Shadow Dance from *Dinorah*, by moonlight.

Next Day.—Sun out. Blazing hot. Snow melting all round. Mountains of snow gradually becoming less and less in the distance, under the genial influence of the sun.

3.30 P.M.—Distant mountains melted. First view of Khiva. See distinctly the name over the gate. Gaoler's Daughter comes out of tent.

Strange to say the Gaoler and his daughter had invariably paid their visits to my cell, either in what she romantically termed "the gloaming," or late at night, and as the small *dipskis* (little tallow candles) didn't give much light, I had never really seen her by day. Now I do see her by day, I should say that her father must have been well over seventy, and must have married very early. I begin to regret the Unfair Circassian.

6 P.M.—Frost commencing. Snow mountains gradually being re-iced. View of Khiva less and less. Dinner. Pig waiting. The Private Band (the Singing Mouse), in attendance. The party consists of self and the Gaoler's daughter. I am polite to her. Very. I hint that to prevent any scandal (scandal about my grandmother!) she had better return to her father, the Gaoler.

With tears in her eyes, she rises from her seat, and throwing her arms round my neck, exclaims, "O son of little overfed ones! Never!"

"Nay, my much caressed moon-faced daughter of a blooming Turnkey in Asia," I reply, "just think of what the world will say."

"O sweetest little son of much-pampered parents, I care not for the world! I am yours—for ever!"

"You are! You are!" I returned (for it was no sort of use having a row about a difference of opinion).

"And O well-rounded and sleekly-combed-and-parted-down-the-centre one, will you always love me as you do now?" she whispered, hanging on to my neck. (She weighs sixteen stone if a pound.)

"O much-underdone round-of-beef faced" (a great compliment this) "daughter of an elderly, half-paid, underfed Turnkey in Asia," I replied, in my softest tones, "I will love thee always as much as I do now," which was strictly true. (For, need I say it, the POLL of my heart is at home, and my heart is true to POLL! bless her dear eyes! And she's just come into a little fortune, so I hear; but this makes no difference to me.)

10.—Constructed a new frigidometer with an empty bottle, a cork, and a piece of string. (Principle patented.) Frost set in hard. Mountains shaping up to points. Gaoler's daughter, feverish. Sobbing. What shall I do? I offered to pack up, ride off, and fetch a doctor from Khiva.

"And leave me here?" she exclaimed, furiously. "Why, you pitiful, underbred, overfed son of an eighty-four-tonner!" she cried, becoming, I regret to say, abusive.

I remonstrated. She called me "A son of a marine gastronome!" and threw a boot at me. Row. I pointed out that I had meant well. She gradually calmed down.

10.30.—Bitter cold—snow, ice, sleet. Sat in to supper. *Wickski* and explanation. I make *wickski cobbler*. We ice it in snow, and suck it up through straws. (Shall teach Pig to sit in chair and suck *wickski cobbler* through a straw.) We sit on the bank of the river (the Oxus, I suppose, judging by the position of the stars, as I've lost my maps), sipping our *wickski cobbler*, she and I.

SONG.

"We sat by the river, she and I,
In the happy days when we were young."

The barrel-organ is by my side, and all is peace and harmony. More *wickski cobbler*, more straws. Ha! do I see my way out of it? 'Tis the last straw that breaks the Cobler's back.... Good. The last straw! She sleeps! My Lady sleeps!! Hooray! Now to pack up! and off!! Away to Khiva!! Hark! what is that?

A trill—a sweet, sweet trill.... a warble.... The Gaoler's Daughter awakes. "What is it?" she murmurs. Not to rudely answer her, I reply, "Nothing." This does not satisfy her. We listen. Trilling as of a sweet bird continuing,—

"Ha!" she exclaims, a little more than half awake, "it is the Song of the Mudlark."

We are beside the river, and the tide is low.

"And how shall I catch the Mudlark?"

I asked, as I pensively ground the organ (playing the Russian River Song of *The Little Volga Boy*) and gazed into the starry heavens, still listening to the lovely trill with which my accompaniment was in perfect harmony. If I could only have got the Gaoler's Daughter (it struck me) to plunge into the mud after the Mudlark.... perhaps.... Well, perhaps, she might not have been able to catch that lark. And I—and I should have erected a monument, with the touching inscription, "Sacred to the memory of poor Miss STICK-IN-THE-MUD, the beautiful Gaoler's Daughter." I should have put in "beautiful," because *de mortuis*, &c.... But it was not to be.

"Chuck him a *kopper-kopeck*, O son of overpaid and much-muddleheaded parents," she replied, sleepily; "and the Mudlark will dive for it."

I hesitated.

"What!" she continued, suddenly rousing herself, and the Tartar acid, so to



TOTO CHEZ TATA.

"HOW YOU LAG BEHIND, CISSY!" "YES, MUMMY! MY POOR TOE IS SO BAD!"
 "WHICH TOE IS IT?" "MY ELDEST, MUMMY!"

speaking, effervescing, "you let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I dare!' Give me the kopper." It was a brilliant flash. *But it was the last.* The wickski cobler had done its work. I placed the straw in her mouth. By the movement of the straw I could tell which way the breath was . . . the straw dropped . . . she sank . . . breathing heavily . . . a sweet, peaceful, childlike (for her age) sleep.

11:30.—The trill continued. Lovely!! Ha! I see now! It is the Mouse!! I sat listening—enthralled, silent—by the banks of the rippling Oxus.

Midnight.—I make the above notes. Serve out wickski to myself, and return to the bank. The moon shines brightly. The Governor's Horse is browsing in the field. The Pig is snoring. The Mouse is singing. The Gaoler's Daughter is murmuring stupid something in her sleep. "Lullaby, lullaby! Baker's man!" or whatever the Nursery Rhyme is. I forget exact quotation. Suddenly I hear a grunt—a restless, irritable grunt.

By my side is the Pig with Alphabet.

What is it?

He spells out the answer. "Can't sleep if that infernal Mouse is to go on whistling and singing all night."

"Pig," I replied (on the Letters), with grim humour, for I was determined not to give in to his whim, "Pig, you're a bore!"

He squeaked, and gave a sort of half-laugh, as only pigs can, and retired. To express it, humanly speaking, *the Pig smiled, but never forgave the satire.*

I retire for the night. Up with the Mud-lark to-morrow, and off to Khiva.

6 A.M.—Awoke by a fearful shriek, something between a whistle and the highest note—C in alt—in the register of that eminent Tenor SIGNOR TIMBERLEGS.

What on earth could it be! I rushed out of the Karavan-tent.

GIBES AND "GERMS."

(A respectful Remonstrance addressed to PROFESSOR T. and DR. H. C. B.)

LET bigots write with sneers of spite,
 And dogmas argue so,
 Let priests and parsons, differing, fight,
 As 'tis their nature to.

But, Sages, you should never let
 Such female passions rise;
 Your thinking minds were never made
 To bandy taunts unwise.

Let calm through all your questions run,
 All your debates be mild;
 Keep your discussions, every one,
 By rancour undefiled.

With patience gentle as a lamb
 Your arguments pursue;
 Call not each other's theories "flam,"
 But prove the sounder view.

Look up to Truth all ends above;
 Seek that and that alone:
 Nor squabble, out of mere self-love,
 O'er crotchets of your own.

HOW WE WORK NOW!

(Overheard at LORD's during the Oxford and Cambridge Match.)

First Friend. You saw the Derby, of course?

Second Friend. Yes: I went down with JACK STAYNER.

First Friend. Ah! Capital fellow, JACK! Glorious weather for Ascot, wasn't it?

Second Friend. Stunning! I put up with old BOB. He took the Cottage, and brought down his Sisters; and we made a week of it, and then went on to Henley.

First Friend. Shall you be here to-morrow?

Second Friend. Yes: I'm booked to lunch with SICKLES, on his drag.

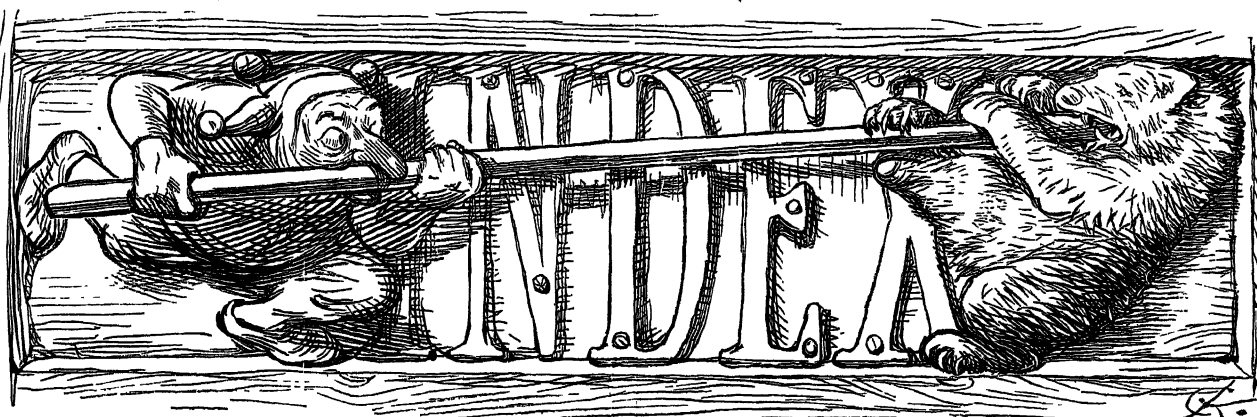
First Friend. Well, ta, ta! By the way, what are you going to do next week?

Second Friend. Why, I've promised to do some trouting at WILL HUNT's place, in Hampshire, and then I'm off for a fortnight's holiday. Think I shall camp out, up the Wye! Ta, ta!

Only Natural.

(By Turcophilus.)

THE "Old Gentleman," we all know, helps his own—so he may now well be present in person with the Russian Army. There is reported, as heading the operations at Sistova, not only an Old Nick but a Young Nick, both wearing the Russian uniform, and both with the title, if not of Arch-Fiends, of Grand Dukes!



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Class No.....

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